



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

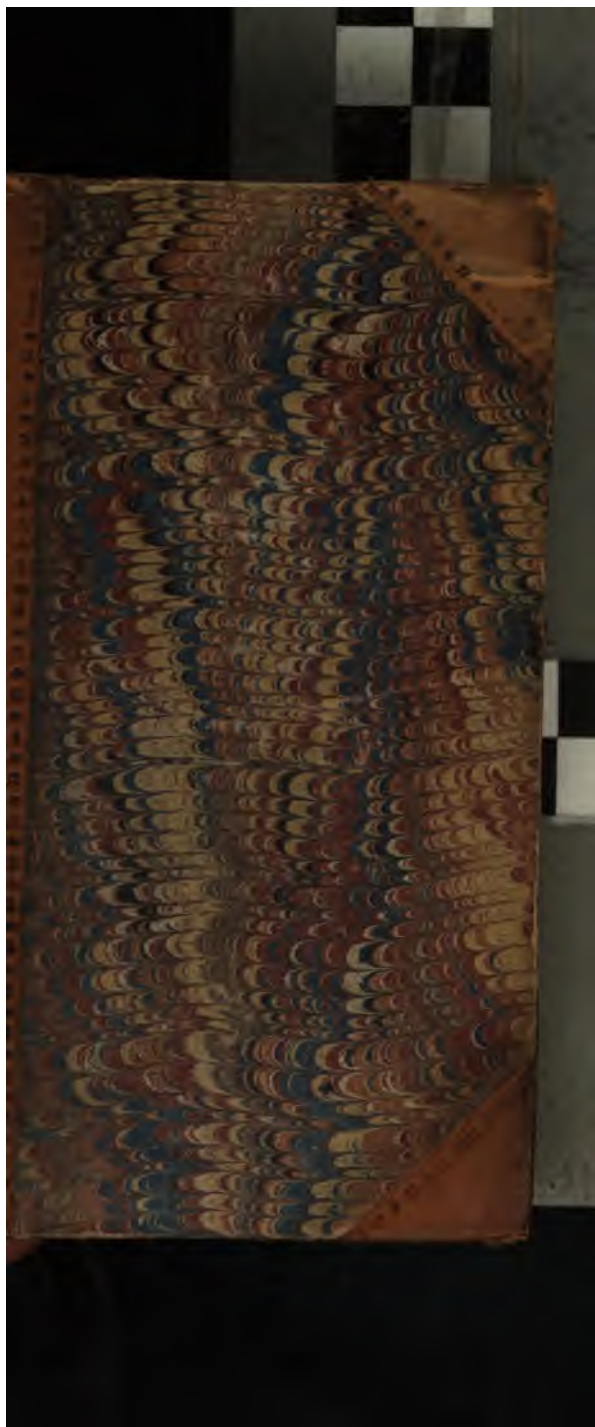
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



I. Davenport,
Foxley,
HEREFORD



$$2805 \quad \frac{716}{4}$$

1

2

3

4



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETRY.

VOL. IV.

Whittingham's Edition.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

-- --

PART VII.

Elegies, Amatory and Miscellaneous.

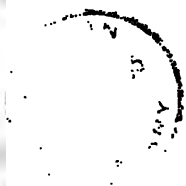


With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth. p. 76.

Chiswick:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM;
FOR CHARLES S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

1823.



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

British Poets, and Poetical Translators.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

IV.

AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS ELEGIES, MONODIES,
FUNERAL ELEGIES, AND EPITAPHS.

CHISWICK:

PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

PUBLISHED BY CARPENTER AND SON, OLD BOND STREET;

T. HURST AND CO. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;

N. HAILES, PICCADILLY; J. POOLE, NEWGATE STREET;

G. COWIE AND CO. AND R. JENNINGS, POULTRY;

AND C. S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET.

M DCCC XXVII.



CONTENTS.

PART VII.

Elegies, Amatory and Miscellaneous.

	Page
To * * * *	Byron. 1
To * * * *	Byron. 3
Stanzas to * * * *, on leaving England	Byron. 4
To Laura	Day. 6
Elegy.	Darwin. 9
To a Tuft of early Violets	Gifford. 10
Written two Years after the preceding	Gifford. 12
The Sorrows of Memory	Mrs. Robinson. 13
The Farewell	Russel. 16
Love Elegy. In Imitation of Tibullus	Smollett. 17
Laura; or, The Complaint	Marriot. 18
The Lover and the Friend	Edward Moore. 25
Maia's Bier	Anonymous. 27
Stanzas to Mary	P. M. James. 29
Elegy	Mrs. D. Stewart. 30
The Banks of Nith	Maria Riddell. 31
The Maid with Bosom cold	W. Smyth. 33
The Lover to his Mistress	Anonymous. 35
Love Elegies	Munday. 36
1. On leaving Bath	36
2. On Returning Home from Winchester	38
3. Despair	40
4. Absence	41
5. Parting	43
To Eliza	Anonymous. 44
Answer to the foregoing Elegy	Anonymous. 46
To Delia	Hammond. 47

	Page
To Delia. In the Manner of Ovid . . .	Hammond. 48
Cynthia	Percy. 50
Written on Valentine's Morning . . .	Anonymous. 54
On his falling in Love with Neera . . .	Hammond. 57
To Fortune	Shenstone. 59
His Recantation	Shenstone. 61
To Delia, with some Flowers	Shenstone. 62
Stanzas to —	Byron. 64
Love Elegy	F. Laurence. 65
Delia	Mrs. Barbauld. 67
Elegy	Miss Seward. 70
Written at Sea	Rev. G. Huddisford. 73
The Sailor	Rogers. 75
Hannah	Montgomery. 76
The Garland	Prior. 78
To the River Isis	Headley. 80
Written in Autumn	Hamley. 81
Elegiac Epistle to a Friend	Gay. 82
To a withered Leaf	W. Roberts. 85
Elegiac Stanzas on Myself	Dermody. 86
On the Misfortunes of an ingenuous Mind.	Dermody. 88
The Orphan's Prayer	M. G. Lewis. 89
Written in Spring	Bruce. 91
The Visionary	Hon. W. Spencer. 94
Written in a Cottage Garden	Langhorne. 95
The Hotwells' Patient	Dr. Beddoes. 97
Written at the Hotwells, Bristol . . .	Bowles. 102
The Reverie	Maria Riddell. 106
Elegiac Stanzas	Dr. Sewell. 107
The Dream	E. Smedley, Jun. 108
Stanzas to a Candle	Boyse. 109
Elegiac Stanzas	Bowles. 110
Elegy	Earl of Carysfort. 114
The Emigrant's Grave	Hon. W. R. Spencer. 116
Stanzas	Anonymous. 117
Death	E. Smedley, Jun. 118
Stanzas written in the Spring	Anonymous. 119
The Lament	Burns. 121
The Tears of Scotland	Smollet. 124
The Slave's Complaint	Roscoe. 126

CONTENTS.

iii

	Page
The Negro's Complaint	<i>Cowper.</i> 127
Abba Thule	<i>Rev. W. L. Bowles.</i> 129
The Exile	<i>M. G. Lewis.</i> 133
The Adieu	<i>Miss Bannerman.</i> 135
The Female Exile	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 136
April	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 138
The Complaint	<i>Maria Riddell.</i> 140
Elegy	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 142
The Fate of Kings	<i>M. G. Lewis.</i> 144
Written at Vale Royal Abbey	<i>T. Warton.</i> 151
He describes his Vision	<i>Shenstone.</i> 155
Written in Spring. 1743.	<i>Shenstone.</i> 158
Elegy	<i>Beattie.</i> 161
Winter	<i>Munday.</i> 162
On Rural Sports	<i>Lovibond.</i> 165
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture .	<i>Cowper.</i> 169
To Mary. Autumn of 1793.	<i>Cowper.</i> 173
The Triumph of Melancholy	<i>Beattie.</i> 175
To Wisdom	<i>Smyth.</i> 183
To Wisdom	<i>Smyth.</i> 186
The Fate of Sensibility	<i>Fawcett.</i> 188

PART VIII.

Monodies, Funeral Elegies, and Epitaphs.

LYCIDAS	<i>Milton.</i> 193
On the Death of Mr. William Hervey .	<i>Cowley.</i> 200
Museus.	<i>Mason.</i> 205
Evening Address to a Nightingale . . .	<i>Shaw.</i> 215
On the Death of Mr. Aikman	<i>Thomson.</i> 219
Verses in Memory of his Lady	<i>Langhorne.</i> 220
On his Mother. 1759.	<i>Langhorne.</i> 223
Written at Amwell, in Hertfordshire . .	<i>Scott.</i> 225
A Father's extempore Consolation . . .	<i>Cawthorn.</i> 228
On the Death of Viscountess Townshend.	<i>Earl Nugent.</i> 229
Elegy on Captain Cook	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 231
The Grave of Howard	<i>Bowles.</i> 241

Oh! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,
If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness:
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

LORD BYRON.

TO * * * *.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too,
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly as it was wont to do.
 Thy husband's bless'd—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot;
 But let them pass—oh! how my heart
 Would hate him if he loved thee not!
 When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break,
 But when the' unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.
 I kiss'd it—and repress'd my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.
 Mary, adieu! I must away,
 While thou art bless'd I'll not repine,
 But near thee I can never stay,
 My heart would soon again be thine.
 I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all,—save hope, the same.
 Yet was I calm: I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look,
 But now to tremble were a crime;
We met—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace,
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream!
My foolish heart, be still or break.

LORD BYRON,

STANZAS TO * * * *,

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And, whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the freshening blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen,
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes bless'd,
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
 My weary heart is desolate;
 I look around, and cannot trace
 One friendly smile or welcome face;
 And even in crowds am still alone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
 And I will seek a foreign home;
 Till I forget a false fair face,
 I ne'er shall find a resting place;
 My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
 But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest veriest wretch on earth
 Still finds some hospitable hearth,
 Where friendship or love's softer glow
 May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
 But friend or lover I have none,
 Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee
 There's not an eye will weep for me;
 There's not a kind congenial heart
 Where I can claim the meanest part;
 Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
 Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
 Of what we are, and what we've been,
 Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe;
 But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
 Yet still *beats on as it begun*,
 And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;
And why that early love was cross'd,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one.

LORD BYRON.

ELEGY. TO LAURA.

YET once again, in yonder myrtle bowers, [fume,
Whence rose-lipp'd zephyrs, hovering, shed per-
I weave the painted radiance of the flowers,
And press coy Nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wandering eyes
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gemm'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
 These snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove;
 Nor wanton summer yield one garland more
 To grace the bosom of the nymph I love?

For she shall come; with her each sister-grace,
 With her the kindred powers of harmony,
 The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
 And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes,
 She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
 She loves the spot where infant Genius blooms,
 She loves the spot where Peace and Freedom
 smile.

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
 In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn:
 In vain with brighter tints the flowerets glow,
 Or dewdrops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale, [wide,
 Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches
 Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
 Or, glistening, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
 Fancy has wing'd her ever mazy flight,
 To hymn wild carols to returning day,
 And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
 Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies;
 Her swift-wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
 And countless *zephyrs* waft her through the
skies.

There, while her bright wheels pause in cloudless
air,

She waves the magic sceptre of command,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azure nectar flow,
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

There cull'd from every mountain, every plain,
Perennial flowers the ambient air perfume,
Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred
bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale Evening spreads the dewy veil,
What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here,—not here,
Does spring eternal hold her placid reign,
Already Boreas chills the altering year,
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promised joys!—fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes, too long believed in vain,
Plunged down and swallow'd deep in Time's
abyss!—

So veering Chance and ruthless Fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount or mazy stream,
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
Thee, Laura, thee the echoing hills repeat.

Oh! long of billows wild and winds the sport,
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here Truth, Love, Freedom, Innocence resort,
And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless on the strand
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand
That points to safety, liberty, and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe, [sea;
Again wouldst tempt the winds and treacherous
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,
Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful, flies;
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,
I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet let the tempest roar!—love scorns all harms,
I plunge amid the storm, resolved to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

DAY.

ELEGY.

FLY, gentle steeds! o'er yon unfriendly towers
Malignant stars with baleful influence reign,
Cold Beauty's frown infects the cheerless hours,
And Avarice dwells in Love's polluted fane!

Dim distant towers! whose ample roof protects
All that my beating bosom holds so dear;
Far shining lakes! whose silver wave reflects,
Of Nature's fairest forms, the form most fair;

Groves! where at noon the sleeping beauty lies;
Lawns! where at eve her grateful footsteps rove;
For ye full oft have heard my secret sighs,
And caught, unseen, the tear of hopeless love;
Farewell! a long farewell—your shades among
No more these eyes shall drink Eliza's charms;
No more these ears the music of her tongue!—
O! doom'd for ever to another's arms!
Fly, gentle steeds! my bleeding heart convey
Where brighter scenes and milder planets shine;
Where Joy's white pinion glitters in the ray,
And Love sits smiling on his crystal shrine!

DARWIN.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

SWEET flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies;
Retire! retire! These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.
Stern Winter's reign is not yet pass'd—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your roots and lays you low
Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you, and supply
A *kindlier soil* on which to bloom,
A *nobler bed* on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
 O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers ! But did ye know
 What worth, what goodness there reside,
 Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
 And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
 Her riches to the stores of Art,
 And added to the vigorous mind
 The soft the sympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
 O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O ! I should think—that fragrant bed
 Might I but hope with you to share—
 Years of anxiety repaid
 By one short hour of transport there.

More bless'd than me, thus shall ye live
 Your little day ; and when ye die,
 Sweet flowers ! the grateful Muse shall give
 A verse ; the sorrowing maid a sigh.

While I alas ! no distant date,
 Mix with the dust from whence I came,
 Without a friend to weep my fate,
 Without a stone to tell my name.

GIFFORD.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE
PRECEDING.

I WISH I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and, would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
*Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.*

And can thy soft persuasive look,
 Thy voice that might with music vie,
 Thy air that every gazer took,
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,
 Thy spirits frolicksome as good,
 Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
 Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
 Thy gay good humour—Can they 'fade!'
 Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
 Cold turf, which I no more must view,
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
 A long, a last, a sad adieu!

GIFFORD.

THE SORROWS OF MEMORY.

In vain to me the howling deep
 Stern Winter's awful reign discloses;
 In vain shall summer zephyrs sleep
 On fragrant beds of budding roses!
 To me alike each scene appears,
 Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly,
 While memory writes in frequent tears
 That I have loved thee—very dearly!

How many summers pass'd away,
 How many winters sad and dreary;
 And still I taught thee to be gay,
 Whene'er thy soul of life was weary.
 When lingering sickness wrung thy breast,
 And bow'd thee to the earth, or nearly,
 I strove to lull thy mind to rest;
 For then I loved thee,—oh! how dearly!

And though the flush of joy no more
Shall, o'er my cheek its lustre throwing,
Bid sensual fools that cheek adore,
And talk of passion ever glowing;
Still to thy mind should time impart
A charm to bid it feel sincerely,
Nor idly wound a breaking heart
That's loved thee long and loved thee dearly!

Could gold thy truant fancy bind,
A faithful heart would still content me;
For oh! to gain a heart unkind,
I gave thee all that fortune lent me.
In youth when suitors round me press'd,
Who vow'd to love and love sincerely,
When wealth could never charm my breast,
Though thou wert poor, I loved thee dearly!

Seek not the fragile dreams of love,
Such fleeting phantoms will deceive thee;
They will but transient idols prove,
In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee.
Oh, dost thou think the sordid mind,
When thou art poor, will feel sincerely?
Wilt thou in such that friendship find
Which warm'd the heart that loved thee dearly?

Though fickle passion cease to burn
For her so long thy bosom's treasure,
Oh, think that reason may return,
When far from thee my paths I measure.
Say who will then thy conscience heal,
Or who will bid thy heart beat cheerly?
Or from that heart the memory steal
Of her who loved thee long and dearly?

When war shall rouse the brooding storm,
 And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow;
 When Fancy shall present my form,
 Borne on the wild and restless billow;
 Oh, where wilt thou a mistress find
 Whose pulse like mine shall throb sincerely?
 Or who thy heart in spells shall bind,
 When hers is broke who loved thee dearly?

Could I to distant regions stray,
 From thee my thoughts would never wander;
 For at the parting close of day,
 By some lone vagrant rill's meander,
 Each wandering bee, each chilling wind
 Would tell the heart that's broken nearly,
 In them whene'er they roam to find
 The faults of him I loved so dearly.

I will not court thy fickle love,
 Soon shall our fates and fortune sever;
 Far from thy scorn will I remove,
 And smiling sigh, Adieu for ever.
 Give to thy sordid friends thy days,
 Still trust that they will act sincerely;
 And when the specious mask decays,
 Lament the heart that loved thee dearly!

Fortune will swiftly journey on,
 And age and sickness haste to meet thee,
 Friends and deceitful wantons shun,
 When they no more with smiles can cheat thee.
 Then wilt thou ask in vain to find
 A faithful heart that beats sincerely,
 A *passion centring in the mind*
 Which, *scorning interest*, loved thee dearly!

When in the grave my woes shall sleep,
No soothing dreams shall bless thy slumber;
For thou wilt often wake to weep,
And in despair my sorrows number;
My shade will haunt thy aching eyes,
My voice in whispers tell thee clearly,
How cold at last that bosom lies
Which loved thee long and loved thee dearly.

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE FAREWELL.

ADIEU, thou darling of my heart,
Whom never more these eyes shall view;
Yet once again, before we part,
Nymph of my soul, again adieu!
Yet one kiss more; this kiss, the last
That I will ask or thou shalt give,
Though on my lips it dies too fast,
Shall always in my memory live.
But thou each tender thought of me
Blot out for ever from thy breast,
Nor heed what pangs I feel for thee,
While with another thou art blest'd.
To him, whom Heaven has made thy mate,
Thus, thus thy beauties I resign;
He boasts, alas! a happier fate,
But not a purer flame than mine.
Yet let him make thy bliss his care,
As I, thou know'st it, would have done;
My love for thy sake he shall share,
My envy, only for his own.

RUSSEL.

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flattering dreams of joy?
 Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her, wanton, in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range the' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
 Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church or dreary hall,
 Where Fancy paints the glimmering taper blue,
 Where damps hang mouldering on the ivied wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
 A while in silence o'er my fate repine:
 Then, with a long farewell to Love and Care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

SMOLLETT.

LAURA ; OR, THE COMPLAINT.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
That o'er you caverns stretch your pendent shade,
Where sacred silence hushes the rural vale,
And love in whispers tells his tender tale ;
Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,
To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows
rise ;

Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd,
When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
Pour'd the warm wish, and breathed out all his
heart! [o'er,

Ah, once loved seats! your pleasing scenes are
Nor can you charm, since he can love no more ;
Though smile your lawns with vernal glories
crown'd,

In vain gay nature paints the' enamel'd ground ;
While through your solitary paths I rove,
A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love,
Though gentle zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
Though breathes the incense of your opening
flowers,

Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,
Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm ;
Fade every flower, and languish every sense,
Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence.

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,
Where shall I turn? or where address my prayer?

Far as the morn its early beam displays,
 Or where the star of evening darts its rays;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blows the winds, or heaven invests the pole,
 In vain my fluttering soul would wing its way;
 Stern care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of sleep, whose ever peaceful reign
 Lulls earth and heaven and all the extended main,
 Powerful to give the labouring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
 Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invoked, thy unpropitious deity?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest fancy torn,
 In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn?
 Why am I oft on angry billows toss'd,
 Now in some wild and dreary desert lost?
 Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce demons to some rapid wheel?
 Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
 In vain: or fall in tempests from the skies,
 Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire?
 As oft, dear youth! thy pleasing form appears,
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolved in tears;
 Yet waking fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes;
 Entranced in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, or, on thy breast reclined,
 Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
 Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way;

Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
Where every flower of vernal beauty glows;
But light as air each pleasing vision flew,
Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew;
While with the day returns the sense of woe,
We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination! mistress of the soul,
What powers unseen the active mind control;
And fill the waking thought or busy sleep!
When not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
Nor lofty pines through all the forest move,
Why stir the motions of resistless love?

Urged by the golden morn the night recedes,
And year to year in changeful course succeeds;
Nor night nor morn nor years to me restore
The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before;
Involved in clouds one darksome scene I view;
Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O, boast of Laura's long forgotten praise!
Pass'd are the triumphs of my happier days,
When placed supreme on beauty's radiant throne,
I saw with conscious pride each heart my own;
Where'er I turn'd a thousand nymphs admired;
Whene'er I smiled a thousand swains expired;
I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue;
I moved, a goddess and an angel sung.
My careless steps in joy were taught to rove;
Each voice was flattery, and each look was love.
But beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
Fled on the wings of rapid time, is pass'd.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail
While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
With measured strokes the scarcely heaving deep

But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm :
 Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on life's summer sea ;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The smiles, the graces round were seen to wait,
 And all the moments as they swiftly flew
 Shower'd down soft joy and pleasures ever new.
 How changed this fleeting image of a day !
 How sets in awful gloom the evening ray !
 While, fix'd on earth, her eye in sad suspense
 Pours the deep sigh, incessant penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crowded worshippers how vain !
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend ?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend ?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and increase thy power ?
 Let sad example reason's dictates aid ;
 Here see what ruin grief and love have made ;
 Even love, who lives by beauty's smiles caress'd,
 Basks in her eyes and wantons on her breast,
 With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
 And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
 Where once the dancing spirits loved to glow !
 No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
 Nor cheeks, soft blushing, speak a warmth divine ;
 Graceful no more amid the festive dance
 My steps with easy dignity advance,
 And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread
 O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
 Cease the neat labours of my hand to know ;
All suits the care of elegance with woe !

Why did not Nature, when she gave to char
With unrelenting pride my bosom arm?
Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
Each soft affection, and each generous thought
Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I pro
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed;
Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, false youth, was every joy resigned,
Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind
Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess'
When first thy arms my yielding beauties press'
Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears?
Or winning voice delight my raptured ears?
Thus swore thy lips by ocean, air, and sky,
By hell's dread powers, and heaven's all-piercing
eye? [stor

Yawns not the grave for thee? why sleeps t
To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjured form
Unmoved, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain
Like the proud rocks, which brave the' unweari
main?

Sooner the shipwreck'd pilot shall appease
With sighs the howling winds, with tears the sea
Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move
O lost to fame, to honour, and to love!
Nursed in dark caverns on some mountain wild
To cruel manhood grew the darling child,
No female breast supplied thy infant food,
But tigers growling o'er their savage brood.
Cursed be that fatal hour thy charms were seen
While yet this mind was guiltless and serene.
With thee, false man, I urged my hasty flight,
And dared the horrors of tempestuous night;

Nor fear'd, with thee, through plains unknown to
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love. [rove,
 In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
 And to the grave descends his hoary head.

When at my feet entranced my lover lay,
 And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
 Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine!
 Why started not my hands when press'd in thine?
 Too well remembrance paints the fatal hour
 When love, great conqueror, summon'd all his
 power;

When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From every pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When shame presaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
 But, O! let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burning blushes only tell the tale. [maid,

Ah, faithless man! and thou more wretched
 To guilt and grief and misery betray'd!
 Far flies thy lover to some distant plain,
 Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main;
 Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar,
 Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;
 Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjured faith the wretch shall
 mourn,

But mourn in vain: his vigorous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry Heaven prevail;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

Yet, ah! fond heart! avert, kind Heaven, the
stroke,

My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
The varying accents real nature prove,
And only show how wild a thing is love.
Go, much loved youth, with every blessing crown'd,
And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round.
Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
Death woos all powerful: ere he parts the clue,
Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu:
Bids health and affluence every bliss afford;
Bids thee be loved, be happy, and adored;
In ease, in mirth glide each glad hour away:
No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
Nor sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me:
O grant, Heaven, all; but grant thee constancy.

Yet from my hand this last address receive,
This last address is all that hand can give.
In vain thy bark with spreading canvass flies,
If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
Asks but one tear from thee, and asks no more.

Then, world, farewell, farewell life's fond de-
sires,

False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
Already, death, before my closing eyes
Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.
Hark! hear I not for me yon passing bell
Toll forth, with frequent pause, its sullen knell?
Waits not for me yon sexton on his spade,
Blithe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made

Say why in lengthen'd pomp yon sable train,
With measured steps, slow stalk along the plain?
Say why yon hearse with fading flowers is crown'd,
And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge re-
sound?

Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
Secure to you my wearied limbs I trust. [plete,
Dim burns life's lamp; O Death! thy work com-
And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
Such as before the birth of nature sway'd,
Ere springing light the first great word obey'd,
Let silence reign——come, fate, exert thy might,
And darkness wrap me in eternal night!

MARRIOT.

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak and think and sing;
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs,
Thou dearest of thy sex! attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flattering strain,
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

*Not distant is the cruel day
That tears me from my hopes away;*

VOL. IV.

E

Then frown not, fairest ! if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you,
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain :
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills that want a name;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept,
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still : your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part,
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain :
Thou, lovely maid ! to thee I cry ;
Heal me with kindness, or I die !
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Cursed be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy !
Thy gifts, O Fortune, I resign,
Let her and Poverty be mine !

And every year that life shall lend
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive:
The last sad remedy remains;
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

EDWARD MOORE.

MAIA'S BIER.

HOPELESS, bereft of every joy
That life can give, or love destroy,
No opiate now can lull to rest,
But cold despondence chills my breast;
On my wan cheek the colour dies,
And every grace neglected flies;
My languid eyes no longer glow,
Their sparkling lustre dimm'd with woe
Slow lingering thus, I sink into the tomb,
Nor would I breathe a wish to' avert the' un-
timely doom.

For now, alas! *these* boasted charms
That fill'd each swain with soft alarms,

No longer please the' inconstant youth,
Whose late pledged vows of endless truth
Beguiled a heart unskill'd to feign,
Or mock the pleading lover's pain ;
In vain he vow'd ; his fickle mind
Nor vows control, nor faith can bind ;
But fond of conquest, his insidious arts
Of soft believing maids still court the' unpractised
 hearts.

Yet thus though life's gay dreams are fled,
And every hope within me dead,
Low as I press my early bier
O'er me shall drop sweet friendship's tear,
And love-lorn maidens heave the sigh
Of balmy-breathing sympathy ;
Pale o'er the spot where I am laid
The rustic primrose rear its head,
And mournful cypress shade the hallow'd space,
Where Maia sleeps in peace, lock'd in death's
 cold embrace.

And thou, if chance should guide thee near
And bend thy steps to Maia's bier,
False youth ! wilt thou suppress the sigh,
And cold avert thy cruel eye ?
Wilt thou not rather curse thy art
Which sunk too deeply in my heart,
And mourn the perjured oaths you swore
To win the maid beloved no more ;
Weep o'er my wrongs when 'tis, alas ! too late,
And with repentant soul deplore sad Maia's fate !

*When shelter'd in the silent urn
No more with fatal flames I burn ;*

What fruitless pangs will rend thy breast,
 And urge what it so long repress'd!
 Thy trembling lips will then upbraid
 The guilty vows they lately made,
 And many a keen regret shall dwell
 On her thou taught'st to love too well;
 While Passion's tide to purer bliss aspires,
 And pitying Heaven accepts poor Maia's last
 desires.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS TO MARY.

O MARY! whilst the beams of joy
 Within thy fickle bosom shine,
 Thou little heedst, thou little know'st,
 The bitter pangs that torture mine.
 Whilst Fancy paints the world serene,
 And Hope with wanton song beguiles;
 I sigh amidst the crowded scene,
 And think on thy deluding smiles.

When Rapture to her hall invites,
 Or bids thee through her mazes fly,
 The night-star guides my wandering feet,
 The chill gale bears my wasting sigh.
 Each mournful night my footstep calls
 To ruin'd scenes and tottering aisles;
 Where far from Rapture's revel halls,
 I think on thy deluding smiles.

O Mary! when the bands of sleep
 With sweet compulsion seal thine eyes,
 Think'st thou *the dream* that crowns thy rest
 E'er to my couch of sorrow flies?

The only bliss my soul can know,
The only vision that beguiles,
Is just to steal awhile from woe,
And dream of thy deluding smiles.

When to the voice of Pride I turn,
And clothe my sorrow in disdain;
When darkness shrouds my sinking form,
And silence lures me to complain;
Alike in dreary scenes forlorn,
Or 'midst the world's betraying wiles,
Fond Memory checks the rising scorn,
And dwells on thy deluding smiles.

P. M. JAMES.

ELEGY.

THE tears I shed must ever fall;
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are pass'd, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by Death's cold hand removed
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 Of her who slighted love bewails,
 No hope her gloomy prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy :
 The prop she lean'd on pierced her side,
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does Memory renew
 The scenes once tinged in transport's dye ;
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 And turns the past to agony.
 Even conscious Virtue cannot cure
 The pangs to every feeling due ;
 Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,
 To win a heart,—and break it too !

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make Suspicion start,
 No pause the dire extremes between ;
 He made me blest,—and broke my heart.
 From Hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
 Neglected, and neglecting all ;
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall !

MRS. D. STEWART.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

To thee, loved Nith, whose gladsome plains
 So late I traced with careless breast,
 I bring again *a heart unchanged*,
Though torn with grief, with care oppress'd.

Ye scenes of dear departed joys
With transport felt, with transport sung,
To other lays your gales have sigh'd
With blyther notes your echoes rung.

And now your banks and bonnie braes
But waken sad remembrance' smart ;
The very shades I held most dear
Now strike fresh anguish to my heart :
Deserted bower! where are they now?
Ah! where the garlands that I wove
With faithful care, each morn to deck
The altars of ungrateful love?

The flowers of spring how gay they bloom'd
When last with Him I wandered here,
The flowers of spring have passed away
For wintry horrors dark and drear.
Yon osier'd stream, by whose lone banks
My songs have lull'd him oft to rest,
Is now in icy fetters lock'd,—
Cold as my false love's frozen breast.

Though music brings its wonted charm,
The soothing power no more I prove,
For how can peace that reed impart
Which vibrates yet with fondest love?
Ah! vainly, vainly do I mourn,
And vainly, vainly hope relief ;
Yet come, my reed—thy tuneful art
Shall waft, in plaintive sounds, my grief.

Ye banks of Nith, prolong the strain,
And if my love still court your shade,
Say, though I deeply mourn the change,
The charmer I can ne'er upbraid.

Tell him, inconstant though he be,
 My faith can ne'er from him depart;
 His are the tears that drown my song,
 And his the sighs that rend my heart.

MARIA RIDDELL.

THE MAID WITH BOSOM COLD.

Of me they cry, I'm often told—
 'See there the maid with bosom cold!
 Indifference o'er her heart presides,
 And love and lovers she derides;
 Their idle darts, unmeaning chains,
 Fantastic whims, and silly pains:
 In pride secure, in reason bold,
 See there the Maid with bosom cold.'

Ah! ever be they thus deceived!
 Still be my bosom cold believed,
 And never may inquiring eyes
 Pierce through unhappy love's disguise:
 Yet could they all my bosom share,
 And see each painful tumult there,
 Ah! never should I then be told
 That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

A fate severe, my suffering mind
 To endless struggles has consign'd,
 I feel a flame I must not own,
 I love, yet every hope is flown;
 Too strong to let my passion sway,
 Too weak to teach it to obey,
 I agonize, and then am told
 That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

VOL. IV.

F

The joy o'er all my looks express'd
Conceals a bosom ill at rest ;
To balls and routs I haste away,
But only imitate the gay :
I jest at love and mock his power,
Yet feel his triumph every hour :
And lost to every bliss am told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

Unable from myself to fly,
I catch each word, I read each eye :
Antonio comes—I die with fear
Lest others mark my faltering air ;
My eye perhaps too fondly gazed,
My tongue too much—too little praised :
Suspicion's trembling slave—I'm told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

With anxious toil, with ceaseless care,
Content and careless I appear ;
All mirth beneath another's eye,
Alone I heave the helpless sigh,
Hang musing o'er his image dear,
Feel on my cheek the' unbidden tear,
And think, ah! why should I be told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold?

The flower may wave its foliage gay,
And flaunt it to the garish day,
Unseen the while a canker's power
May haste its honours to devour ;
And thus, while vainly round me play
Youth's zephyr-breath, and pleasure's ray,
My fate unknown, my tale untold,
Thus sinks the Maid with bosom cold.

W. SMYTH

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS IN
DECLINING HEALTH.

PRIDE of yon lawns whose living gems
Bespangle Flora's summer vest,
Smote by the daystar's sultry beams
The musk rose bows her blushing crest.

Unwonted grief my breast invades,
Cynthia! that drooping rose art thou;
And envious malady o'ershades
The graces of thy lovely brow.

E'en now her withering touch I view
Steal from thy cheek health's crimson dye;
And languor each bright glance subdue
That told my heart love's embassy.

Pallid thy lip, that Venus bless'd
With ruby tints, with rich perfumes;
Where he, whose arrows pierce my breast,
In nectar bathed his little plumes.

Thy bosom's heavenly orbs of snow
Swell not above its circling zone,
And faintly throbs that heart below,
Which beat for love and me alone.

Ah! should inexorable Fate
To his dark realms my fair consign,
Shall Thyrsis ask a longer date?
No! let thy parting hour be mine!

Sever'd through life's inclement day,
O! give thy last fond sigh to me;
And bless'd the mandate I'll obey
That weds my soul in death to thee.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE ELEGIES.

I. ON LEAVING BATH.

ADIEU, ye walls that hold my favourite maid !
Adieu, fair city, Beauty's darling seat !
At length adieu ! at length, though late delay'd,
From you my steps unwillingly retreat.

Yet from the summit of this neighbouring hill,
While scanty morn deals forth the light of day,
Where your proud domes yon ample valley fill,
My eyes shall take their lingering last survey.

And Fancy there that envied roof descries
Where dwells the dear possessor of my heart :
There lull'd in happy sleep my fair one lies,
Nor knows nor pities my unceasing smart.

O, would some friendly dream my grief disclose !
—But cease, vain mind, the fond petition cease—
Nor vex her gentle breast with fruitless woes ;
Peace to her threshold, to her slumbers peace

Enough for me, if when Hyperion's ray
Unlocks the brighter glories of her eye,
Her kindest wish shall speed me on my way ;
While from her soul escapes the struggling sig

Nor yet, so Hope, sweet flatterer, would sugge
Nor yet of Love unconscious is her heart ;
Oft have her smiles the mutual flame confess'd
Nor unlamented shall I now depart.

And oft her lips my plighted vows restored ;
How joyed my soul such blessings to recei
Each hope she gave that honour could affor
With every bliss that virtue ought to giv

When from her presence, forced by fate I came,
Sudden her cheeks the virgin bloom forsook :
In her moist eye the rising sorrows swam,
And kind concern hung mournful on her look.

Grief, ill conceal'd, seem'd bursting from her breast;
The fond 'farewell,' her faltering voice denied;
With equal warmth my closing hand she press'd,
And looks and nods the fond 'farewell' supplied.

Fair city, happy walls, at length adieu !
I go ; but leave my soul's best part behind ;
I go from joy, from pleasure, and from you ;
Love, only love accompanies my mind :

Guard well your choicest charge, this favourite
maid ;
So may the sun rise gorgeous on your towers !
Me on my hated way let darkness shade,
Smit by the furious blasts and rattling showers.

In glooms congenial to my sorrowing mind
May the sick sky its troubled visage shroud ;
My plaints be answer'd by the muttering wind ;
And heavy as my heart each louring cloud.

In vain doth Phœbus, at the call of morn,
New trick his beams fresh rising from the sea ;
In vain doth spring the laughing fields adorn ;
Without my love she shines no spring to me.

O, could the seasons but my love restore !
So might my soul their genial pleasures taste :
Or bless'd with her I'd hear the whirlwind roar ;
And brave the tempest of the' unshelter'd waste !

For she alone can Time's dull space beguile,
Or with fresh joys improve the happy hour:
For she can bid the wintry landscape smile,
Or add new beauties to the vernal hour.

II. ON RETURNING HOME FROM WINCHESTER.¹

In vain, O native fields, ye strive to please,
In vain to joy your various scenes invite:
Nor can ye give my soul its wonted ease;
Nor can ye give my fair one to my sight!
Joy is not here: fly, sweet Remembrance, fly,
Fly where I revel'd late in Pleasure's train;
Recall the fleeting form to Fancy's eye;
And live o'er all the blissful hours again.
Mine was the lot, from every youth to bear
The prize how envied, how desired by all!
Mine was the lot, where hundred nymphs were fair,
To lead the fairest through the mazy ball.
How felt my soul when she to music moved,
In youthful prime and blooming beauty warm!
Each step, each attitude her form improved,
And a new grace arose on every charm.
Slow I obey'd, though music gave command,
Her palm's soft touch one moment to resign;
Again, ere music bade, I seized her hand,
And lock'd the lovely treasure fast in mine.
If then that momentary loss was pain,
This age of absence how shall I abide?
Ah! who will bring her to my wish again,
Whom adverse fate and distant lands divide?

Where are those joys, those tender joys I felt,
 When from the dance retired we sat apart?
 On her alone my eyes all fondness dwelt;
 How have their rebel looks betray'd my heart!

Grace, harmony, and sense distinct and clear,
 With mildness in her modest language meet;
 Attention hangs upon my ravish'd ear;
 And what her eyes began, her words complete.

Away, thou silken son of foppish pride!
 This is no ear for such discourse as thine:
 Go, let thy vows and hackney'd arts be tried
 In vain devotion at yon painted shrine.

Nor think that love, true love, could e'er impart,
 False as your idol's bloom, such mimic joys:
 Affected mirth that springs not from the heart;
 Jests without wit, and flattery that cloy.

By thee, my fair one, let me sit and sigh;
 And mark the graces that around thee move;
 Catch the dear pain that glances from thine eye,
 And yield my soul to softness and to love.

Ah no, in pity snatch thy hand from mine,
 And hide those fatal beauties of thy cheek;
 Nor let thine eyes so soft a look incline,
 Lest my fond heart with tenderness should
 break.

Thy charms, my love, o'ercome me with delight,
 Thy voice, thy look, thy smile—alas, I dream!
 Ye well known *domes*, that rise upon my sight,
Once dear indeed! how hateful now ye seem!

Ah mock me not, my friends, with loathed joy ;
My sickening soul such greetings cannot bear :
Nor this the form that fill'd my greedy eye ;
Nor that the voice which charm'd my listen-
ing ear.

Where is that look ? Oh, where that lovely smile ?
Torn from those blessings, from her presence torn,
In sighs, in tears I waste the absent while,
Sad as the sick man's night, impatient for the
morn.

III. DESPAIR.

SEVERE, O Love, thy tyrant power I feel,
My heart, my life, my freedom all are thine ;
Lo, at thy awful throne submit I kneel,
Stern as thou art, thy milder ear incline.

If e'er my stubborn will thy power repell'd,
If e'er with thee in impious contest strove,
If e'er my tongue thy mysteries reveal'd ;
A shameless recreant to myself and love ;

If e'er my heart its plighted promise broke,
If aught but love did e'er possess my mind ;
Then bow I calmly to the lifted stroke ;
Then to thy rage vindictive yield resign'd.

But if, true votary to thy sovereign power,
My infant hands thy laughing altars dress'd,
If from my birth to this afflictive hour
Thy hopes, thy joys have flutter'd in my breast ;

If Love, and Love alone, hath revel'd there,
 Beneath the veil of secrecy and truth,
 O free me, free me from this sad despair,
 That blasts with chilling hand my bloom of
 youth.

But ah! no power of thine can reach her heart,
 Proof to that passion which her beauty gave;
 Snatch then, O snatch from Death the friendly
 dart,
 And hide my sorrows in the silent grave!

IV. ABSENCE.

FOUR days are pass'd, four tedious days of pain,
 Since these sad eyes beheld my love depart;
 Four days are yet to come, ere I again
 Shall see the beauteous sovereign of my heart.

While fond impatience in my bosom burns,
 And the slow hours insult my restless haste,
 Ah, who can teach me, till my love returns,
 In easy indolence the time to waste?

Vain search! no ease will selfish love allow;
 No power hath art to lull my cares asleep:
 Pleasure and mirth and smiles are irksome now;
 And my sole comfort is to sigh and weep.

On swifter wings I bade the moments fly;
 But they, perverse, have doubled their delay;
 For grief hath banish'd slumber from my eye,
 And night partakes the sorrows of the day.

Nor think, my friends, that causeless is my pain,
The hours you count not by a lover's mind;
Four tedious days of absence I sustain,
And justly dread the heavier half behind.

While distant strays my love, the poison'd dart
Of jealousy hath struck me with despair:
And doubts arise where reason has no part,
Surmises vain, and self-created care.

By glittering fops and courtly speech beset,
Can a frail woman's faith unshaken prove?
And will she not a wretch like me forget,
Who only plead fidelity and love?

Ah no!—and now what ecstasy I feel! [fear;
False are my doubts, and vain my scrupulous
I know the hand, I know the faithful seal,
This letter proves my Laura's love sincere.

Yes, fair one, yes, thy love, thy truth I see;
To my fond breast I'll press each tender line:
Kiss the dear words that bid me think on thee;
And bless the period that concludes thee mine.

On thee I'll think, till four long days shall give
In thy loved presence more substantial bliss;
Then shall my arms their real wish receive,
And my lips glow beneath a warmer kiss.

V. PARTING.

I go, my love, and till we meet again
Let Hope and Constancy the time beguile:
Again to meet! that prospect shall restrain
The tear that starts through my dissembled smile.

swell! but there is finish'd all my boast—
 hat tender accent falters on my tongue;
 I must weep for that dear object lost,
 n which I gazed so fondly and so long.

top! O turn; for I have much to say—
 ne word! one look! I cannot leave thee so—
 me, she takes a distant different way;
 nd I unheard, unanswer'd, vent my woe.

n her soft voice no more I catch the sound;
 o more her beauties grace my happy side:
 ll, I search in vain, no more is found
 y sweet companion, and my promised bride.

k to those happier scenes, remembrance, fly!
 hy lenient aid my sorrow shall remove:
 thou from those dear moments canst supply
 all many a proof propitious to my love.

h though I loved, I found that love repaid;
 nd seem'd of all men happy o'er the rest;
 senting beauty heal'd the wound it made;
 nd love enslaved me but to make me bless'd.

lips the story of my bosom told,
 heck'd by no scornful, no unkind reply;
 favouring glances bade my tongue be bold,
 nd mutual passion kindled in her eye:

blush soft spreading o'er her downcast face,
 he sudden sigh, half-rising, half-suppress'd,
 t coy distress which heightens every grace,
 n silent eloquence her love confess'd.

w sweet to snatch her not unwill'ing hand,
 nd all delighted on her charms to gaze;
 he mix'd with many a kiss we fondly plann'd
 e tender conduct of connubial days!

Each social Virtue decks her gentle mind ;
And steadfast Honour waves his banners there
So chaste a temple Love was proud to find ;
And Truth proclaims her parting vow sincere

While sweet remembrance thus relieves my heart
Ah why should grief so fair a prospect sour !
Yes, we shall meet, and meet no more to part,
And Heaven and Love shall bless the' expected
hour.

Then fare thee well ! and to thy constant mind
Still be my memory dear, though I am gone ;
Still be each thought, each tender wish confined
To me whose heart is full of thee alone :

Fond Hope the while shall cheer my drooping soul
In sweet impatience shall the time employ,
Shall chide the lazy moments as they roll,
And soothe my grief with thoughts of future joy

MUNDAY

TO ELIZA.

I ASK'D a kiss, and scarce those lips complied,
For instant fled the momentary joy :—
Would thou hadst still the fatal bliss denied,
And then, as now, been more severely coy !

Can one slight shower refresh the thirsty mead !
One single plant with verdure clothe the plain
One star o'er yon wide arch its radiance spread
Or one small rill supply the boundless main

The skies unnumber'd all their bounties pour ;—
 In such profusion are their blessings given,
 E'en thankless man must own the wondrous store
 Becomes the rich munificence of Heaven.

While you one kiss, and one alone resign'd,
 Though favouring night enwrapp'd the' uncon-
 scious grove ;
 Though well you knew not countless millions join'd
 Could sate the' unrival'd avarice of love.

Yet once again the dangerous gift renew,
 With kinder looks prolong the fleeting bliss ;
 Let me too try, while all thy charms I view,
 Like Shakspeare's Moor, to ' die upon a kiss !'

But no such kiss as some cold sister grants,
 Or colder brother carelessly receives ;
 Mine be the kiss for which the lover pants,
 And the dear, soft, consenting mistress gives.

Else I as well might clasp the sculptured fair,
 And press the' unyielding marble lips to mine ;
 Or woo, the transports of my love to share,
 The pictured forms of Reynolds' hands divine.

In thy sweet kiss, O, blend such soft desires
 As conquer youth, and palsied age can warm ;
 Those arts that cherish love, like vestal fires,
 And bid in Virtue's cause our passions arm !

Such if thou givest—though closing air and sea
 Efface the arrow's path, the vessel's road,
 More faithful to their trust my lips shall be,
 And bear the' impression to their last abode.

ANONYMOUS.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING ELEGY.

AND darest thou then, insulting youth, demand
A second spoil from love's impoverish'd store?
Shall strains like thine a second kiss command?
Thankless for one, because I gave no more!

One lamp irradiates all yon starry heaven,
One polar star directs the pilot's way;
Yet what bold wretch complains no more were
given,
Or doubts the blessing of each friendly ray?

One timorous kiss, which multitudes might bode,
At once thy sun and guiding star had proved,
If while thy lips beneath its pressure glow'd,
And thy tongue flatter'd, thou hadst truly loved.

The flame which burns upon the virgin cheek,
The rising sigh, half-utter'd, half-suppress'd,
To him who fondly loves, will more than speak
What wavering thoughts divide the' impassion'd
breast.

Such soft confusion could the Moor disarm,
And his rough heart like Desdemona's move;
But soon her easy weakness broke the charm,
And ere her life she lost she lost his love.

No—if I hate thee, wherefore should I press
A treacherous contract with love's favourite seal?
And if I wish thy future hours to bless,
Ah! why too soon that anxious care reveal?

A ready conquest oft the victor scorns ;
 His laurels fade whose foe ere battle yields :
 No shout attends the warrior who returns
 To claim the palm of uncontested fields.

But let thy soul each lawless wish disown
 While yet my hate or love is undeclared—
 Perhaps, ere many circling years are flown,
 Thou'lt think Eliza but a poor reward.

For, ah! my kisses ne'er shall teem with art,
 My faithful bosom forms but one design :
 To study well the wife's, the mother's part,
 And learn to keep thee ere I make thee mine.

ANONYMOUS.

TO DELIA.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptured fancy framed
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retired !
 Though reason then my sanguine fondness blamed,
 I still believed what flattering Love inspired.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
 To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend ;
 In books a calm but fix'd content to find ;
 Safe joys! that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
 In learned ease and elegant delight,
 Compare the beauties of each different style,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense raised by genius, fancy ruled by art,
 Where *all the glory of the Godhead shines*,
 And *earliest innocence enchants the heart*.

Now, fired by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong;
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.
If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And Reason fix its empire o'er my heart;
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.
Thy heart, O Lyttelton! shall be my guide;
Its fires shall warm me and its worth improve:
Thy heart! above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.
And you, O West! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With Learning's feast my drooping mind shall
cheer,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.
But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite:
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And, while I threat, this Elegy I write.

HAMMOND.

TO DELIA.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast!
Where's now my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.

I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more:
 Unmoved I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee—who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend;
 Nor Wit nor Wisdom can relieve their friend:
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And Wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
 Till now not studious of the art to please,
 Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
 Abjure those maxims I so lately prized,
 And court that sex I foolishly despised,
 Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
 And thus revenged the wrongs of womankind;
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain;
 In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:
 My humble sighs shall only reach thine ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
 Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend:
 Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
 For, without danger, none like thee are fair;
 But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
 Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
 The skilful *tongue in love's* persuasive lore,
 Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,

And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienced youth might soon believe;
And since their tears, in false submission dress'd,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem;
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

HAMMOND,

CYNTHIA.

BENEATH an aged oak's embowering shade,
Whose spreading arms with gray moss fringed
were,
Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd,
A lovelorn youth oft pensive would repair.
Fast by, a Naiad taught her stream to glide,
Which through the dale a winding channel wore;
The silver willow deck'd its verdant side,
The whispering sedges waved along the shore.
Here oft when Morn peep'd o'er the dusky hill,
Here oft when Eve bedew'd the misty vale,
Careless he laid him all beside the rill,
And pour'd in strains like these his artless tale.
Ah! would he say—and then a sigh would heave:
Ah, Cynthia! sweeter than the breath of morn,
Soft as the gentle breeze that fans at eve,
Of thee bereft how shall I live forlorn?

Ah! what avails this sweetly solemn bower,
That silent stream where dimpling eddies play;
Yon thymy bank bedeck'd with many a flower,
Where maple-tufts exclude the beam of day?

Robb'd of my love, for how can these delight,
Though lavish Spring her smiles around has cast!
Despair, alas! that whelms the soul in night,
Dims the sad eye, and deadens every taste.

As droops the lily at the blighting gale,
Or crimson-spotted cowslip of the mead,
Whose tender stalk (alas! their stalk so frail)
Some hasty foot hath bruised with heedless tread;

As droops the woodbine, when some village hind
Hath fell'd the sapling elm it fondly bound;
No more it gadding dances in the wind,
But trails its fading beauties on the ground;

So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,
For ever! ah! for ever torn from thee:
Bereft of each sweet hope which once it had,
When love, when treacherous love first smiled
on me.

Return, bless'd days; return, ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the roseate steep of youth;
Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flowers,
And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth.

Ye know the curling breeze, or gilded fly
That idly wantons in the noontide air,
Was not *so free, was not so gay* as I;
For ah! I knew not then or love or care.

Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a sigh had learn'd to heave my breast!
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
Till Cynthia came and robb'd my soul of rest.

Oh, have you seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gazed, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion,
weak.

Yet not unpitied was my pain the while,
For oft beside yon sweetbriar in the dale,
With many a blush, with many a melting smile,
She sat and listen'd to the plaintive tale.

Ah me! I fondly dreamt of pleasures rare;
Nor deem'd so sweet a face with scorn could
glow;

How could you cruel then pronounce despair,
Chill the warm hope, and plant the thorn of woe?

What though no treasures canker in my chest,
Nor crowds of suppliant vassals hail me lord!
What though my roof can boast no princely guest,
Nor surfeits lurk beneath my frugal board!

Yet should Content, that shuns the gilded bed,
With smiling Peace, and Virtue there forgot,
And rose-lipp'd Health, which haunts the straw-
built shed,

With cherub Joy, frequent my little cot;

Led by chaste Love, the decent band should come,
O charmer, wouldst thou deign my roof to share?
Nor should the Muses scorn our simple dome,
Or, knit in mystic dance, the Graces fair.

The woodland nymphs and gentle fays at eve
Forth from the dripping eave and mossy dell,
Should round our hearth fantastic measures weave,
And shield from mischief by their guardian spell.

Come then, bright maid, and quit the city throng,
Have rural joys no charm to win the soul?
She proud, alas! derides my lowly song,
Scorns the fond vow, and spurns the russet stole.

Then, Love, begone, thy thriftless empire yield,
In youthful toils I'll lose the' unmanly pain:
With echoing horns I'll rouse the jocund field,
Urge the keen chase, and sweep along the plain.

Or all in some lone moss-grown tower sublime
With midnight lamp I'll watch pale Cynthia
round,
Explore the choicest rolls of ancient time,
And heal with Wisdom's balm my hapless
wound.

Or else I'll roam—Ah no! that sigh profound
Tells me that stubborn love disdains to yield;
Nor fight nor Wisdom's balm can heal the wound,
Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field.

PERCY.

WRITTEN ON VALENTINE'S MORNING.

HARK, through the sacred silence of the night,
Loud Chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill,
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light
That floats the dark brow of yon eastern hill.

Bright star of morn, oh! leave not yet the wave,
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day,
Nor thou, Aurora, quit Tithonus' cave,
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away,

Ere these my rustic hands a garland twine,
Ere yet my tongue indite a simple song,
For her I mean to hail my Valentine,
Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng.

Sweet is the morn, and sweet the gentle breeze
That fans the fragrant bosom of the spring,
Sweet chirps the lark, and sweeter far than these
The gentle love-song gurgling turtles sing.

Oh, let the flowers be fragrant as the morn,
And as the turtle's song my ditty sweet;
Those flowers my woven chaplet must adorn,
That ditty must my waking charmer greet.

And thou, bless'd saint, whom choral creatures join
In one enlivening symphony to hail,
Oh, be propitious, gentle Valentine,
And let each holy tender sigh prevail.

Oh, give me to approach my sleeping love,
And strew her pillow with the freshest flowers,
No sigh unhallow'd shall my bosom move,
Nor step profane pollute my true love's bowers.

At sacred distance only will I gaze,
Nor bid my unproved eye refrain; [praise,
Meanwhile my tongue shall chant her beauty's
And hail her sleeping with the gentlest strain.

'Awake, my fair, awake, for it is time;
Hark, thousand songsters rise from yonder grove,
And rising carol this sweet hour of prime,
Each to his mate, a roundelay of love.

All nature sings the hymeneal song,
All nature follows where the spring invites;
Come forth, my love, to us these joys belong,
Ours is the spring, and all her young delights.

For us she throws profusely forth her flowers,
Which in fresh chaplets joyful I will twine;
Come forth, my fair; oh, do not lose these hours,
But wake, and be my faithful Valentine.

Full many an hour all lonely have I sigh'd,
Nor dared the secret of my love reveal,
Full many a fond expedient have I tried
My warmest wish in silence to conceal.

And oft to far retired solitude
All mournfully my slow step have I bent,
Luxurious there indulged my musing mood,
And there alone have given my sorrows vent.

This day resolved I dare to plight my vow :
This day, long since the feast of love decreed,
Embolden'd *will I speak my flame*, nor thou
Refuse to hear how sore my heart does bleed.'

Yet if I should behold my love awake,
Ah, frail resolves, ah whither will ye fly?
Full well I know I shall not silence break,
But struck with awe almost with fear shall die.

Oh no, I will not trust a faltering speech
In broken phrase an awkward tale to tell,
A tale whose tenderness no tongue can reach,
Nor softest melody can utter well.

But my meek eye, best herald of my heart,
I will compose to soft and downcast look,
And at one humble glance it shall impart
My love, nor fear the language be mistook.

For she shall read (apt scholar at this lore)
With what fond passion my true bosom glows,
How hopeless of return I still adore,
Nor dare the boldness of my wish disclose.

Should she then smile,—yet ah! she smiles on all,
Her gentle temper pities all distress;
On every hill, each vale the sunbeams fall,
Each herb and flower, each tree and shrub they
 bless.

Alike all nature grateful owns the boon,
The universal ray to all is free;
Like fond Endymion should I hope the moon,
Because among the rest she shines on me?

Hope, vain presumer, keep, oh, keep away;
Even if my woe her gentle bosom move,
Pity some look of kindness may display;
But each soft glance is not a look of love.

Yet, heavenly visitant, thou dost not quit
 Those bowers where angels sweet division sing,
 Nor deignest thou on mortal shrine to sit
 Alone, for round thee ever on the wing

Glad choirs of loves attend, and hovering wait
 Thy mild command; of these thy blooming train,
 Oh, bid some sylph in morning dreams relate,
 Ere yet my love awake, my secret pain.

ANONYMOUS.

ON

HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEÆRA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave;
 In vain they gave, their sons received in vain:
 I saw Neæra, and, her instant slave,
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart;
 Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame:
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh! that, to feel these killing pangs no more,
 On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
 Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
 And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses! or my passion aid;
 Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
 My humble voice would move one only maid,
 And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere ;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain ;—
Adieu, ye Muses! if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine ;
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceived by thee, I loved a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires ;
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross'd,
To dig the rock and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise ;
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight ;
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise :
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face ;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear ;
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long ;
Hence tears and sighs ; and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—Hence this angry song.

HAMMOND.

TO FORTUNE,

SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVES FOR REPINING AT HER
DISPENSATIONS.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne
Revered, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not that, on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, 'Forbear!

'Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

'Honorio built, but dared my laws defy;
He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
The peach's vernal bud regaled his eye,
The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands.

'See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth
display,

Displays it aught but penury and pride?

Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

'How would some flood, with ampler treasures
bless'd,

Disdainful view the scantling drops distill!
How must Velino* shake his reedy crest!

How every cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune! I yield: and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fired my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loosed be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile,
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supplied,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

* A river in Italy that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease
 Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
 Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
 The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?
 ' Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
 Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu!
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?
 Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

SHENSTONE.

HIS RECANTATION.

No more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
 No more with awkward fallacy complains
 How every fervour from my bosom flies,
 And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.
 Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
 No more she paints the breast from passion free;
 I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive;
 Ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?
 The star of Venus ushers in the day,
 The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
 The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
 When other stars their friendly beams resign.
 Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
 Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free;
 Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
 And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.
I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers,
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see ;
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?
SHENSTONE.

TO

DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS:

COMPLAINING HOW MUCH HIS BENEVOLENCE SUFFERS
ON ACCOUNT OF HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can shower,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy
That pleased my fair—but Fate denies my power.
Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And for my transport on his smile depend!
Bless'd too is he whose evening ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest prayer!
And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious light;
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen:
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve!
 Whose virtues in our cultured vales appear!
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.
 To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,
 To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
 To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine!
 Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
 To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.
 A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
 And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
 A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier!
 Of these loved flowers the lifeless corse may share,
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
 The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair
 As when their master smiled to see them glow.
 The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire;
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
 O, let not gentle Delia smile so soon!
 While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—
 O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the fates decree;
 Pleased from the list of my inglorious days
 To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

SHENSTONE.

STANZAS TO —.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart hath refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,[†]
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forbarest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one—
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

LOVE ELEGY.

Now sunk in dumb despondence on the thorn,
 Where nightly perch'd she pours her solemn lay,
 Sad Philomel beholds the gradual morn,
 Bright and yet brighter, kindle into day.

Sweet child of sorrow! with regret, like thine,
 I too yon gold, that skirts the dapple, see;
 No joy the gleams that now more ruddy shine,
Dear as the joy that flies them, bring to me.

Yet then again, ye slumbers, o'er my eyes
Descending, soothe my troubled soul to rest;
And yet again, ye pleasing visions rise,
In all my Delia's gentler graces dress'd.

And though through every semblance ye can range,
Well might ye choose my Delia's form to wear,
Secure, that to no lovelier ye can change,
No mien more graceful, and no face more fair.

In vain I call : obedient to my will
No visions rise, no slumbers o'er me creep,
And now in glory from yon eastern hill,
The sun ascending bids me wake to weep.

Ah! gentle sun! so will I bless thy beams,
Though thy return but grief returning brings—
With cautious reverence steal, where hovering
dreams
O'er Delia's pillow wave their busy wings.

O! could I stand with trembling duty nigh,
To guard, and guarding gaze upon the maid,
No ruder ray should there intrude, no fly
With murmuring error her repose invade.

And if, while thus I gazed, upon her cheek
One smile of haughty scorn should haply dawn;
And if one amorous sigh should haply break,
Deep from the involuntary bosom drawn;

Now, would I cry, she proudly feigns to smile
While at her feet I seem my suit to press;
Now ill conceal'd by many a female wile,
Her mutual love those amorous sighs confess.

And can I thus the flattering tale believe,
 Which hope, too ready, whispers in my ear?
 And can I thus this simple heart deceive,
 That still my Delia holds my memory dear?
 She now can wander in the conscious grove,
 Nor think how there I wander'd by her side;
 In dreams her fancy now can freely rove,
 Nor hear me talk, nor see my image glide.
 Yet be she false, her falsehood shall but show
 How fix'd the firm foundation of my truth;
 For her alone I nurse perpetual woe,
 For her, in silence drooping, waste my youth.
 For her, where lingering on in many a maze
 Their humid train the waves of Isis wreath,
 The tuneful sorrows of these tender lays
 With many a hope and many a fear I breathe:
 And oft the while, my head, in grief declined,
 Wistful I raise to watch the journeying sun;
 Sigh as I mark the distance yet behind,
 And bid his westering wheels more swiftly run.
 Then fondly kind in visionary charms
 Propitious night my Delia may restore;
 Then I again may fold her in these arms;
 O be the vision true! I ask no more.

F. LAURENCE.

 DELIA.

YES, Delia loves! my fondest vows are bless'd;
 Farewell the memory of her past disdain;
 One kind relenting glance has heal'd my breast,
And balanced in a moment years of pain!

O'er her soft cheek consenting blushes move,
And with kind stealth her secret soul betray;
Blushes, which usher in the morn of love,
Sure as the reddening east foretells the day.

Her tender smiles shall pay me with delight
For many a bitter pang of jealous fear;
For many an anxious day and sleepless night,
For many a stifled sigh and silent tear.

Delia shall come and bless my lone retreat;
She does not scorn the shepherd's lowly life;
She will not blush to leave the splendid seat,
And own the title of a poor man's wife.

The simple knot shall bind her gather'd hair,
The russet garment clasp her lovely breast:
Delia shall mix among the rural fair,
By charms alone distinguish'd from the rest.

And meek Simplicity, neglected maid,
Shall bid my fair in native graces shine,
She, only she shall lend her modest aid,
Chaste sober priestess, at sweet Beauty's shrine!

How sweet to muse by murmuring springs reclined;
Or loitering careless in the shady grove,
Indulge the gentlest feelings of the mind,
And pity those who live to aught but love!

When Delia's hand unlocks her shining hair,
And o'er her shoulder spreads the flowing gold,
Base were the man who one bright tress would
spare
For all the ore of India's coarser mould.

By her dear side with what content I'd toil,
 Patient of any labour in her sight;
 Guide the slow plough, or turn the stubborn soil,
 Till the last lingering beam of doubtful light.

But softer tasks divide my Delia's hours,
 To watch the firstlings at their harmless play;
 With welcome shade to screen the languid flowers
 That sicken in the summer's parching ray.

Oft will she stoop amidst her evening walk,
 With tender hand each bruised plant to rear;
 To bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,
 And nurse the blossoms of the infant year.

When beating rains forbid our feet to roam,
 We'll shelter'd sit, and turn the storied page;
 There see what passions shake the lofty dome
 With mad ambition or ungovern'd rage:

What headlong ruin oft involves the great;
 What conscious terrors guilty bosoms prove;
 What strange and sudden turns of adverse fate
 Tear the sad virgin from her plighted love.

Delia shall read, and drop a gentle tear,
 Then cast her eyes around the low-roof'd cot,
 And own the fates have dealt more kindly here,
 That bless'd with only love our little lot.

For Love has sworn (I heard the awful vow)
 The wavering heart shall never be his care
 That stoops at any baser shrine to bow;
 And what he cannot rule he scorns to share.

My heart in Delia is so fully bless'd,
 It has no room to lodge another joy;
My peace all leans upon that gentle breast,
And only there misfortune can annoy.

Our silent hours shall steal unmark'd away
In one long tender calm of rural peace ;
And measure many a fair unblemish'd day
Of cheerful leisure and poetic ease.

The proud unfeeling world their lot shall scorn
Who midst inglorious shades can poorly dwell :
Yet if some youth, for gentler passions born,
Shall chance to wander near our lowly cell,

His feeling breast with purer flames shall glow,
And, leaving pomp and cares and state behind,
Shall own the world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are join'd.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AS FROM A FRENCH LADY, WHOSE HUSBAND
HAD BEEN THREE YEARS PRISONER OF
WAR AT LICHFIELD.

FLED are the years love should have call'd his own,
Bearing my wasted youth they roll'd away :
Dost thou conceive, my husband, how I moan
Through the long lonely disappointed day ?

Night comes.—Ah ! every instant, as it flies,
Feeds my impatience to behold thee here.—
Morning will soon relume the darken'd skies,
But when shall my soul's morning reappear ?

Each separated moment dost thou count
With a regret solicitous as mine ?
Ruthless the foe who swells their vast amount,
And bids thee in unransom'd bondage pine.

For thee, I judge thee by myself, and know,
 Dear hapless exile! all thou must endure;
 The cheerless days, and every heartsick woe
 That liberty might chase, and love should cure.

Yet, O! when absence all my soul o'erpowers,
 Why does thy pen withhold the only aid?
 When gales blow homeward from the hostile
 shores,
 Why are the expected lines of love delay'd?

Question unwise!—Does not this heart require
 Trust in my husband's tenderness and truth?
 What else can slake the slow-consuming fire
 My peace that scorches, and that wastes my
 youth?

Trust in his love my heart demands,—and, oh!
 Another confidence bless'd power obtains,
 Rescuing my senses from severer woe
 Than even this cruel banishment ordains;

Reliance that kind Heaven preserves his life,
 His health from wasting by disease's brands;
 That not to their restraints his faithful wife
 Owes her late baffled hopes and vacant hands.

If she may judge his feelings by her own,
 And grateful memory urges that she may,
 He numbers tear for tear, and groan for groan,
 Through the slow progress of the joyless day.

With sweet remembrances my thrilling heart
 Full of the past surrounds itself in vain;
 They rise!—*they charm!*—but soon, alas! impart,
 By *sad comparison*, increase of pain.

No fond deception, nor yet Hope nor Fear
Arrest the pace of life-exhausting Time!—
He might return!—one word, and he is here!—
Ah! why are bonds for him who knows not
crime?

Fierce war ordains them! Fiend of humankind!
Fetters and death one murder overtake;
From thee the guiltless no exemption find,
Thy murder'd millions glut the vulture's beak!

And from such fate remember, O my soul,
Exile and bonds severe redemption prove;
That thought drops sweetness in the bitter bowl
Quaff'd to the dregs by long-divided love.

Oft to my aid this consciousness I call,
To close the eyes which still have oped to weep;
When night and sorrow spread their mingled pall,
That thought distills the' oblivious balm of
sleep.

All things around me seem to' expect him here;
My husband's favourite robe enfolds me still;
Here have I ranged the books he loved,—and
there

Placed the selected chair he used to fill.

Again to be resumed, if yielding fate
At length would give him back to love and me;
Then should I see him there reclined sedate,
Our darling children clinging round his knee.

And lo! at yonder table where they stand!—
Their glances o'er the map of England stray;
Ah! on the too, too interesting land
How bends thy Annise her intense survey!

And now she smiles, and to her brother turns,
Her finger placed on Lichfield!—there, she says,
There is our dear, dear father!—O! how yearns
My very soul to mark their ardent gaze!

Frequent, this killing absence to beguile,
Anxious I watch, as traits of thee arise;
I see them playing in my Annise's smile,
I meet them in thy Frederic's candid eyes.

Their strengthen'd bloom, their much expanded
mind

Shall recompense my beauty's vanish'd trace;
Yes, thou wilt love me more when thou shalt find
Thy absence written on my faded face.

Dearest, farewell!—though misery now be ours,
Slow time will bring the reuniting day,
When thou and joy shall bless these lonely bowers,
By sweet excess o'erpaying long delay.

MISS SEWARD.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

On sapphire throne, o'er heaven's unnumber'd
fires,

The moon in full-orb'd majesty presides;
Calm are the seas, a favouring breeze transpires,
And through the waves the vessel smoothly
glides:

Beyond the' horizon's bound the mind extends,
To the sought shores where Hope delusive
leads:

Soothed by the scene, her tortures grief suspends
For absent kindred, friends, and native meads.

Till sympathy from brooding memory's stores
Culls thorns, and plants them in the bleeding
breast;

Sunk into gloom the mind no more explores
Hope's future dawn, and pants in vain for rest.

'What though the seas are calm, the skies serene,
Thus anguish dictates the desponding strain:

'To friendship fear presents a gloomier scene,
The whirlwind's fury and tempestuous main.

'Even now, perhaps, from many a kindred eye
My dubious fate compels the generous tear,
And every passing cloud that veils the sky
Chills some fond anxious breast with boding
fear.

'In my love's bosom deeper sorrows roll,
Frantic with dread she sighs, implores, she
raves,
Whilst horror paints me to her sickening soul
Dash'd on a rock, o'erwhelm'd beneath the
waves.'

Father of heaven, whose power controls the storms,
O let thy mercy hear a wanderer's prayer!
Check the wild fears connubial fondness forms,
And save the tender mourner from despair.

For me, whate'er thy sovereign will shall doom,
Still give me faith to bear that lot resign'd:
That faith which, smiling, courts the dreary tomb,
And, heaven-aspiring, soothes the afflicted mind.

REV. G. HUDDISFORD.

THE SAILOR.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
And all its lessening turrets bluely fade ;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;
This, the last wish with which its warmth could
part,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave ;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest waving wide ;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the yellow tide.

But, lo ! at last he comes with crowded sail !

Lo ! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !

And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !

In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves her hand !

Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass fur'd ;

Soon through the whitening surge he springs to
land,

And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

S. ROGERS.

HANNAH.*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER WHO IS DEAD TO ME.

At fond sixteen, my roving heart

Was pierced with love's delightful dart :

Keen transport throbb'd in every vein—

I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,

I met the dear romantic maid :

I stole her hand—it shrunk—but, no !

I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,

While passion told the tale of truth,

I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,

'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,

The Sun enamour'd woos young May ;

Nor May, with softer modest grace,

Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Oh! that so bright a morn so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his train a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ; yet knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye :
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest ;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the morning of that day
When Phoebus marries rosy May,
I sought once more the charming spot,
Where bloom'd the thorn by Hannah's cot.

O! as I cross'd the neighbouring plain,
I lived my wooing days again ;
*And fancy sketch'd my future life,
My home, my children, and my wife.*

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in mine eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet; all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday!
I met a wedding—stepp'd aside;
O God!—my Hannah was the bride!

There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal!
My heart grew cold—it felt not then!
When shall it cease to feel again?

MONTGOMERY.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours pass'd,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 ' My love, my life,' said I, ' explain
 This change of humour; pr'ythee tell,
 That falling tear—what does it mean?'

She sigh'd; she smiled; and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
 ' See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder what a change is made!

' Ah me! the blooming pride of May
 And that of Beauty are but one;
 At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

' At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
 The amorous youth around her bow'd;
 At night her fatal knell was rung;
 I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

' Such as she is who died to-day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.'

PRIOR.

TO THE RIVER ISIS *.

FAIR Isis, thy marge as despairing I lie,
Thy Muse-haunted wave with wild florets con-
fined, [eth nigh,
Makes me grieve when I think that the time draw-
When for ever, I fear, I must leave thee behind.

May thy bosom, with quivering shadows impress'd
From the silver green willow that graces thy
shore, [guest,
With regret miss the step of a death-stricken
And echo list oft for the sound of his oar.

Though her lover is fallen—thy corpses among,
When Philomel warbles at close of the day,
May no friend be wanting to catch her lorn song,
And welcome the gentlest herald of May!

May the suns I have seen, and the cloudless
blue skies, [around,
The soft-breathing meads, and the woodlands
Still, still feed with raptures a thousand fond eyes,
Though I be far distant, and cold in the ground!

Why dwell on the thought then? sad Fancy, de-
part, [spell;
And charm me no more with thy treacherous
The first of past joys I dismiss from my heart,
When thee, O sweet Isis, I once bid farewell!

HEADLEY.

* Written during the illness which terminated in his death.

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

THE gladsome hours are gone, and from the fields,
 Now mute and naked, cheerful Toil retires ;
 The sun far off a paler radiance yields,
 And darts more faint his horizontal fires.

Mark, how the thickets fade! whose pleasing
 gloom

No longer charms, whose music all is pass'd ;
 Prepared to shed their last autumnal bloom,
 And bare their foreheads to the wintry blast.

To those who riot in the mad career

Of wealth and luxury and idleness, [tear
 Whose souls ne'er felt, whose eyes ne'er shed a
 For worth forsaken, or for pale distress,

No moral charm these pensive scenes impart ;
 But they of softer mould, to nature true,
 Now own a kindly influence on the heart,
 And love even fields and groves of sadder hue.

These teach that mortal bliss must swiftly die,
 And man return to night's unending shade ;
 That some on sorrow's dreary couch must lie,
 And wait for peace a pitying brother's aid ;

That, while through fortune's path we jocund tend,
 'Tis ours each headlong passion to restrain,
 A heart too frail from vanity defend,
 And serious think on those who suffer pain.

These too with tender thoughts awhile may charm,
 And wake the memory of departed hours,
 That, mid the wilds of life, beset with harm
And pain and sorrow, smile like summer flowers ;

Endear'd, perhaps, by those whose looks we loved,
 Whose gentle voice was music to our ears,
 Now far away by fates unkind removed,
 Or gone where love is vain, and vain our tears.

These too may speak of early friendship flown,
 As through life's ever changing paths we go,
 Of blending hearts, estranged and careless grown,
 And beaming looks that now no longer glow.

Spring shall return, and these forsaken glades
 And faded hills and woods of foliage pale
 Again shall bloom, again the forest shades
 Will charm, and birds the dew-eyed morning
 hail;

But ne'er shall youth nor youth's delights return,
 Nor youth's warm sentiments that love create,
 Bidding with stronger, purer flames to burn;
 Nor those we mourn escape the bonds of fate,

HAMLEY.

ELEGIAC EPISTLE TO A FRIEND*.

FRIEND of my youth, shedd'st thou the pitying
 tear

O'er the sad relics of my happier days?
 Of nature tender, as of soul sincere,
 Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays?

Oh! truly said!—the distant landscape bright,
 Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye,
 Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
 As on some chilly eve the closing flowerets die.

* Written under a dejection of spirits.

Yet had I hoped, when first, in happier times,
 I trod the magic paths where Fancy led,
 The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
 Where never Misery rear'd its hated head.

How vain the thought! hope after hope expires!
 Friend after friend, joy after joy is lost;
 My dearest wishes feed the funeral fires,
 And life is purchased at too dear a cost.

Yet could my heart the selfish comfort know,
 That not alone I murmur and complain;
 Well might I find companions in my woe,
 All born to grief, the family of Pain!

Full well I know in life's uncertain road
 The thorns of misery are profusely sown;
 Full well I know, in this low vile abode,
 Beneath the chastening rod what numbers groan.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
 Beneath the oppressor's power, or feel the smart
 Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
 To the sad symptoms of a broken heart!

How many, fated from their birth to view
 Misfortunes growing with their ripening years,
 The same sad track through various scenes
 pursue,
 Still journeying onward through a vale of tears.

To them, alas! what boots the light of heaven,
 While still new miseries mark their destined
 way,
 Whether to their *unhappy* lot be given
Death's long sad night, or *life's short busy day*!

Me not such themes delight :—I more rejoice
When chancesome happier, better change I see ;
Though no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on every side to view the gloom ?
Or, when upon the couch of sickness placed,
Well pleased survey a hapless neighbour's
tomb ?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

Even in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought be-
To Melancholy's self yield some relief, [stow ;
And ease the breast surcharged with mortal
woe.

Long has my bark, in rudest tempest toss'd,
Buffeted seas, and stemm'd life's hostile wave ;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

And when that hour shall come (as come it must,
Ere many moons their waning horns increase),
When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease ;

When those black gates that ever open stand,
Receive me on the' irremeable shore,
When life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
And the dull jest repeated charms no more ;

Then may my friend weep o'er the funeral hearse,
 Then may his presence gild the awful gloom,
 And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
 To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb.—

This—and no more :—the rest let Heaven provide ;

To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or woe,
 Assured, howe'er its justice shall decide,
 To find nought worse than I have left below.

GAY.

TO A WITHERED LEAF,

WHICH FLEW INTO THE BOSOM OF THE AUTHOR.

PALE, wither'd wanderer, seek not here
 A refuge from the boisterous sky ;
 This breast affords no happier cheer
 Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,
 When storms assail the barren breast ;
 Go then, poor exile, seek relief
 In bosoms where the heart has rest ;

Or fall upon the' oblivious ground,
 Where silent sorrows buried lie ;
 There rest is surely to be found,
 Or what, alas ! to hope have I ?

Where, sepulchred in peace, repose
 In yonder field the village dead,
 Go ! seek a shelter among those
Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if thou comest a sibyl's leaf,
Such as did erst high truths declare,
To tell me—soon shall end my grief,
I bless the omen that you bear :

For sure you tell me that my woe
An end like thine at length shall have ;
That worn like thee, and wasted so,
I sink into the peaceful grave :

Then come, thou messenger of peace !
Come lodge within this troubled breast,
And lie there till we both shall cease
To seek in vain for nature's rest.

W. ROBERTS.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON MYSELF.

To Pleasure's wiles an easy prey
Beneath this sod a bosom lies ;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger ! if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To soothe all sorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful Fancy rear'd
(Though ever dumb he sleeps below),
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to every woe.

Oh! place his dear harp by his side
 (His harp, alas! his only hoard);
 The fairy breeze at eventide
 Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
 When misty twilight stream'd around,
 To mark the slowly heaving flood,
 And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen
 Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
 He traced, o'er yonder margent green,
 The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause the lark to hear,
 With speckled wing, the skies explore;
 Oft paused to see the slow flock near;
 But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost;
 At such small foibles Virtue smiled:
 Few was their number, large their cost,
 For he was Nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity spare
 (To him the bright drop once belong'd),
 Well, well his doom deserves thy care;
 Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
 Ah! as thou roam'st the checker'd gloom,
 Bid the sweet nightbird's numbers flow,
 And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

DERMODY.

ON THE
MISFORTUNES OF AN INGENUOUS MIND.

ALAS! too fatally inspired,
Why heaves this heart with purest aim,
For aught the sage's soul admired,
Or raptured minstrel gave to fame?
Why throbs within this lone recess
Each finer pulse of general zeal,
That mourns because it cannot bless
The wants 'tis fated still to feel?
Did Fortune blast what Nature gave,
Averse, with dark malignant glare?
Did Sorrow mark the victim's grave,
When graced with more than mortals' share?
Ah, cruel gift! ah, baneful prize!
By too bewitching Fancy led,
To bid Hope's fairest visions rise,
Then find those fairest visions fled;
To pause on the deserted gloom,
By their lost hues more hideous made;
While, only left, an early tomb
Gleams sudden through the awful shade!
Less painful far, were dull Despair
Without one spark delusive given,
To flash amid the cells of Care,
Or snatch a fading glimpse of heaven;
Less injured the insensate breast
That ne'er one ardent pang can know,
That deems each social call a jest,
And slumbers o'er the tale of woe.

Like some poor pilgrim, faint and frail,
 When lonely eve comes darkling on,
 Still forced to tread life's thorny vale,
 Nor view the tedious travel done;
 To hang on Hope's pale setting ray,
 To hear in every breeze a sigh,
 To end at last the weary way;
 Then Disappointment meet—and die.
 If this, oh! Poesy, thy meed,
 Whose bosom, Sympathy's sole throne,
 Must oft for other's anguish bleed,
 And ever, ever for its own;
 Quick tear thy sad illusions hence
 (Illusions sad indeed, yet dear),
 Unroot each tender-twining sense,
 And freeze on Pity's cheek the tear:
 Oh! let that cheek be marble-cold
 To Friendship or Affection's kiss,
 And let each child of song be told
 Insensibility is bliss!

DERMODY.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

THE frozen streets in moonshine glitter,
 The midnight hour has long been pass'd!
 O God! the wind blows keen and bitter,
 I sink beneath the piercing blast.
 In every vein life seems to languish,
 Their weight my limbs no more can bear:
 But no one soothes the orphan's anguish,
And no one heeds the orphan's prayer.

VOL. IV.

N

Hark ! hark ! for surely footsteps near me
Advancing press the drifted snow.
I die for food ! Oh ! stranger, hear me ;
I die for food !—Some alms bestow !
You see no guilty wretch implore you,
No wanton pleads in feign'd despair ;
A famish'd orphan kneels before you,
Oh ! grant the famish'd orphan's prayer !

Perhaps you think, my lips dissembling
Of virtuous sorrows feign a tale ;
Mark then my frame with anguish trembling,
My hollow eyes, and features pale.
E'en should my story not be real,
Too well these wasted limbs declare
My wants at least are not ideal ;
Then, stranger, grant the orphan's prayer.

He's gone !—No mercy man will show me ;
In prayers no more I'll waste my breath :
Here on the frozen earth I'll throw me,
And wait in mute despair for death.
Farewell, thou cruel world ! To-morrow
No more thy scorn my heart shall tear ;
The grave will shield the child of sorrow,
And Heaven will hear the orphan's prayer.

But thou, proud man, the beggar scorning,
Unmoved who saw'st me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear at morning,
That morning found the beggar dead :
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famish'd cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shalt thou wish hereafter
Thou hadst not scorn'd the orphan's prayer.

M. G. LEWIS.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis pass'd : the iron North has spent his rage ;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day ;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course ;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore ;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign ;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tem-
pests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold ! the trees new deck their wither'd boughs ;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun :
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still *high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
sings.*

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman
mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the' Almighty
cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, e'en when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
 I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
 No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
 Heaven gave content and health—I ask'd no
 more.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the' inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
 And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
 ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
arise. BRUCE.

THE VISIONARY.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead ;

No shivering ghost my way pursues ;
No bloodless shape my couch annoys ;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys !

The shade of youthful Hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died ;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh ?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love :
Oh ! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove !

HON. W. SPENCER.

WRITTEN
IN A COTTAGE GARDEN,
AT A VILLAGE IN LORRAIN.

OCCASIONED BY A TRADITION CONCERNING A TREE OF
ROSEMARY.

Arbustum loquitar.

O THOU, who love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever music smooth'd thy quill,
Or pity waked thy gentle reed;
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lovest simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilsome scenes of busy life,
Full sorely mayst thou rue the strife
Of weary passions ill repaid.
In a garden live with me,
If thou lovest simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial sprig to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;
And, homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage window near,
With care my slender stem she placed;
And fondly thus her grief embraced;
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear:

For love sincere and friendship free
Are children of simplicity.

When pass'd was many a painful day,
Slow pacing o'er the village green,
In white were all its maidens seen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah, death! what sacrifice to thee,
The ruins of simplicity.

One generous swain her heart approved,
A youth whose fond and faithful breast
With many an artless sigh confess'd,
In Nature's language, that he loved :
But, stranger, 'tis no tale to thee,
Unless thou lovest simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy cheek was pale ;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the slow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave ;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave ?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lovest simplicity.

LANGHORNE.

THE HOTWELLS' PATIENT.

An Elegiac Fragment.

No more on wavering wing from sweet to sweet
O'er summer wilds I urge my restless flight,
Morn's first faint blush no more exulting greet,
Nor smiles the scene of day in rosy light.

Each listless moment ill's unnamed oppress,
The gaze of friends betrays dissembled fear,
With faltering tongue their child my parents bless,
As in their eyelids gleams the smother'd tear.

Some blight has swept unsee'd my May of life!
I feel as deep infix'd the canker's tooth;
And fire and frost with still rekindling strife
Rage through my veins, and waste my faded youth.

The sons of art pronounce their doom austere:
To home's sweet scene I sigh a deep farewell,
And brave the wearying way and wintry year,
To woo coy health in Bristol's sainted cell.

Wayworn through many a rugged street I roll,
Where, from the frowning seat of sordid Care,
Dark cast the shadows reach the inmost soul,
And brooding horror loads the stagnant air.

Chill'd by the glooms, on this misgiving heart
Its own sad trace each flitting object stamps,
From yon dim meads depressing breezes part,
Appall'd I breathe funereal Dowry's damps.

At each advance more direful signs appear;
The sash close barr'd against the' intrusive sky;
The long loud cough that rends the' affrighted ear,
The recent crape, the wearer's downcast eye.

Ye snatch'd from life in beauty's sunniest years,
Who roam'd before these melancholy glades,
—To you a sister sufferer breathes her fears—
Say, gentle maidens once, now pitying shades,

Here does Hygëia plant her lovely shrine?
Her tresses plunge in this polluted wave?
From Avon's ooze dispense her gifts divine,
And haunt these seeming precincts of the grave?

Or from the crest of yon firm-rooted rock
(Meet emblem of his old unshaken reign)
Does Fraud the moments of the dying mock?—
Why else these ghastly forms, that sable train?—

Where in yon fane the Naiad of the stream
Calls round her bubbling urn the pallid hosts,
Broad Day displays the poet's gloomiest dream;
Styx' sullen banks, loath'd food, and wandering
ghosts.

Yet not the less I join the' adoring throng,
The matin rite breaks through my sweetest sleep,
Nor fail my pilgrim feet at even song;
And all the priest of health ordains I keep.

Now twice relumed the moon's mild lustres shine;
Still from the healing power, in soften'd pain
Or lighten'd languor, some auspicious sign
Anxious I seek; but anxious seek in vain.

Though venal voices join accordant cries, [fill,
Till Fame's loud trump the Fount's high virtues
Though titled matrons, with uplifted eyes,
Sound the dread wonders of the leech's skill,

I list perforce with unassenting ear.—
The fever nightly burns with fiercer flame;
Still from myself I shrink with growing fear,
To see how grace and youth have fled my frame.

Here the lorn exile feels her comforts fail,
Bleak through the yawning wainscot drives the
wind,
The quicken'd sense unsavory fumes assail;—
Her glance declares the housewife's alien mind.

Here still does Avarice count his gains from woe;
The angel Pity drops no holy dew;
My form, devoted to the realms below,
Where'er I stray some baleful eye pursues.

The hours no more their wonted task beguile,
Ills not my own protract the penal day;
Relentless race, and skill'd in many a wile,
The sons of Pæan press their sinking prey.

By these condemn'd, like Danaus' guilty train,
Heartless I ply the unavailing toil;
Bowl following bowl, with loathing lip I drain,
The bowl returns—my loathing lips recoil.

Mother! soft parent! earliest fostering friend!
Ere yet to Fate my youth reluctant yield,
O'er these sad hours your tender cares extend,
And your faint child from craft pursuing shield!

Ah! what avail yon groves, green Ashton's boast,
The seabor'n spirit of the breezy down,
The terraced lawn, far Cambria's checquer'd coast?
These crags high-piled, proud Clifton's stately
crown?

In vain, it smiles—the lucid long expanse,
Stretch'd from yon point where, as the sea-
god's head,
—Fixing in still delight the charmed glance—
Calm sinks the sun in ocean's flaming bed—

Whether led on by Hope's seductive smiles,
From Scotia's heights ye flock'd, or Erin's plain,
Or from the shores of Slavery's burning isles
Dared the long perils of the pathless main—

How have your toils and pious vigils sped?
Found you or charm in Bristol's far sought
cell—

Ye hoary mourners o'er the untimely dead!—
Sovereign to save,—or soft assuasive spell?

Hither a trembling suppliant Mason bore
His life's whole treasure in his drooping bride,
Her tablet, sorrowing on the distant shore,
Sings the wan votary's ceaseless dirge—'She
died.'

To times to come, false Naiad of the well!
Restored by thee, how Linley pours the note,
No votive verse of Sheridan shall tell,
No grateful warblings swell the fair one's throat.

Nor here Hygëia plants her lovely shrine,
No tresses bathes in this polluted wave;
From Avon's ooze she deals no gifts divine,
*Nor treads, well pleased, these precincts of the
grave.*

ELEGIES, AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS. 101

O'er the mock mourner's hard and scoffing mien,
—Blotting the scene morn's tenderest beam
illumes—

In contrast dire the' unwearied hearse is seen
To wave the terrors of its dusky plumes.

I pass, and shuddering mark how sculptured stones
Press in rude throngs yon churchyard's crowd-
ed round:

The delving spade upturns commingled bones,
And lifeless forms contest the hallow'd ground.

Even there where now my powerless limbs are
spread,

Erewhile some equal sunk, delusion's prey ;
Her last cold damps bedew'd the selfsame bed,
On the same sheet a shadowy corse she lay.

When slow the secret fang has mined my breast,
And the tired pulse forgets its feverish play,
Deep on my tomb—nor spurn this last behest—
Let hands sincere inscribe the warning lay.

' Stranger, though bold Imposture's arm would
grace

(While fond Credulity applauds his care)
With civic wreath the Genius of the place,
No healing spring he pours, no balmier air.

' Him, for their heart's last hope, though parents
hoar [breath,

Call with joint vows to soothe the struggling
Still their joint vows in vain his aid implore,
And still *his caves of Echo* murmur death?

DR. BEDDOES.

WRITTEN AT THE HOTWELLS,

BRISTOL.

The morning wakes in shadowy mantle gray,
The darksome woods their glimmering skirts
unfold,

Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
And long and loud the bell's slow chime is toll'd.

The reddening light gains fast upon the skies,
And far away the glistening vapours sail,
Down the rough steep the' accustom'd hedger hies,
And the stream winds in brightness through
the vale.

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
Uplift their bleak and furrowed aspect high;
How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart*, with pennants gay,
The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
Between the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
And peering on the sight the white sails shine.

Alas! for those by drooping sickness worn,
Who now come forth to meet the cheering ray;
And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
Round their torn breast and throbbing temples
play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
To breathe of comfort never to return.

* Bristol.

Yet oft, as sadly thronging dreams arise,
 Awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze,
 A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
 And o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam
 The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
 With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
 Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

Then at sad Meditation's silent hour
 A thousand wishes steal upon the heart;
 And whilst they meekly bend to Heaven's high
 power,

Ah! think 'tis hard, 'tis surely hard to part—
 To part from every hope that brought delight,
 From those that loved them, those they loved
 so much!

Then Fancy swells the picture on the sight,
 And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
 Remembrance lends her soft uniting shades;
 Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them
 soon:—

The world retires, and its dim prospect fades!
 Airs of delight that soothe the aching sense,
 Waters of health that through yon caverns glide,
 O, kindly yet your healing powers dispense,
 And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide!

Perhaps to these gray rocks and mazy springs
 Some heart may come, warm'd with the purest
 fire,

For whom bright *Fancy* plumes her radiant wings,
 And warbling *Muses* wake the lonely lyre.

Some orphan maid, deceived in early youth,
Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress;
Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
Of love—that Virtue would protect and bless.

Some musing youth in silence there may bend,
Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart;
For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
And bearing still the arrow at his heart.

Such was lamented Russel's hapless doom,
The gay companion of my stripling prime;
Even so he sunk unwept into the tomb,
And o'er his head closed the dark gulf of time.

Hither he came*, a wan and weary guest,
A softening balm for many a wound to crave;
And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave!

He heard the whispering winds that now I hear,
As, boding much, along these hills he pass'd;
Yet ah! how mournful did they meet his ear
On that sad morn he heard them for the last!

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
Since late we sojourn'd blithe in Wykeham's
towers†,
Or heard the merry bells by Isis' stream,
And thought our way was strew'd with fairy
flowers!

* The Rev. Thomas Russel, Fellow of New College, Oxford, author of some ingenious poems, died at the Hotwells, 1788, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

† Winchester College.

Of those with whom we play'd upon the lawn
Of early life, in the fresh morning play'd;
Alas! how many, since that vernal dawn,
Like thee, poor Russel, in the ground are laid.

Joyous awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
By friendship led along the springtide plain!
How oft did Fancy wake her transports bland,
And on the lids the glistening tear detain!

I yet survive, now musing other song
Than that which early pleased my vacant years;
Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by
tears!

Thankful that to these verdant scenes I owe
That he* whom late I saw all drooping pale,
Raised from the couch of sickness and of woe,
Now lives with me their mantling views to hail.

Thankful that still the landscape beaming bright,
Of pendent mountain or of woodland gray,
Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
And charm awhile my solitary way.

Enough:—Through the high heavens the proud
sun rides,
My wandering steps their silent path pursue
Back to the crowded world where fortune guides:
Clifton, to thy white rocks and woods adieu!

BOWLES.

* Mr. Howley.

THE REVERIE.

COME, dusky shadows of the night,
Companions of the midnight hour ;
Sleep binds his fillet o'er my brow,
And Silence guards the lonely bower ;
Ah, come! this restless mind engage,
Soothe it with retrospective bliss,
Recall the joys of early life,
And all the present gloom dismiss.

Give me one golden minute back
Of those when prosperous fortune smiled,
When friendship smooth'd each passing care,
And pleasure's witching voice beguiled :
Call back those dreams of fond romance,
That lull'd me with their specious name,
With faith's firm pledge, with honour's vow,
Love's soft deceit and transient flame.

Dreary and toilsome is the path
When life's aerial schemes are flown,
When kind illusions cheat no more,
And sober Reason claims her own :
Burns *then* the ardent patriot's fire?
Avails the stoic's boasted aid?
Alas! hear godlike Brutus mourn
How ' Virtue's self was but a shade!

The world's wide desert I survey
With fainting step and cheerless breast;
No soul congenial blends with mine,
I taste no bliss, I feel no rest;
Fled the bright forms which Fancy drew,
Nor Hope's gay visions cheer my eye,
Oh, drown the sense of present woe!
Oh, save me from reality! MARIA RIDDELL.

ELEGIAC STANZAS*.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year;
What winds arise, what rains descend;
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail;
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect of more use than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother kind,
As low, as earthly, and as blind!

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
Exhaling with the evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be pass'd.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
O Vanity, in little seen!
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears:
Nor one—of all thy plants that grow,
Save Rosemary, with thee will go!

DR. SEWELL.

* Written at Hampstead, by Dr. Sewell, a few weeks before his death.

THE DREAM.

WHAT piercing shriek, what cry of wild affright
Chides the dull silence of unbroken night?
Cold are the drops which these moist limbs bedew;
I wake to weep, I slept to dream of you.
Methought the well known stream before me
flow'd,

While languid breezes o'er its current rode;
Slow-wheeling sank the sun's autumnal ray,
And twilight meekly stole on parting day;
No sound was heard save when the river side
Beat back the minute ripplings of its tide*;
No light, save Hesper glancing on the stream,
Pour'd the mild lustre of his dewy beam.
Thus oft before—ah! no, how changed the view,
How varied now from that which once I knew!
I did not pause upon the pausing eye,
Meet look with look, or mingle sigh with sigh;
I did not gaze on Fancy's glass to see
That all was Love, as Love was all to me.
Silent and slow by that wide-water'd green
I wander'd forth to weep, alone, unseen:—
Alone? ah! no, my own sad thoughts were there;
Unseen? thine eye is never closed, Despair!

I saw in Fancy's vivid colours warm,
Even now again I see the much loved form:
I heard once more the warblings of that tongue,
Ah! who could fly them while the siren sung!
Her cheek's warm glow, her sigh but half re-
press'd,

Her eyes' soft lustre seeming love confess'd:

* With minute drops from off the eaves. II *PENAROSO*.

False fleeting slumber! why my tears renew?
So lovely once she smiled, and not more true.

Is there no dream which ceases to beguile?
No sleep which wears not a delusive smile?
No lasting slumber of unfeign'd repose?
No couch on which the tear-drop never flows?
Cease, cease, perturbed spirit, to repine;
There is that couch, that sleep will soon be thine.

E. SMEDLEY, JUN.

STANZAS TO A CANDLE.

Thou glimmering taper! by whose feeble ray

In thoughtful solitude the night I waste!

How dost thou warn me by thy swift decay,

That equal to oblivion both we haste!

The vital oil that should our strength supply,
Consuming, wastes, and bids us learn to die.

Touch'd by my hand, thy swift reviving light

With new gain'd force again is taught to glow!

So, rising from surrounding troubles bright,

My conscious soul begins herself to know:

And, from the ills of life emerging forth,

Learns the just standard of her native worth.

But see in mists thy fading lustrè veil'd,

Around thy head the dusky vapours play;

So, by opposing fortune's clouds conceal'd,

In vain to force a passage I essay:

While round me, gathering thick, they daily spread,

And, living, I am number'd with the dead!

But now thy flame diminish'd quick subsides,
 Too sure a presage that thy date is run;
 Alike I feel my life's decreasing tides; /
 Soon will like thine my transient blaze be gone!
 Instructive emblem! how our fates agree!
 I haste to darkness, and resemble thee.

BOYSE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT BATH DURING SICKNESS.

WHEN I lie musing on my bed alone,
 And listen to the wintry waterfall*;
 And many moments that are pass'd and gone
 (Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall;

Though the long night is dark and damp around,
 And no still star hangs out its friendly flame;
 And the winds sweep the sash with sullen sound,
 And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;

I catch consoling phantasies that spring
 From the thick gloom, and as the night airs beat
 They touch my heart, like the wild wires† that
 ring
 In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.

Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend?
 Was it the whisper'd vow of faithful love?
 Do I in ***** green shades thy steps attend,
 And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

* The fall of the river, heard from the Parade.

† The *Æolian* harp.

'Twas not thy voice, my buried friend!—Oh, no:
 'Twas not, O *****, the murmur of thy trees;
 But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
 And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows
 please.

And I can think I see the groves again,
 The larches that yon peaceful roof embower,
 The airy down, the castle-speckled plain,
 And the slant sunshine on the village tower.

And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
 Come smoothly soften'd down the woody vale;
 Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
 Fast whirling in the wind the white mill's sail.

Phantom! that by my bed dost beckoning glide;
 Spectre of Death! to the damp charnel hie;
 Thy dim pale hand, thy fostering visage hide;
 Thou comest to say, 'I with thy worms shall lie!'

Thou comest to say that my once vacant mind
 Amid those scenes shall never more rejoice;
 Nor on the day of rest the hoary hind
 Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice!

Hast thou not visited that pleasant place
 Where in this hard world I have happiest been;
 And shall I tremble at thy lifted mace,
 That hath pierced all on which life seem'd to
 lean?

But Hope might whisper,—'Many a smiling day
 And many a cheerful eve might yet be mine,
 Ere age's autumn strew my locks with gray,
 And weary to the dust my steps decline.'

I argue not, but uncomplaining bow
To Heaven's high best; secure, whate'er my lot,
Meek spirit of resign'd Content, that thou
Wilt smooth my pillow, and forsake me not.

Thou to the turfy hut with pilgrim feet
Wanderest from halls of loud tumultuous joy;
Or on the naked down, when the winds beat,
Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd boy.

Thou art the sick man's nurse, the poor man's friend,
And through each change of life thou hast
been mine;
In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.

Thee I have met on Cherwell's willow'd side;
And when our destined road far onward lay,
Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
The kind companion of my devious way.

With thee unwearied have I loved to roam
By the smooth-flowing Scheldt or rushing Rhine;
And thou hast gladden'd my sequester'd home,
And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.

When cares and crosses my tired spirits tried,
When to the dust my father I resign'd;
Amidst the quiet shade unseen I sigh'd,
And, bless'd with thee, forgot a world unkind.

Even now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
A tearful look to distant scenes I cast,
And the glad objects that once charm'd my sight
Remember, like soft views of faerie pass'd;

I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
 With Fortitude more awfully severe,
 Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
 Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.

O firmer spirit! on some craggy height
 Who, when the tempest sails aloft, dost stand,
 And hearest the ceaseless billows of the night
 Rolling upon the solitary strand;

At this sad hour, when no harsh thoughts intrude
 To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
 When I am left to night and solitude,
 And languid life seems verging to its close;

O, let me thy pervading influence feel!
 Be every weak and wayward thought repress'd!
 And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
 The faded aspect and the throbbing breast.

Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
 And vain mortality's brief scenes remove;
 Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
 Breathe a last prayer for all on earth I love.

Slow creeping pain weighs down my heavy eye,
 A chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
 'O, gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby'
 Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest.

BOWLES.

- * See Dr. Harington's exquisite air to the words:—
 Come, gentle Muse, lull me to sleep
 With some sweet harmony!

ELEGY.

DINASTROUS man! and child of Pain and Grief!
 And scarce from Death expecting late relief!
 Days, months, and years in black succession flow,
 Mark'd only by variety of woe:
 E'en the soft virtues which thy bosom fill
 Lullict a wound, and terminate in ill:
 Heat from the parent's anxious pillow flies,
 Sweet Pity weeps, and Love is breathed in sighs!

The wretch to every tender passion steel'd,
 Fierce as the storm, unknowing how to yield,
 Falls by a just decree, and cold disdain
 May swell his sorrows, and deride his pain.
 The portion which he dealt let him receive:
 He who made others mourn himself must grieve.
 But ah, the gentle breast, still prompt to share
 Another's woe, another's pain to bear:
 The heart, with anguish torn, which for mankind

Still beats responsive, patient, and resign'd!
 Shall not for him, dissolved in kindred woe,
 The conscious virgin give her tears to flow?
 Shall not the Muse for him, the gentle Muse,
 (She favours still the good) sweet numbers choose?
 Such as assuage the grief, old fables say,
 Of that prophetic God who rules the day.
 When, late repeating, in the guilty shade,
 He mourn'd the murder'd Larissæan maid.
 (Fictions like these would mighty bards rehearse,
 Who veil'd immortal truths with mystic verse.

Oras, in pity to the youth she bore,
 Calliopeia breathed on Hebrus' shore.

When, for the nymph beloved, alas, too well,
 (Not long can Mercy bind the powers of hell)
 Proud Rhodope, whose towering front of snow
 Feeds with rich streams the flowery vales below,
 Hæmus whose glens no sultry beams invade,
 So thick his forests weave their ancient shade,
 And high Pangea sent their virgin choir
 To mourn responsive to the' Orphéan lyre.

To the sick mind, by sorrow wearied long,
 How soothing is the balm of plaintive song!
 Lives there a youth by fond affection led
 To haunt the gloomy mansions of the dead;
 O'er the raised turf with throbbing breast to bend,
 And call in vain a mistress or a friend;
 Some gentle victim of parental pride
 Dragg'd to the altar, a reluctant bride;
 Or faithful lover, whose capricious fair
 With sudden change condemns him to despair,
 Arms her relentless brow with cold disdain,
 And renders years of truth and service vain;
 These o'er the verse which seeks no aid from art,
 But flows unbidden from a wounded heart,
 Shall mix congenial tears, and sighing own
 That pain and sorrow are not theirs alone.
 The tears from generous sympathy which flow
 May yield a short oblivion of their woe.
 That gentle hope shall consecrate the strain.
 These mournful lays have not been sung in vain.

EARL OF CARYSFORT.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

WHY mourn ye, why strew ye those flowerets
around

To yon new-sodded grave as ye slowly advance?
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we loved, the poor exile of
France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall
flow [France.

For the stranger we loved, the poor exile of

Oh, kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, though broken his
heart;

No comfort, no hope his own breast could elate,
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;
How sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate
days!

One pleasure he knew, in his straw-cover'd shed
The way-wearied beggar recruited to see;
One tear of delight he would drop o'er the bread
Which he shared with the poor, the still poorer
than he.

ELEGIES, AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS, 117

And when round his deathbed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace our hamlet could bring,
He bless'd us with sighs which we thought were
his last, [and king.
But he still breathed a prayer for his country
Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep—
From the feast, from the wake, from the village-
green dance
How oft shall we wander at moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we loved, the poor exile of
France.

To the church-bidden bride shall thy memory im-
part
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance;
One flower from her garland, one tear from her
heart
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

HON. W. R. SPENCER.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE PLEASURES OF
MEMORY.

PLEASURES of Memory!—oh supremely bless'd,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied!—for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs and tears and grief alone:
I greet her as the fiend to whom belong [song,
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by ;
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely cross'd,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die ;
For what, except the' instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When 'all the life of life' is fled?
What but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell that priests and beldams
feign ?

ANONYMOUS.

DEATH.

WHEN I am lull'd in Death's long sleep,
As soon perhaps these eyes may be,
How very few will turn to weep,
Or cast one sorrowing thought on me !
Soon is the debt of outward mourning paid,
Soon springs the poppy 'neath the cypress shade.

The winds which hurtle o'er my grave
May breathe faint echoings of a sigh ;
Around my turf the flowers that wave
May shed their dewdrops where I lie ;
The plaintive bird who waits upon the spring
May swell my requiem chant, and nightly sing.

But hush'd for ever 'neath the clay
Are the fond words by Friendship spoken ;
And dim to me is Heaven's own ray,
The holy spell of Love is broken ;

I have not now the One who by my side
Would pour the tear which never can be dried !

Mysterious state! I once had fear'd
 To tempt thine unacquainted shade,
 The couch where no man's voice is heard,
 The cell no living steps invade!
 I once had wish'd youth's opening scenes to try,
 Not unknown live, nor unregarded die!

I did not wish this head should bow
 So soon a nameless tomb beneath:—
 The myrtle leaf is wither'd now,
 What care I for the laurel wreath! [near,
 Come, thou dread Power, which ever tread'st more
 Come when thou wilt, I hail thee without fear!
 E. SMEDLEY, JUN.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

RETURNING Spring, with gladsome ray,
 Adorns the earth and smooths the deep;
 All Nature smiles serene and gay,
 It smiles, but yet, alas, I weep!
 But why, why flows the' unbidden tear?
 When Fate such precious boons has lent;
 The lives of those who life endear,
 And though scarce competence—content.
 Sure when no other bliss was mine,
 But that which still kind Heaven bestows,
 Yet then could Peace and Hope combine,
 To promise joy, and give repose.
 Then have I wander'd through the plain,
 And bless'd each flower that met my view;
 Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
 And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought, where Virtue dwelt
That happy bosom knew no ill ;
That those who scorn'd me Time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still :
Enchanting dreams ! kind was your art,
That bliss bestow'd without alloy ;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter far than joy.

Ah ! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye,
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of youth, of hope, of novelty ?
'Tis harsh Experience ! fatal power,
That clouds the gay illumined sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far
From that which youthful Fancy drew ;
Shows Joy and Prudence oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few ;
See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to scape the thorn,
And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more.
Alas ! are all my hopes betray'd ?
Ah ! what can now my bliss restore ?
Relentless power ! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart ;
Give caution—but withhold distrust ;
And guard—but harden not my heart.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe! *Home.*

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly feign'd poetic pains,
My sad lovelorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested powers above;
The promised *Father's* tender name:
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptured more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns the' approaching day
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phoebus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves and tear-worn eye
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 E'en day, all bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er the' expanse
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway!
 Oft hast thy silent-marking glance
 Observed us, fondly wandering, stray!
 The time unheeded sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
 And hopeless, comfortless I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

BURNS.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life !
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :

No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath the' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.'

SMOLLET.

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT.

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, dying gently away,
Breathed soft on the bosom of night.
On the fore-castle Marraton stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale,
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

' Ah wretch!' in wild anguish he cried,
' From country and liberty torn;
Ah Marraton! would thou hadst died
Ere o'er the salt wave thou wast borne.
Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their own;
For I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrows to come.

' From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.
Accursed be the merciless band
That his love could from Marraton tear,
And blasted this impotent hand
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

' Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eyelids depart;
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the streams of my heart.

But hark ! on the silence of night,
 My Addela's accents I hear,
 And mournful, beneath the wan light,
 I see her loved image appear.

' Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
 Like the gleam that hangs light on the wave ;
 And fondly her lover she chides
 That lingers so long from his grave.
 Ah Marraton ! haste ye, she cries,
 Here the reign of Oppression is o'er,
 Here the tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
 And Addela sorrows no more.

' Now sinking amid the dim ray,
 Her form seems to fade on my view :
 O, stay thee ! my Addela stay !
 She beckons, and I must pursue.
 To-morrow the white man in vain
 Shall proudly account me his slave ;
 My shackles I plunge in the main,
 And rush to the realms of the brave.'

ROSCOE.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn,
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne.
 Men from England bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;
 But, though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters iron hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne the sky?
Ask him if your knotted scourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting screws
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwind answers—no!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main;
 By our sufferings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart;
 All sustain'd by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that ye have human feelings
 Ere ye proudly question ours!

COWPER.

ABBA THULE*.

I CLIMB the highest cliff; I-hear the sound
 Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around;
 I mark the sun that orient lifts his head!
 I mark the sea's lone rule beneath him spread:
 But not a speck can my long straining eye,
 A shadow, o'er the tossing waste descry,
 That I might weep tears of delight, and say,
 'It is the bark that bore my child away!' [eye
 Thou sun, that beamest bright, beneath whose
 The worlds unknown, and outstretch'd waters lie,

* See Keate's *History of the Pelew Islands*.

Dost thou behold him now? On some rude sh
Around whose crags the cheerless billows ro
Watching the' unwearied surges doth he stan
And think upon his father's distant land?
Or has his heart forgot, so far away,
These native scenes, where rocks and torrents g
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze,
The shores, the sound of these encircling seas
Heard from his infant days, and the piled he
Of holy stones where his forefathers sleep?

Ah! me, till sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell
With them forgetful in the narrow cell,
Never shall time from my fond heart efface
His image; oft his shadow I shall trace
Upon the glimmering waters, when on high
The white moon wanders through the cloudless
Oft in my silent cave (when to its fire
From the night's rushing tempest we retire)
I shall behold his form, his aspect bland:
I shall retrace his footsteps in the sand;
And, when the hollow-sounding surges swell
Still think I listen to his echoing shell.

Would I had perish'd ere that hapless day
When the tall vessel, in its trim array,
First rush'd upon the sounding surge, and bo
My age's comfort from the sheltering shore!
I saw it spread its white wings to the wind—
Too soon it left these hills and woods behind.
Gazing, its course I follow'd till mine eye
No longer could its distant track descry;
Till on the confines of the billows hoar
A while it hung, and then was seen no more:
And only the blue hollow heaven I spied,
And the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard,
Then dropp'd the stagnant tear upon my beard.
Methought the wild waves said, amidst their roar
At midnight, 'Thou shalt see thy son no more!'

Now thrice twelve moons through the mid
 heavens have roll'd,
And many a dawn, and slow night have I told;
And still, as every weary day goes by,
A knot recording on my line I tie*;
But never more, emerging from the main,
I see the stranger's bark approach again.
Has the fell storm o'erwhelm'd him? Has its sweep
Buried the bounding vessel in the deep?
Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain?
Upon his father did he call in vain?
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defiled
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child!

Oh! I shall never, never hear his voice;
The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice;
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
And mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn.

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
O'er all the beach now stream the busy crowd;
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove;
The fisher carols in the winding cove;

* I find by referring to the book that I have here made a mistake, which I hope the reader will pardon. The knots were tied at the time of Le Boo's departure, and one untied every moon by the disconsolate father. There is a very interesting relation on this subject in Dixon's Voyage round the World, who, some years afterwards, sailing near the Pelew Islands, observed a person on shore making signs to the vessel, whom we have reason to suppose from subsequent accounts to have been the unfortunate father of Le Boo. Captain Dixon at the time was ignorant of every circumstance relating to this interesting story, with which Mr. Keate concludes his account of the Pelew Islands.

And light canoes along the lucid tide
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my son, my son.

REV. W. L. BOWEN

THE EXILE.

FAREWELL, oh native Spain ! farewell for ever
These banish'd eyes shall view thy coasts
no more :

A mournful presage tells my heart that never
Gonzalvo's steps again shall press thy shore

Hush'd are the winds, while soft the vessel sails
With gentle motion ploughs the' unruffled main
I feel my bosom's boasted courage failing,
And curse the waves which bear me far from
Spain.

I see it yet ! Beneath yon blue clear heaven
Still do the spires, so well beloved, appear.
From yonder craggy point the gale of even
Still wafts my native accents to mine ear.

Propp'd on some moss-crown'd rock, and gaily
singing,

There in the sun his nets the fisher dries ;
Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing
Scenes of past joys before my sorrowing eye

Ah ! happy swain ; he waits the' accustom'd hour
When twilight gloom obscures the closing sky
Then gladly seeks his loved paternal bower,
And shares the feast his native fields supply

ELEGIES, AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS. 133

Friendship and Love, his cottage guests, receive
him

With honest welcome and with smile sincere :
No threatening woes of present joys bereave him ;
No sigh his bosom owns, his cheek no tear.

Ah! happy swain ! such bliss to me denying,
Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view ;
Me who, from home and Spain an exile flying,
Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

No more mine ear shall list the well known ditty
Sung by some mountain girl who tends her goats,
Some village swain imploring amorous pity,
Or shepherd chanting wild his rustic notes.

No more my arms a parent's fond embraces,
No more my heart domestic calm must know ;
Far from these joys, with sighs which memory
traces,
To sultry skies and distant climes I go.

Where Indian suns engender new diseases,
Where snakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,
To brave the feverish thirst no art appeases,
The yellow plague and madding blaze of day.

But not to feel slow pangs consume my liver,
To die by peacemeal in the bloom of age,
My boiling blood drunk by insatiate fever,
And brain delirious with the daystar's rage

Can make me know such grief as thus to sever,
With many a bitter sigh, dear land ! from thee ;
To feel this heart *must* dote on thee for ever,
And feel that all thy joys are torn from me !

Ah me! how oft will fancy's spells, in slumber, .
Recall my native country to my mind!
How oft regret will bid me sadly number
Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind!

Wild Murcia's vales and loved romantic bowers,
The river on whose banks a child I play'd,
My castle's ancient halls, its frowning towers,
Each much regretted wood and well known
glade ;

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Thy scenes, which I am doom'd no more to know,
Full oft shall memory trace, my soul's tormentor,
And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

But, lo! the sun beneath the waves retires ;
Night speeds apace her empire to restore!
Clouds from my sight obscure the village spires,
Now seen but faintly, and now seen no more.

Oh! breathe not, winds! Still be the water's
motion!

Sleep, sleep, my bark, in silence on the main!
So, when to-morrow's light shall gild the ocean,
Once more mine eyes shall see the coast of Spain.

Vain is the wish! My last petition scorning,
Fresh blows the gale, and high the billow swell:
Far shall we be before the break of morning:
Oh! then, for ever, native Spain, farewell!

M. G. LEWIS.

THE ADIEU.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue ;
 The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu !
 Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
 When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine :
 But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
 That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave ;
 Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
 And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to
 mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguiled,
 Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild ;
 For nature is nought to the eye of despair
 But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air :
 Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
 Ye shall bloom to the morn, though ye bloom not
 for me ; [stream,
 Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the
 Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
 The bowers where the days of my happiness flew ;
 Where my soul found her partner, and thought to
 bestow

The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe !
 Too faithful recorders of times that are pass'd,
 The Eden of Love, that was ever to last !
 Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
 And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost ! but your summits of green
Shall charm through the distance of many a scene,

In woe and in wandering and deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !
Ye hills of my country ! farewell evermore
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged
And ask of the hovering gale if it come [shore,
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of
home. MISS BANNERMAN.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

NOVEMBER's chill blast on the rough beach is
howling, [shore,
The surge breaks afar, and then foams to the
Dark clouds o'er the sea gather heavy and scowling,
And the white cliffs reecho the wild wintry roar.
Beneath that chalk rock a fair stranger, reclining,
Has found on damp seaweed a cold lonely seat;
Her eyes fill'd with tears, and her heart with re-
pining,
She starts at the billows that burst at her feet.
There, day after day, with an anxious heart
heaving,
She watches the waves where they mingle with
air; [ceiving,
For the sail which, alas ! all her fond hopes de-
May bring only tidings to add to her care.
Loose stream to wild winds those fair flowing
tresses, [flowers;
Once woven with garlands of gay Summer
Her dress unregarded bespeaks her distresses,
And beauty is blighted by grief's heavy hours.

Her innocent children, unconscious of sorrow,
To seek the gloss'd shell or the crimson weed
stray ;

Amused with the present, they heed not to-morrow,
Nor think of the storm that is gathering to-day.

The gilt fairy ship, with its ribbon-sail spreading,
They launch on the salt pool the tide left behind ;
Ah ! victims—for whom their sad mother is dread-
ing,

The multiplied miseries that wait on mankind !

To fair fortune born she beholds them with anguish,
Now wanderers with her on a once hostile soil,
Perhaps doom'd for life in chill penury to languish,
Or abject dependence, or soul-crushing toil.

But the seaboat, her hopes and her terrors renew-
ing,

O'er the dim gray horizon now faintly appears ;
She flies to the quay, dreading tidings of ruin,
All breathless with haste, half expiring with
fears.

Poor mourner !—I would that my fortune had left
The means to alleviate the woes I deplore ; [me
But, like thine, my hard fate has of affluence be-
reft me,

I can warm the cold heart of the wretched no
more !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

APRIL.

GREEN o'er the copses Spring's soft hues are
spreading,

High wave the reeds in the transparent floods,
The oak its sear and fallow foliage shedding,
From their moss'd cradles start its infant buds.

Pale as the tranquil tide of Summer's ocean
The willow now its slender leaf unveils ;
And through the sky, with swiftly fleeting motion,
Driven by the wind, the rack of April sails.

Then, as the gust declines, the stealing showers
Fall fresh and noiseless ; while at close of day
The low sun gleams on moist and half-blown
flowers,

That promise garlands for approaching May.

Bless'd are yon peasant children, simply singing,
Who through the new-sprung grass rejoicing
rove ; [bringing,
More bless'd ! to whom the Time fond thought is
Of friends expected, or returning love.

The pensive wanderer bless'd, to whom reflection
Points out some future views that soothe his
mind,

Me how unlike !—whom cruel recollection
But tells of comfort I shall never find !

Hope, that on Nature's youth is still attending,
No more to me her siren song shall sing ;
Never to me her influence extending,
Shall I again enjoy the days of spring !

Yet how I loved them once these scenes remind me,
 When, light of heart, in childhood's thoughtless
 mirth,

I reck'd not that the cruel lot assign'd me [birth!
 Should make me curse the hour that gave me

Then from thy wild wood banks, Aruna! roving,
 Thy thymy downs with sportive steps I sought,
 And Nature's charms, with artless transport loving,
 Sung like the birds, unheeded and untaught.

But now the spring-tide's pleasant hours returning
 Serve to awaken me to sharper pain ;
 Recalling scenes of agony and mourning,
 Of baffled hopes and prayers preferr'd in vain.

Thus shone the sun, his vernal rays displaying,
 Thus did the woods in early verdure wave,
 While dire Disease on all I loved was preying,
 And flowers seem'd rising but to strew her grave.

Now mid reviving blooms I coldly languish,
 Spring seems devoid of joy to me alone ;
 Each sound of pleasure aggravates my anguish,
 And speaks of beauty, youth, and sweetness
 gone !

Yet, as stern Duty bids, with faint endeavour
 I drag on life, contending with my woe,
 Though conscious Misery still repeats that never
 My soul one pleasurable hour shall know.

Lost in the tomb, when Hope no more appeases
 The fester'd wounds that prompt the' eternal
 sigh ;

Grief, the most fatal of the heart's diseases,
Soon teaches whom it fastens on to die.

The wretch undone, for pain alone existing,
The abject dread of Death shall sure subdue,
And far from his decisive hand resisting,
Rejoice to bid a world like this adieu!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE COMPLAINT.

Rest, rest, dear babe, in balmy sleep reposing,
No care, no sorrow moves thy tranquil breast;
Rest till the dawn, thy gentle eyes unclosing,
Shall wake that smile in which alone I'm
bless'd.

Hush thee, sweet babe! let naught disturb thy
slumbers,
Thy mother, fondly o'er thy cradle hung,
Thus frames for thee the soothing favourite num-
bers,
For thee her vigils thus beguiles with song.

Alas! my child, for thee no Father's bosom
Throbs to soft sympathy and fond alarm;
No sheltering arm protects thy tender blossom,
And screens its weakness from life's gathering
storm.

In vain with tears and suppliant accents blended,
His infant seeks its sacred rights to claim;
Though truth and honour for those claims con-
tended,
Honour and truth to him are but a name.

Vainly to him this faithful heart appealing,
Which passion's tenderest truest flame still
warms, [feeling,
Urges those oft pledged vows, each generous
Though now forgot—which gave me to his arms.

How can he thus forego the soft relations
That bind with mutual ties his soul to me;
How can he lose those ever dear sensations
Which swell to rapture as I gaze on thee?

Oft o'er thy lovely form while pensive musing,
His smile, his features with delight I trace;
Each pensive thought in melting fondness losing,
I clasp his image in my child's embrace.

O, may that Power who hears my sad lamenting,
And guards my nursling with a parent's eye;
Restore his heart, at Nature's voice relenting,
To Faith's firm bands, and Love's forgiving sigh.

Sleep on, dear babe! no thoughts like these oppress thee,
Mild Innocence thy peaceful temples crowns;
No anxious doubts, no keen regrets distress thee,
No brooding care around thy cradle frowns.

Those tranquil looks suspend a mother's anguish,
Those artless smiles her drooping heart sustain;
Victim of broken vows though doom'd to languish,
She lives in thee to peace and hope again.

MARIA RIDDELL.

ELEGY.

‘ **DARK** gathering clouds involve the threatening
skies,

Thesea heaves conscious of the’ impending gloom;
Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
They come!—the Spirits of the Tempest come!

‘ Oh! may such terrors mark the’ approaching
night

As reign’d on that these streaming eyes deplore!
Flash, ye red fires of heaven! with fatal light;
And with conflicting winds, ye waters! roar.

‘ Loud, and more loud, ye foaming billows! burst;
Ye warring elements! more fiercely rave,
Till the wide waves o’erwhelm the spot accursed
Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!’

Thus with clasp’d hands, wild looks, and stream-
ing hair, [speech,

While shrieks of horror broke her trembling
A wretched maid—the victim of Despair,
Survey’d the threatening storm and desert beach:

Then to the tomb where now the father slept
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn’d—and beat her breast and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

‘ Lo! rising there above each humbler heap,
Yon cipher’d stones his name and wealth relate,
Who gave his son—remorseless—to the deep,
While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

' O! my lost love! no tomb is placed for thee,
That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart!
Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea!
And no memorial but this breaking heart!

Forth to the world, a widow'd wanderer driven,
I pour to winds and waves the' unheeded tear,
Try with vain effort to submit to Heaven,
And fruitless call on him—"who cannot hear."

' Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
While o'er my head the infuriate billows pour,
Forget in death this agonizing pain,
And feel his father's cruelty no more!

' Part, raging waters! part, and show beneath,
In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
Now, while the demons of Despair and Death
Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

' Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
I see him rise the whitening waves above,
No longer such as when in happier days
He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love.

' Such, as when daring the enchafed sea
And courting dangerous toil, he often said
That every peril, one soft smile from me,
One sigh of speechless tenderness o'erpaid.

' But dead, disfigured, while between the roar
Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
And seem to say—Ah, wretch! delay no more,
But come, unhappy mourner!—meet me here.

' Yet, powerful Fancy! bid the phantom stay,
Still let me hear him!—"Tis already pass'd!
Along the waves his shadow dies away,
I lose his voice amid the deafening blast!

'Ah! wild Illusion, born of frantic Pain!
 He hears not, comes not from his watery bed!
 My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
 The' insatiate ocean gives not up its dead!
 'Tis not his voice!—Hark! the deep thunders roll!
 Upheaves the ground—the rocky barriers fail!
 Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul!
 Despair and Death and Desolation, hail!
 The Ocean hears—the' embodied waters come—
 Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
 Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
 And bear the injured to eternal sleep!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE FATE OF KINGS.

WRITTEN ON VISITING A ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.

——— Then happy low lie down!
 Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown.
Shakspeare.

PEACE to these aisles, through which I pensive stray,
 And press with reverent feet the time-worn
 stones,
 Led by yon glimmering lamp's sepulchral ray,
 Which marks the spot where rest a monarch's
 bones.

Languid and cold, to light, but not to cheer,
 Falls the faint gleam upon the tomb below,
 Like Pity's voice on some lone widow's ear,
 Mocking the majesty of buried Woe!

Here will I pause, our pious requiem pour,
And greet his exit from Life's tragic stage;
Nor ask what name the' exalted sufferer bore,
Nor how 'tis blazon'd on the' historic page.

Whether in Valour's lists he vainly toil'd,
Or conquest clasp'd him with her crimson hand;
Whether tyrannic Pride his purple soil'd,
Or patriot subjects loved his mild command;

Whether, fair Peace, he held thy olive dear,
Or stretch'd his power o'er many a bleeding
state;
Whate'er his deeds, his station claims a tear;
Whate'er his faults, his griefs were sure as great.

Treason's chief victim, Policy's prime tool,
Fear'd by the weak, derided by the strong,
Jest of the stoic, envy of the fool,
When right the nation's slave, the nation's
curse when wrong;

His crown, a burning brand which sears his brain;
His power, a bubble the next hour may burst;
His life a glittering web of pomp and pain,
Gorgeously wretched, and supremely cursed;

Of all their lots whose threads the sisters spin
None sadder than a king's Reflection views:
Life shows him nothing he can wish to win,
And bids him only breathe to fear and lose!

Low in the heavens may sink his star of Fate,
But ne'er can hope in loftier course to move:
His couch may shine the burning throne of Hate,
But ne'er can bloom the roseate bower of Love.

He bids no flame in virtuous bosom rise ;
He forms no plan of fond connubial bliss ;
He reads no chaste consent in downcast eyes,
Nor thanks the trembler with a blameless kiss :

Unknown her virtues, undesired her charms,
Comes his unwilling bride to share his chains ;
Cold Policy conducts her to his arms,
And angry Love to bless the bed disdains.

'Tis his, to life when trembling wretches cling,
Whose worldly guilt despairs of heavenly bliss,
With fatal breath the' untimely shaft to wing,
And drive them shuddering down the dread
abyss :

'Tis his, to hear Contrition plead in vain,
To crush the last poor hope on mercy built ;
Yet still each sigh suppress, each tear restrain,
For grief is weakness, when to spare were guilt.

Lo ! for her culprit-husband kneels a wife !
Hark ! for a child a father pours his prayer !
But Justice claims the felon's forfeit life,
And though he can, the monarch must not spare.

He signs the bond of blood with pain severe ;
But does not Friendship then allay the smart ?
Lends she not, while he mourns, her gracious ear ?
Heals not her sympathy his wounded heart ?

Alas ! No friend has he !—No tear he finds
Mix with the stream which from his eyelid
rolls ;

He knows no intercourse of equal minds,
No kind expansion of congenial souls.

Or is there midst his followers one, whom best
His partial eye and springing heart approve?
Lock, royal wretch, the secret in your breast,
Nor bid distinction damn the man you love!

The sovereign's friend is still the people's hate;
Whom kings still favour, subjects still revile.—
Rise, shade of Bute! thy mystic tale relate,
And say what blessings follow'd George's smile.

Thou best canst tell,—'none more for insult born,
Than him none branded more with public shame,
Who bears the courtier's hate, the nation's scorn,
The favourite's office, and the minion's name.'

Yet much a friend he needs, who born to reign
Is born the prey of Rapine, Vice, and Art;
While Pomp and Power unite to fire his brain,
And Pride and Passion to mislead his heart.

Lo! round his throne what hideous phantoms
throng!

There wild Ambition bids his firebrands glare!
There leering Flattery pours her siren song,
The rank witch Luxury plants her nightshade
there!

And there Suspicion rolls her eagle eye,
Weighs every word, and starts at every breath;
And Treason there in robes of varying dye,
Through paths mysterious guides the spectre
Death!

Nor hope, fond monarch, by thy subjects bless'd,
Their grateful arms will guard thy valued life,
Thy martial fame appal the assassin's breast,
Thy patriot virtue blunt his brandish'd knife.

Could Valour aught avail, or Public Love,
France had not mourn'd Navarre's brave Henry
slain;
If wit or beauty might compassion move,
The Rose of Scotland had not wept in vain.

Prayers of a people, voice of bright Renown,
Fair eyes and honied lips, ye vainly plead;
Doom'd to support that glittering curse, a crown,
Alike the Hero and the Beauty bleed!

—' Yet mark these martial bands around me
placed;
Observe my palace strictly watch'd and barr'd!
Vain man! in Friendship's garb, with favour
graced,
Fate lurks within, and mocks thy doubled guard!

Thy trusted servant, midst thy foes enroll'd,
To drug thy bowl employs his baleful art;
Thy favourite mistress, bribed with foreign gold,
Waits but thy sleep to pierce thy doting heart:

And lo! thy darling son (most false of friends!)
By dire Ambition steel'd against remorse,
Tears from thy brow the crown, thy throne ascends,
Nor doubts to mount by trampling on thy corse.

Heard'st thou that sound? Earth trembles! meteors
glare! [verse!
Red glows the moon, as charm'd by sorcerers'
Ocean rolls back! fiends wing the lurid air!—
Knew'st thou that sound?—It was a Father's
curse!

Yon crazy bark, so swift which flies the land,
Thence came the word which Nature hears with
fright :

High on the deck see royal STUART stand,
And fix on Albion's fading rocks his sight.

From friends, from home, from all his soul holds
dear,

In foreign climes to waste his closing day,
Ambition's daughters drive this second Lear;—
But no Cordelia wipes his tears away!

Gushes the flood fast from the exile's lids;
Stream his gray locks wild in the winds of night;
And now he rends them in despair, and bids
Heaven's bitterest curse on his proud daughters
light!

'Ye shames of Nature!' thus the monarch cries,
'Your father loathes the hour when breath ye
drew!

Whate'er my faults in angry Britain's eyes,
Usurping harpies, I have none to you.

'And must your sire now stray from court to court
A royal beggar, bow'd with age and woes?
Must foreign alms his irksome life support,
And foreign hands in death his limbs compose?

'Ah! while this last sad image fills your sight,
Does not accusing guilt your souls dismay?
Cold as the moonbeams which direct my flight,
Deaf as the seas which bear my bark away,

'Say, can ye calmly still my anguish view,
And calmly still a father's faults condemn?
Still are ye deaf?—When at thy feet they sue,
Judge of the world, be Thou as deaf to them!

' I curse ye, snakes! Alike of foe and friend
May doubt and dread your cankering souls
devour;
May civil broils your kingdom's bosom rend,
And foreign wars destroy your nation's flower;
' On earth be wretched, and of heaven despair!
Changed be your good to ill, your bad to worse!
And ne'er may child of yours survive to wear
That crown you purchased with your father's
curse *!'

He said! Heaven heard the prayer of regal woe!
Lo! Mary's hand a barren sceptre waves;
While Anne but teems 'how mothers love' to know,
See her sweet blossoms fall, and languish o'er
their graves †.

While such the pangs which purple robes enfold,
While griefs like these a sovereign's peace
devour,
Should Hate or Envy follow those who hold
This sad preeminence of painful power?

Far be from me such thoughts! My heart to stone
Perhaps may change, while Hunger vainly
pleads;
Mine ear may coldly list the maniac's moan,
Nor my tears flow, though virtuous Beauty
bleeds:

* James the Second sent Queen Mary word that if she suffered herself to be crowned, he should leave her his dying curse.—*V. Dalrymple's Memoirs*.

† The queen attributes the loss of her children to the dethroning of her father; having been very sensibly touched by an affecting letter which he wrote to her before his death.—*Schüss's Letter to Bothmar*, Sept. 29, 1713.

ELEGIES, AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS. 151

But while my breast one feeling throb supplies,
And while one pitying drop these lids contain,
Oh! sceptred Grief, a sigh for thee shall rise,
And a tear trickle on thy golden chain.

Lord of all life! Fountain of good and ill!
If thorniest paths must guide me to my bier,
My neck shall humbly bow beneath thy will,
Nor one proud murmur term that will severe.

With aches and anguish rack each quivering limb,
Crush this poor frame, and rob these orbs of
sight;
Bid Slander's breath my fame's pure mirror dim,
And freezing Want Hope's lovely harvest blight;

Make me, of all who drink heaven's vital air,
The poorest, lowliest, vilest, saddest thing!—
My load of griefs with patience still I'll bear,
And thank my God I was not born a king!

M. G. LEWIS.

WRITTEN AT

VALE ROYAL ABBEY* IN CHESHIRE.

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters and the murmuring mill.

* A monastery for Cistercian Monks, founded by King Edward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked during his return from a crusade.

How sunk the scene where cloister'd Leisure
mused!

Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffused [brow!
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, im-
press'd
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrined in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful
glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the ~~snow~~ clock, in stately measured chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, ranged in long array
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines), the taper'd rites betray.

E'en now, amid the wavering ivy wreaths
 (While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds
 inspire),

When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
 I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
 Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
 Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
 Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
 Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
 Oft bade her visionary gleams arise;

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguiled,
 While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
 And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
 Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd;

Yet hence, enthroned in venerable state,
 Proud Hospitality dispensed her store:
 Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
 Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with gothic portraiture
 Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
 Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
 No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in glory's arduous way,
 Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
 Here raptur'd see Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And ranged the cluster'd column, massy proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd a while, nor dared attempt the day;
But patient traced upon the pictured page
The holy legend or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came,
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung louring, and around the social flame
Tuned his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse;—yet, partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to the' ingenuous Muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarged, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science an ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escaped from Superstition's shrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

T. WARTON.

HE DESCRIBES HIS VISION TO AN AC-
QUAINTANCE.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.
All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend ;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the Sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright ;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray ;
E'en the lone cot refused its wonted light,
Where Toil in peaceful slumber closed the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound,
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear ;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breathed his native air,
A sudden lustre chased the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was
fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confess'd ;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd ;
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple tinged the ground.

‘ Stranger (he said), amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou
stray ?

Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain ?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

‘ For know, I trod the trophied paths of power,
Felt every joy that fair Ambition brings,
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

‘ I bade low hinds the towering ardour share,
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone ;
I snatch’d the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the
throne.

‘ Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw ;
I saw proud empires my decision wait ;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was
fate.’

‘ Ah me ! (said I) nor power I seek, nor gain ;
Nor urged by hope of fame these toils endure ;
A simple youth, that feels a lover’s pain,
And from his friend’s condolence hopes a cure.

‘ He, the dear youth ! to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend ;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom and which hills defend.

‘ Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind ;
The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree ;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee !

' Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;
And though no friend to Fame's obstreperous
blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

' Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;
Too mean to think that honours are my due ;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were
few.

' But tell me, thou ! that like a meteor's fire
Shot'at blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees ;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?

' Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road ? ●
Or Falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way ?

' Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded
gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind ?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find ?

' Nursed in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own ?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar and adore a throne ?

' And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend ;
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom and which hills defend ?

' Oh ! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite !'—
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanished in the shades of night.
SHENSTONE.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

1743.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurried through my groves,
Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanced contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blamed the graces of my favourite bower;
My breast, unsullied by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus ! fly the purer paths of Fate;
Abjure these scenes, from venal passions free;
Know in this grove I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours
I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name;
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

**‘Damon (she cried), if, pleased with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song ;
Fly the false dictates of the venal race,
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.**

‘Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray :
Swerve not thy foot with Fortune’s votaries
more ; [day’—
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless
The winning phantom urged me, and I swore.
Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray’d,
‘Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Powers !
Aid me to quell the sordid breast,’ I said ;
And threw my javelin towards their hostile
towers*.

**Think not regretful I survey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow ;
Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.**

**Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such generous hate the Punic champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson shore.**

**But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—**

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And saw the unwilling elephants retire.

* *The Roman ceremony in declaring war.* † Hannibal.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding
Their gold in pyramidic plenty piled,
He saw the' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and in his fury smile

' Think not (he cried) ye view the smiles of
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's p
I smile, but from a soul estranged to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain

' But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief ye sho
O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The sordid source of your indecent woe.

' Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wa
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh
When Tyre's imperial state commenced a s

' 'Tis pass'd—O Carthage! vanquish'd, hon
shade!

Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore
Had Freedom shared the vow to Fortune pa
She ne'er like Fortune had forsook thy sh

He ceased—Abash'd the conscious audience!
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear
And, falling, moistens their abandon'd gol

SHENST

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by S
they were to deliver up all their elephants, and to pay ne
millions sterling.

ELEGY.

Tired with the busy crowds that all the day
 Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
 My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
 Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver! that canst lull the cares
 And every weary sense compose to rest,
 Lighten the' oppressive load which anguish bears,
 And warm with hope the cold desponding
 breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
 Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;
 And on the cold earth stretch'd the son of Woe
 Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fan-
 cied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne,
 Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
 Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
 Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove;

Or skims the main and listens to the storms,
 Marks the long waves roll far remote away;
 Or, mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
 Floats on the gale and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
 Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
 Plunge down the' unfathom'd deep, or shrink
 aghast [tomb:
 Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the
 VOL. IV.

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where Mirth's light freaks the' unheeded hours
beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store;
Death comes and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.


And, sons of sorrow! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang awhile,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through earth's throng'd visions while we toss
forlorn,
'Tis tumult all and rage and restless strife;
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

BEATTIE.

WINTER.

FAREWELL those genial seasons of the year,
Young Spring, who filled with flowers the wil-
ling soil;
Summer, whose sunbeams nursed the foodful ear;
With Autumn grateful to the reaper's toil.



For lo! sad change! from yonder gathering cloud
Stern Winter wildly drives his dark array:
From the keen north the winds are piping loud,
As through the yielding woods they sweep their
way.

High on a storm, with visage fierce and pale,
The barren Eurys rides; the rain descends:
Far, far resounding through the floated vale,
Its hoarse rough howls the dashing torrent
sends.

Where are those rural charms that fed my eyes,
The cowslip'd meadow and the hedgerow
green?
In one wide waste the snow-clad landscape lies,
And frost with withering hand deforms the scene.

I sought the copse, the joyous thrush's haunt;
For much I wish'd her melody to hear:
In vain I woo'd her to begin her chant,
Nor joyous thrush nor melody was there.

In social troops the silent larks are found,
Picking with busy bill their scanty food:
Ah me, I hear the gun's destructive sound,
And the snow blushes with their harmless
blood.

Sweetbird! are these the sports of reasoning man?
Thus doth his savage hands thy songs repay,
Which bade his joys awake when spring began,
Which cheer'd in summer's heat the toilsome
day?

The redbreast, wisely confident, presumes
To screen his weakness in the peopled cot;
And, sweetly thankful for the scatter'd crumbs,
Pays the cheap bounty with his warbled note.

Now dull and dreary wakes the tardy morn;
The sickly sun resigns his noontide power;
Night comes; and Fear, of Melancholy born,
Adds a new horror to the darkling hour.

At every bush, at every sudden breeze,
Starts the lone traveller on his wilder'd way;
In his own shade a thousand deaths he sees,
And stops and pants and listens in dismay.

The night bird's thrice-flapp'd wing and shriek-
ings fell
Denounce the pining sick man's hopeless doom;
In the hush air imperfect whispers dwell
Of demons prowling through the midnight
gloom.

Stonehearted Murder bathes his sword in blood,
Rapine, foul fiend, leads forth his lawless band;
Insatiate Hunger calls amain for food;
While pale-eyed Famine howls along the land.

Where are thy haunts, O Cheerfulness? the bower
Of spring no more invites thee; nor the walk
At summer's eve, beneath thy guardian power
Where late I listen'd to my Laura's talk.

Nor art thou seen within the courts of pride;
Ambition drives thy peaceful image thence:
Though feast, and sport, and laughter there abide,
Excess and riot pall thy nicer sense.

At length thy coy retirement have I found,
Where smokes the cottage in the sheltered vale;
Where, whilst his rustic friends the hearth surround,
The simple swain recounts his frolic tale.

His heart is humble as the garb he wears,
Like his coarse daily food, his manners plain;
Contentment's blessing the dull season cheers,
And the storm beats upon his roof in vain.

The smiles of innocence his temper guard,
And from his threshold banish homebred strife;
Fresh health and honest gain his toils reward;
And one continued summer rules his life.

Learn hence, ye vain, ye idle, and ye proud,
When the dark storms of bleak misfortune lour,
'Tis virtue only can dispel the cloud,
And bless with cheerfulness the wintry hour.

MUNDAY.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth and lawn and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose level'd thunder frighten's Morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins:
A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!

I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize:
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground,
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou, the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
*Vigil to fasts and penitence and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice wage,
For milder conflicts, Love their palm, design'd:
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
Deal mutual death and emulate mankind.

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords
For concord, order, for the' harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven
revere!

Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
Uninjured, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

* Shrove Tuesday.

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil;
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
Of evil fled and all Creation bless'd!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
The turkey, strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,
Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters, with retorted eye
Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight;
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly;
A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him ; yet still the wafted grain,
Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense ;
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful
 strain,
Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence !

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
The neigh of steeds responsive o'er the heath ;
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
 Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood :
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old !
For not their fury, a consuming flood,
 Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law !
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start ;
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
 Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
Their reeking hands in nations' carnage died !
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
 They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash himself the last !
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
 The fury passions that laid Nature waste !

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan !
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
 Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
 He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
 Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love;
 The voice of thunder is no voice from you!
 Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
 To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
 Heaven breathes benevolence to all, to thee;
 Each being's bliss consummates general good.
 LOVIBOND.

ON THE
 RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE
 OUT OF NORFOLK.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANNE BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, *not* willingly alone,
But gladly as the precept were her own:

And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,

Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
 Shortlived possession! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and
 smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
 here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the
shore

'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar*,'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.

* Garth.

By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to' have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

TO MARY.

AUTUMN OF 1793.

THE twentieth year is well nigh pass'd,
 Since first our sky was overcast,
 Ah, would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow—
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,

My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But, ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

COWPER

THE
TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought
These scenes deep-stain'd with Sorrow's sable
dye?

Hast thou in store no joy-illumined draught,
To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Deck'd gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring;
Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How bless'd the youth in yonder valley laid!
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
While to the gale low-murmuring through the
glade

He tempers sweet his sprightly warbling lay.

Hail, Innocence! whose bosom, all serene,
Feels not fierce Passion's raving tempest roll!
Oh, ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!
Oh, ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm
thy soul.

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'
Yonder she comes! the heart-inflaming fiend!
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield?)
Swift to her destined prey see Passion bend!

Oh smile accursed, to hide the worst designs!
Now with blithe eye she woos him to be bless'd,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eyeballs swim
Ghastly, and reddening dart a threatful glare;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair!

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime?
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield?
Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waste the flowery field?

How memory pains! Let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight.
Ye images of woe, no more recoil;
Be life's past scenes wrapp'd in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful
power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear the mingling war!

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye;
Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose:
The storm these humble walls assails in vain;
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

ELEGIES, AMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS. 177

Blow on, ye winds! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste:
Nature thy momentary rage defies;
To her relief the gentler seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald car see Spring appear!
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund hours are fluttering seen;
And lo, her rod the rose-lipp'd power extends!
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven
descends!

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
But will all nature joy at your return?
Say, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe the' untimely urn?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
Cross the dark cell where hopeless slavery lies?
To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm suffice?

When fell Oppression in his harpy fangs
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel
bears,

Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whose famish'd child craves help with fruit-
less tears?

For, ah! thy reign, Oppression, is not pass'd:
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

O ye, to Pleasure who resign the day,
As loose in Luxury's clasping arms you lie,
O, yet let pity in your breast bear sway,
And learn to melt at Misery's moving cry.

But hopest thou, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hopest thou to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain?

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictured scroll;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And swell to thought sublime the' exalted soul.

What mingling pomps rush boundless on the gaze!
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep!
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets
raise!

What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep!

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd
shields,
The' embattled legions stretch their long array;
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign:
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires!
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fire.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien
 The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown control;
 Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
 Speaks the great purpose, and the unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
 Each feature fierce and haggard as with pain!
 With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
 He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
 Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven:
 Hatred, to madness wrought, each face deforms,
 Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
 Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
 Ah, Liberty! will none thy cause befriend!
 Are these thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
 Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
 Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
 When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all dismay'd
 The scattering legions pour along the plain,
 Ambition's car with bloody spoils array'd
 Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he that, by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude*,
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?
Ah, Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevel'd locks she reads the plume;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise,
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone, [toil,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's
smile;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!
Tired I submit; but yet, O, yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

* Such, according to the description given by Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Yet for awhile let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe ;
O, yield awhile to Friendship's soft control ;
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come then, Philander ! for thy lofty mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the
great ;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of
Fate :

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys ;
Who lend'st to Misery's moans a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty ; with a favouring eye
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall ;
Who, unenslaved by custom's narrow tie,
With manly freedom follow'st reason's call.

And bring thy Delia, softly smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform ;
Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm :

Though bless'd with wisdom, and with wit refined,
She courts not homage, nor desires to shine ;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female sweetness and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep surrounding shade :
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ ;
O, catch the swift wing'd hour before 'tis fled,
On swiftest pinion flies the hour of joy.

E'en while the careless disencumber'd soul
Dissolving sinks to Joy's oblivious dream,
E'en then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
With haste impetuous down life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
That call'd Cleora to the silent tomb;
To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!
How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest
bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave,
Whelm'd in the enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The longlived pyramid shall sink in dust
To dumb oblivion's ever desert shade.

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray,
Ah Melancholy! how I feel thy power!
Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway!
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight-waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to
roam,
Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

BRATTIE.

TO WISDOM.

O WISDOM! not to thee the song of praise
I wake triumphant, or the votive strain;
My spirit sinks—my strength, my life decays—
To thee my heart would sorrow and complain.
Didst thou not win my childhood's giddy years,
Till well the hornbook task, the sacred lay,
The tale I learn'd, by others conn'd with tears,
And right could spell the column's long array:
Till mid her rosy school the learned dame,
Call'd me in favour near her wheel to stand;
Oft shared her sway, as earlier evenings came,
And bade me lisping teach her lisping band?
Didst thou not charm my step with kindest smile,
New worlds of growing labour to explore;
Teach me on ciphers ciphers high to pile,
Wake my young pride, and lure me to thy lore?
My boyish mind in trance enraptured hold
Mid heroes—giants—all that wondrous seem'd,
The hermit, sailor, and the outlaw bold,
While eastern genii through my slumbers
gleam'd?
And rude I deem'd, and all unfit to please,
Each thoughtless pastime of the youthful day;
To guide the skiff, and lean along the breeze,
The gleaning covey's whirring flight to stay;
With hound and horn to cheer the woodland's side,
And catch each bliss to bounding vigour known,
Or skim with mimic fly the mountain tide,
That silvery eddies round the hoary stone.

E'en mid my schoolmates on the sunny plain,
Oft when their earnest sports I seem'd to share,
How have I learn'd with meditating pain,
The morrow's task in secret to prepare.

Didst thou not touch with fire my graver mind,
And nature's mysteries promise to unfold;
And cheer me while I toil'd to thee resign'd,
Through all the sage had taught, the scholar
told?

Didst thou not whisper dreams of deathless fame;
Of matchless bliss bestow'd by thee alone;
Of grateful ages and the loud acclaim
Of friends, who in my triumphs felt their own?—

Oh! with what rapture as thy guidance led
Through thy fresh landscapes did my steps
pursue;
Bright flowers and prospects fair before mespread,
And still I onward press'd, still ardent flew.

Why, Wisdom, dimmer glows thy angel form,
Less beauteous why thy flowers and land-
scapes all;
Less gay thy prospects, and thy skies less warm,
And why these chilling glooms that round me
fall?

Where is thy bliss—thy fame—thy mysteries
where?

—Thee while I follow, Time already, see,
Has touch'd with blighting hand my auburn hair,
And smiles contemptuous when I point to thee.

—Oh carol as thou goest, thou village hind!
 And whistle as thou break'st the furrow'd plain;
 Gay is thy heart, for vacant is thy mind,
 Not thine the thoughts that labouring mourn
 in vain.

Ye, too, who sport in pleasure's rosy ray,
 Who mock the student and his griefs despise,
 To me all maniac seem'd your frolics gay;
 Yet bless'd your madness, and your folly wise.

Can learning's toil the Eternal Cause reveal,
 Say why thus mix'd our virtues and our doom,
 Teach what the powers within that think and feel,
 Or tell the shuddering secrets of the tomb?

These splendid wonders and these mysteries high,
 Are these for reasoning man too poor a theme?
 Can helpless nature cast on these her eye,
 And long not, sigh not for a brighter beam?

Ye glittering stars, that while to heaven I raise
 My thoughts, in wilder'd musings lost—de-
 stroy'd—

Ye glittering stars, that meet my lonely gaze,
 In careless grandeur scatter'd o'er the void;

Ye worlds on worlds, that silent and serene,
 Seem nought of trouble or of pain to know;
 Oh dwells there aught within your distant scene,
 Aught that can think and feel, like man below?

Ye spirits, that, secure from earthly woes,
 Farthrough yon azure realms in rapture speed;
 Or soar where full the living glory flows,
 And hymn at heaven's high throne the' ecstatic
 meed;

By heaven's own influence bless'd, inform'd, inspired,

On human reasonings darken'd and forlorn,
On minds, like mine, by endless mazes tired,
Oh look ye down in pity or in scorn?

Eternal Being ; thou that midst the blaze
Of seraph hosts—what sudden tremors chill ?
Oh ! lift not up, my soul, thy venturous gaze,
Down—sink into thyself—be mute—be still.

SMYTH.

TO WISDOM.

BESIDE this russet heath, this forest drear,
That strews with yellow leaves the moistened
plain ; [here
Here, where the green path winds, ah Wisdom !
Did once my darling lyre to thee complain.

Soft was the midnight air that soothed my frame ;
In thought severe had pass'd the studious day ;
Cold paused the spirits, and the ethereal flame
In dim and languid musings died away.

Calm, silent all—I seem'd with step forlorn
Singly to wander on a desert world ;
I started when the bird first hail'd the morn,
That wide had now his reddening clouds unfurl'd.

Returning seasons since have pass'd away ;
Oft has the spring with violets deck'd the vale,
The bee oft humm'd along the summer day,
And the lake darken'd in the wintry gale.

In youth's bright morn how boldly on the mind
 Rise the wild forms of thought in colours new ;
 'Tis time, and time alone, whose skill refined
 The picture slowly gives to nature true.

Thee, Wisdom, could I chide, thy gifts decry !
 Turn from thy bliss by restless ardour fired !
 How like these idle leaves that withered lie,
 Seem now the fancies that my soul inspired !

Who smile at fortune and who conquer pain ?
 Whose is the world in fame's bright vision
 shown ?
 Who wake the' unconscious mind, the barren plain,
 And wield great nature's strength from reason's
 throne ?

If thy bless'd votaries mourn, oh, where shall end
 Man's wayward sorrows, and his wishes blind ;
 If from thy sacred paths his steps he bend,
 What rest, what refuge shall his wanderings find ?

Not like the sage my daring mind I wing
 Aloft to bear the ensigns of thy power ;
 Yet, Wisdom, come, and all thy pleasures bring
 To bless the silence of my lonely hour.

Come, to my chasten'd mind thy realms reveal
 (The glimmering path, the thorny maze I leave),
 Calm realms, where life a modest bliss may steal,
 Nor reason toil in vain nor hope deceive.

Scare thou the finer dreams that idly please ;
 Oh let not studious pride its strength abuse,
 Nor lofty indolence in selfish ease,
In passive thought, the golden moments lose.

When roams the mind to worlds in darkness closed,
When sinks the humbled heart, and sighs to
thee ;
Tell thou of manly faith on God reposed,
And Hope shall picture what thou canst not see.
SMYTH.

THE FATE OF SENSIBILITY.

——— *Fatis contraria fata rependens. Virg.*

O THOU, of Nature's mental works the pride !
Made of a finer dust, with nicer art !
In whose ethereal thrilling frame reside
The lively fancy and the feeling heart !

Doubtful or to lament or hail thy doom,
The Muse, prophetic, marks thy bosom's glow :
She sees the Fates surround the mystic loom ;
They weave thee transports keen and pungent
woe.

Anxious, she hovers o'er the web the while,
Reads, as it grows, thy figured story there :
Now she explains the texture with a smile,
And now the woof interprets with a tear.

Thine is the eye, in earth and air and sea,
All, or sublime or fair, that finds and feels !
All Nature's glories, all her charms to thee
(Conceal'd from others) partial Heaven reveals !

For thee the dawn's fine rose-suffusion glows ;
 For thee the purple cloud of evening shines ;
 Flushing, for thee, the vernal blossom blows ;
 Yellowing, for thee, the sickly year declines.

'Tis thine to draw refined and rich delight
 Or from the shaggy wild or cultured plain ;
 Heaven's smiling beams or shoots of angry light ;
 The' expansive peace or tumult of the main.

Thine are the sprightly scenes of laughing day ;
 Thine awful midnight's solemn starry hour ;
 Thine the fresh dome on glossy pillars gay ;
 And thine the ivy-vested mouldering tower.

To please thine ear soft notes the linnet pours ;
 And, with grand peal, the deep toned thunder
 rolls ;
 The streamlet murmurs, and the torrent roars ;
 The zephyr whispers, and the tempest howls.

From each or lofty or mellifluous sound,
 Each fair or awful form that strikes the sight,
 In Art's wide sphere or Nature's ample round,
 'Tis thine to draw refined and rich delight.

Thine is the eye that with sweet fury rolls
 O'er the bright page where heroes shine again !
 Where the great energies of virtuous souls
 Repeat their glorious scorn of Death and Pain !

By Vice's side when Virtue's form is shown ;
 When bold she struggles with a heat divine ;
 Or on her victor looks superior down ;
Thine is the page ! the glowing leaf is thine !

Nor thy bold joys can Nature's self confine :
At Fancy's fiat, lo! new worlds appear!
Fine airy sounds, light airy forms are thine ;
Sacred from vulgar eye and vulgar ear.

Each shade of bliss thou own'st—to thee belongs
The sweet depression of the pensive hour ;
Soft sighs that please more than or festive songs,
Triumph's loud shout, or riot's wild uproar.

Bless'd is thy commerce with a kindred mind!
All social charms to' enrich the hour unite!
Friendship's pure effluence, feast of taste refined,
The force of reason, and the play of wit!

Shouldst thou, thy fund of softer soul to prove,
Find Beauty's seal impress'd on Virtue's shrine;
And should the brilliant eye that lights thy love
On thy young hopes let fall a ray benign;

Then shalt thou throw around the earth thine eye,
Nor aught that wakes thy faintest envy see ;
But, pitying all beneath this ample sky,
Deem the wide world of bliss compress'd in thee!

Fair, in thy field of life, these joys appear :
Ah! that unmix'd the lovely harvest grew!
But Nature, when she sow'd rich transports there,
Forth from her hands the seeds of anguish threw.

Lo! in her cave grim Want awaits her prey!
Her frolic prey that now no evil heeds :
Sportful in gay Profusion's flowery way,
And thoughtless whither each rash footstep
leads.

The Muses' sons no knee to Mammon bend ;
 No smiles from Mammon bless the Muses' train :
 'Tis seldom Fortune's rays with Fancy's blend ;
 Ill suit the arts of song with arts of gain !

Each pulse for costly transport beating high ;
 Nor knowing on Distress to close thy door ;
 Won by each siren note and plaintive sigh ;
 Howe'er it swell'd, full soon shall melt thy store !

Then should not forward eager Friendship seek
 Thy coy despair, resolved thine head to raise,
 Fast fades thine eye, and swiftly wastes thy cheek,
 And Woe's last friend her beckon soon obeys !

Silent thou lay'st thee down, resign'd to die ;
 Aid, but of Death, too stately to implore :
 No hand of thine, proud sufferer, e'er shall try
 Want's faint and fearful knock at Grandeur's
 door.

If ills like these, from thy warm heedless youth,
 With watchful shield, thy guardian Genius ward ;
 Thy social tenderness, thy social truth,
 Ah ! who from social agonies shall guard ?

All pale, I view thee, hanging o'er the bed,
 Where he thou long hast valued breathless lies !
 To wake the dust thou wilt not know is dead,
 Thy frantic grief with wildest effort tries !

The venom'd tooth that honied lips conceal,
 Which wounds each breast that takes the ser-
 pent in,
 Whose cruel bite even torpid bosoms feel,
 Oh ! the keen torment it shall dart through
thine !

But chiefly shall thy throbbing bosom prove
How Torture's vultures hearts like thine can
tear,
If she, whose powerful charms have won thy love,
Prove unpropitious to thy gentle prayer!
Or should the faithless sunshine of her eye
Lure tender hope its timid bud to show,
Soon to shrink back from cold inconstancy,
By chill inclement frowns forbid to blow;
Or, foe of love, should some malignant star
Thy mistress, kind in vain and vainly true,
From thine extended arms for ever bar,
And with relentless hate your loves pursue;
Then, nor shall various scene, nor lonely sighs,
Nor Friendship's tongue, nor Wit's nor Wis-
dom's page,
Nor all the charm the heavenly Muse supplies,
Thy breast's tempestuous sorrows soon assuage!
For thee, quick kindling at each fairer beam,
To whom the glowing burning soul is given,
For thee, all trembling in each dire extreme,
Love has no mean—'tis madness or 'tis heaven!
But, oh! whate'er the louring cloud of woe
That veils life's beauteous sunshine from thy
sight,
Though stern Adversity around thee throw
The deepest shadows of her tragic night;
In Horror's blackest hour, the hand restrain,
Wild service that would yield to mad Despair,
The pointed steel with impious purple stain,
Or for death-thirsty lips the draught prepare.

FAWCETT.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART VIII.

Monodies, Funeral Elegies, and Epitaphs.



Her heart lies with him in the ground,
She heeds not, while her babe, at play, &c. p. 201.

Chiswick:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM;
FOR CHARLES S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

1824.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART VIII.

Monodies, Funereal Elegies, and Epitaphs.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend *, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637: and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;

* Edward King, Esq. the son of Sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland, on a visit to his friends in that country, when in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship struck upon a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, August 10, 1637. Mr. King was a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

VOL. IV.

C C

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his wester-
ing wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute
Temper'd to the' oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn :
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling-herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona * high,
 Nor yet where Deva † spreads her wizard stream :
 Ay me ! I fondly dream ! [done ?
 Had ye been there—for what could that have
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,

* The isles of Anglesey and of Man have both shared this title.

† The river Dee ; the ancient boundary between England and Wales.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nœra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil,
Set off to' the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius *, crown'd with vocal
 reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood!
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades † their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;

* A river of Venetia, on whose banks Virgil was born.

† Eolus, the son of Hippotas.

The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope * with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.


Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
 ' Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot† of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
 ' How well could I have spared for thee, young
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake [swain,
 Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
 to hold
 A sheephook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! [sped;
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

* One of the Nereides, who was commonly invoked by mariners in storms.

† Saint Peter.

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that twohanded engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is pass'd
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swartstar sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,



Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus * old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount †
 Looks toward Namancos ‡ and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, [waves ;
 Through the dear night of Him § that walk'd the
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the bless'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing and, singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,

* A Cornish giant.

† Mount St. Michael ; not far from the Land's End in Cornwall, whence at low water it is accessible. The *guarded mount*, says Mr. Warton, is simply the *fortified mount*; and the *great vision* is the famous apparition of St. Michael, who is said to have appeared on the top of the mount, and to have directed a church to be built there.

‡ Or Numantia ; a town of Old Castile, once highly celebrated in the Spanish history. *Todd*.

§ A description of our Saviour.

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the' oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

MILTON.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

Immodicus brevis est ætas, et rara senectus. Mart.

It was a dismal and a fearful night, [light,
Scarce could the morn drive on the' unwilling
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possess'd.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.
My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever and my life to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!

Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,

If once my griefs prove tedious too.
 Silent and sad I walk about all day;
 As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hid treasures lie;
 Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
 A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name

By friendship given of old to fame.
 None but his brethren he and sisters knew,
 Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
 And even in that we did agree,
 For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
 Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
 Wonder'd at us from above!

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
 But search of deep Philosophy,
 Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?

Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade ;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid !

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear ;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly :
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain :
He loved my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse ! thou canst not me delight :
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse ;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should condemn that flourishing honour now ;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me ;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify :
Not Phoebus grieved, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave :

So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
 As to their chiefest seat
 Conspicuous and great;
 So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
 That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
 Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
 Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
 He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
 That shine with beams like flame,
 Yet burn not with the same,
 Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
 As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
 Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
 In such a short mortality.
 Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue,
 Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame
 As all things but his judgment overcame;
 His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
 Tempering that mighty sea below.
 Oh! had he lived in Learning's world, what bound
 Would have been able to control
 His overpowering soul!
 We' have lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
 Yet never did his God or friends forget;
 And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired, and gave to them their due:

For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, queen of virtues! sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure always used to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.

There 'mong the bless'd thou dost for ever shine,
And wheresoe'er thou cast'st thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
Seest not a soul clothed with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefied.

There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

COWLEY.

MUSÆUS*.

A Monody, to the Memory of Mr. Pope.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

SORROWING I catch the reed, and call the Muse;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tuned his parting strain:
With him they lived, with him perchance they died.
For who e'er since their virgin charms espied,
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each blue bell pale, and daisy pied,
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side?

* Mr. Pope died in the year 1744; this poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

Yet ah! ye are not dead, Celestial Maids;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
Ere round his laureate hearse ye heave the sigh.
Stay then a while, oh stay, ye fleeting fair;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespiæ's grove ; till with harmonious teen
Ye soothe his shade, and slowly dittied air.
Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair
To what loved haunt ye whilom did elect ;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair,
Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deck'd.
But now it boots ye not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to choose,
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse, [join
And haste to Thames's shores ; for Thames shall
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
The tears fast trickling o'er his silver urn.
And, when the Poet's widow'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head
shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the mighty master roused his waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love :
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Say first, Sicilian Muse,
For, with thy sisters thou didst weeping stand
In silent circle at the solemn scene, [wand,
When Death approach'd and waved his ebon
Say how each laurel droop'd its withering green?

How, in yon grot, each silver trickling spring
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among ;
 While as the coral roof did softly ring
 Responsive to their sweetly doleful song?
 Meanwhile all pale the' expiring Poet laid,
 And sunk his awful head,
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong ;
 For so, his sickening spirits to release,
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First sent from Cam's fair banks, like palmer
 old,

Came Tityrus * slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
 And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold :
 ' Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
 Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
 Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
 For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
 For syn the days whereas my lyre ben strongen,
 And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
 Old Time, which alle things don maliciously
 Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
 Gnattrib my lines, that they all cancrið ben,
 Till at the last thou smoothen. 'hem hast again ;
 Sithence full semely gliden my rimes rude,
 As (if fitteth thilk similitude),
 Whannè shallow brook yrenneth hobling on,
 Ovir rough stones it makith full rough song ;
 But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
 Stealith forth by, making plesaunt murmure :
 So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,
 Thou makist everichone to ren right sote ;

* *Tityrus*, &c.] *i. e.* Chaucer, a name frequently given him
 by Spenser. See *Shep. Cal. Ec.* 2, 6, 12, and elsewhere.

And in thy verse entunist so fetisely,
That men sayen I make trewe melody,
And speaken every dele to myne honoure.
Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre !'

He ceased his homely rhyme ;
When Colin Clout *, Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever piped on plain,
Came with his reed soft warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay.

' † Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
Who once like me couldst frame thy pipe to
play
Shepherd's devise, and chear the lingering morn :
Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right !
Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

' But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill
To thy deft swains', whose dapper ditties rare
Surpassaught else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
E'en Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

' Eke when in Fable's flowery paths you stray'd,
Masking in cunning feints Truth's splendent face ;
Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,

* *Colin Clout*,] i. e. Spenser, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

† The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* : the rest, where he speaks of fable, are in the stanza of the *Faery Queene*.

But all mote nought avail such harm to chase.
Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,
Eke Florimel, and all my faery race :
Belinda far surpass'd my beauties sheen,
Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay, I ween,

' Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
And quacking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold ;
If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
He glisteneth purple and he glisteneth gold,
Now with bright green, now blue, himself ar-
raying. [ing.
Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties sway-

' But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
And fancies light in simple guise portray,
Listing to cheer thee at this rueful time,
While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings
prey ?
Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
Let my well meaning mend my ill essay :
So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
When soon we meet for aye in yon star-sprinkled
plain.'

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,
And Thyrsis* hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the shepherd train ;

* *Thyrsis* hight.] i. e. Milton. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's ; in the latter of which, where he laments Car. Deodatus under the name of *Damon*, he calls himself *Thyrsis*.

But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heavenly Muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby and Eden, fragrant climes;
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unused in silvan shade,
To sad Musæus rightful homage paid.
Thrice hail, thou heaven-taught warbler! last
and best

Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
All that to ear or heart or head could yield
Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
Thy sinking soul: nor these corporeal ills
Aught daunt thee, or appal. Know, in high heaven
Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine
Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian
fire,

Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
Ten thousand hierarchies of angels harp
Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
Usher the song rejoicing. I, meanwhile,
To soothe thee in these irksome hours of pain,
Approach, thy visitant, with mortal praise
To praise thee mortal. First, for Rhyme subdued;
Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primeval Night,
And Chaos, Anarch old: She near their throne
Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
With tenfold din; till late to earth upborne
On strident plume, what time fair Poesie
Emerged from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
Oppress'd; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,

Runic, or Leonine; and with dire chains
Fetter'd her scarce fledged pinion. I such bonds
Aim'd to destroy, hopeless that Art could ease
Their thralldom, and to liberal use convert.
This wonder to achieve Musæus came;
Thou camest, and at thy magic touch the chains
Off dropp'd, and (passing strange!) soft wreathed
bands [Muse

Of flowers their place supplied: which well the
Might wear for choice not force; obstruction none,
But loveliest ornament. Wondrous this, yet here
The wonder rests not; various argument
Remains for me, uncertain, where to cull
The leading grace, where countless graces charm.
Various this peaceful cave; this mineral roof;
This 'semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell;
These pointed crystals through the shadowy clefts
Bright glistening; all these slowly-dripping rills,
That tinkling wander o'er the pebbled floor:
Yet not this various peaceful cave, with this
Its mineral roof; nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell; nor mid the shade
These pointed crystals, glistening fair; nor rills,
That wander tinkling o'er the pebbled floor,
Deal charms more various to each raptured sense
Than thy mellifluous lay———'

Oh! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd,
The Syrens warbled, and the Graces glow'd;
Had liveliest nature, happiest art combined,
That lent each charm, and *this* each charm refined;
Alas! how little were my proudest boast!
The sweetest trifle of my tribe at most.

'Tosway the judgment, while he soothes the ear;
To curb mad passion in its wild career;
To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,
And rule, with reason's rigour, fancy's fire;
Be this the poet's praise. And this possess'd,
Take, Dulness and thy dunces! take the rest.

'Come then that honest fame, whose temperate ray

Or gilds the satire or the moral lay;
Which dawns, though thou, rough Donne! hew
out the line:

But beams, sage Horace! from each strain of ~~thine~~.
Oh, if like these, with conscious freedom bold,
One Poët more his manly measures roll'd,
Like these led forth the' indignant Muse to brave
The venal statesman and the titled slave;
To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,
Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings—
If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm;
He pour'd, for Virtue's cause, serene along
The purest precept in the sweetest song—
If, for her cause, his heaven-directed plan
Mark'd each meander in the maze of man;
Unmoved by sophistry, unawed by name,
No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
Led by no system's devious glare astray,
That meteorlike but glitters to betray—

Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,
 And Heaven's own views fair opening on his mind,
 Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,
 Through passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
 And taught mankind, in reasoning Pride's despite,
 That God is wise, and all that is is right—
 If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
 Praise less than this is mockery of praise.'

'To pour that praise be mine,' fair Virtue cried;
 And shot, all radiant, through an opening cloud!
 But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express
 The' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
 Ill suits immortal strain a Doric dress:
 And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
 Enough for thee, that when the lay was o'er,
 The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
 But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
 Had oped her shears, to cut his vital thread!
 And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?
 Now thrice he waved the hand, thrice bow'd the
 And sigh'd his soul to rest. [head,

Now wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving
 shades! [weep:
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did
 The heavenly goddess too with tears did steep
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd through the
 glades;

IMITATION.

Now wept the Nymphs, &c.]
 Extinctam Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
 Flebant: vos coryli testes et flumina Nymphis;
 Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
 Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.
 Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus
 Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem
 Libavit quadrupes, nec gramina attingit herbant.

Virg. Ecl. 5.

And, 'cruel gods,' and 'cruel stars,' she cried :
Nor did the shepherds, through the woodlands
wide,

On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks :
Nor did the wild goat browse the shrubby rocks :
And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook :
And roses wan were waved by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's self was sick :
And every lily droop'd its silver head.
Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Through all her choicest sweets Musæus dead.

Here end we, Goddess! this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
Oh! make it worthy of the sacred Bard ;
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Thou too accept the strain with meet regard :
For sure, bless'd Shade, thou hear'st my doleful
song ;

Whether with angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays ;
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,
Thou still art hovering o'er our tuneless sphere ;
And movest some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain his Doric oate essay'd,
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek :
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With strippling arts, and dalliance all too weak,

IMITATION.

Here end we, Goddess! &c.]
Hæc sat erit, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam,
Dum sedet, et gracili fascellam textit hibisc,
Pierides: vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo :
Gallo, cujus amor, &c. Verg. Eccl. 10.

Unseen, unheard, beneath a hawthorn shade.
 But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak :
 And now down dropp'd the larks, and ceased
 their strain : [swain.
 They ceased, and with them ceased the shepherd
 MASON.

EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTIN-
 GALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of Woe;
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
 For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the
 grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?
 Alas, for both I weep—
 In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,
 A lovely babe that should have lived to bless,
 And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The *flattering prop* of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that Science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—
Then O! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
love.

But O! for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou siren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promised period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
'That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Softened the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy?'

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
 Gazing enraptured on its angel face,
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
 And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
 utter more.—

'Just Heaven!' I cried—with recent hopes
 elate,
 'Yet I will live—will live, though Emma's dead!
 So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
 Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 My little Emma, now my all,
 Will want a father's care.
 Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recall,
 And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;
 And oft together we'll complain;
 Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know;
 From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
 And prattle tales of woe.
 And O! in that auspicious hour,
 When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
 With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 When Death gives Misery repose,
 And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——
 The flattering scene is o'er,——
 My hopes for ever—ever fled——
 And vengeance can no more——

Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
 With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe!)
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up every tear!
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 'But ah! from my affections far removed!
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been beloved;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last, [strain,
 While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
 For O! how grateful to a wounded heart
 The tale of misery to impart!
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
 E'en he *, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my lovelorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

SHAW.

* Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN*.

OH, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind
 Just as the living forms by thee design'd;
 Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,
 Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.
 A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
 From fervent Truth where every virtue sprung;
 Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;
 Worth above show, and goodness unsevere;
 View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
 Still as you turn them a revolving glow,
 So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
 In various virtues, Heaven's internal day,
 Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime
 And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,
 Or wandering Nature through, with raptured eye,
 Adored the hand that turn'd yon azure sky:
 Whether to social life he bent his thought,
 And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
 Gay converse bless'd; or in the thoughtful grove
 Bid the heart open every source of love:
 New varying lights still set before your eyes
 The just, the good, the social, or the wise.
 For such a death who can, who would refuse
 The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?

* Mr. Aikman was born in Scotland, and designed for the profession of the law: but traveled to Italy, and returned a painter. He was patronized in Scotland by the Duke of Argyll, and afterwards met with encouragement to settle in London: but falling into a long and languishing disease, he died at his house in Leicester Fields, June, 1731, aged 50. Boyle wrote a panegyric upon him, and Mallet an epitaph. See *Walpole's Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 41.

Yet pay we just acknowledgment to Heaven,
Though snatch'd so soon, that Aikman e'er was
given.

A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,
Hid in the lustre of eternal light:
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate
Wings and attracts her to another state;
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.
As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMSON.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori. Propert.

Let others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know; or, known, to hide;
With vain disguise from Nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;

My verse the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear silent partner of those happier hours
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's
bowers!

If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;
If yet that pity which, of life possess'd,
Fill'd thy fair eye and lighten'd through thy breast;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare;
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs and kiss her bleeding strains.
Wild, wretched wish! Can prayer, with feeble
breath,

Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to prayer!
And leave me the strong language of despair!
Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flowery grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix the lifedrops of the heart!
Not like the streams that down the mountain side
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had soothed the breast with burning anguish torn.
The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far sounding floods that tear the mountain's steep;

Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating
waves— [breath,

This soothes my soul—'tis Nature's mournful
'Tis Nature struggling in the arms of Death!

See, the last aid of her expiring state,
See Love, e'en Love has lent his darts to Fate*!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies round my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Lived to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.

There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions
wave,

We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave;
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb,

* The lady died in childhood.

With you I'll waste the slow departing day,
And wear with you the' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh! lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
Where Resignation folds her arms and smiles;
Where holy Faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia * sleeps:
There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

LANGHORNE.

ON HIS MOTHER.

1759.

AH, scenes beloved! ah, conscious shades,
That wave these parent vales along!
Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow,
Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nursed my infant thought, and taught my
mind to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:
She taught the struggling passions to subside;
Where sacred truth and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

* See Spectator, No. 154.

Lamented goodness ! yet I see
The fond affections melting in her eye :
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh :
As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again [feign.
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can

O best of parents ! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed ;
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed——
Alas ! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead ?

Then, fairy-featured Hope, forbear——
No more thy fond illusions spread :
Thy shadowy scenes dissolved in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled ;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign, [years.
Nor hopeful more to soothe her long-declining
LANGHORNE*.

* Dr. Langhorne's inscription on his mother's monument is inserted among the Epitaphs in this volume.

WRITTEN AT AMWELL,
IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains?
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh?

Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,
My mournful tale perchance escaped thy ear:
Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retired,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desired.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amused the day;
There his loved parents' slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvaried evening, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown:

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engaged, with gratitude impress'd,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue bless'd.

VOL. IV.

G G

Swift pass'd the hours ; alas, to pass no more !
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day !
One beautiful pledge the beautiful consort bore ;
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot, where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife and child and parents closed the ground ;
The final home of man ordain'd to die !

O, cease at length, obtrusive Memory ! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw Disease on her dear life increase,
And Medicine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene ! (in misery how sublime !)
Of Love's vain prayers to stay her fleeting breath !
Suspense, that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair, awaiting Death !

O the dread scene !—"Tis agony to tell
How o'er the couch of pain declined my head !
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting ere her spirit fled.

' Restore her, Heaven ! as from the grave re-
trieve—
In each calm moment, all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language show how hard to leave
The loved companion she must leave behind.

' Restore her, Heaven ! for once in mercy spare—'
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interposed :
And soon Suspense gave place to dumb Despair,
And o'er the past Death's sable curtain closed—

In silence closed—My thoughts roved frantic
round,

No hope, no wish beneath the sun remain'd ;
Earth, air, and skies one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank with horror
stain'd.

O lovely flower, too fair for this rude clime !

O lovely morn, too prodigal of light !

O transient beauties, blasted in their prime !

O transient glories, sunk in sudden night !

Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd !

Where is that form, that mind my soul admired ?

That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd ;

That mind, with every gentle thought inspired !

The face, with rapture view'd, I view no more ;

The voice, with rapture heard, no more I hear ;

Yet the loved features Memory's eyes explore ;

Yet the loved accents fall on Memory's ear.

Ah sad, sad change ! (sad source of daily pain)

That sense of loss ineffable renews ;

While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,

While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,

The mouldering veil her spirit left below,

Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,

The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,

Nor she alone the tear of song obtains ;

The Muse of Blagdon *, o'er Constantia's tomb,

In all the eloquence of grief complains.

* See Verses written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a
lady, by the ingenious Dr. Langhorne.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
 His heart, like mine, in its true partner bless'd;
 Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
 The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
 How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
 A sunny island in a stormy main,
 A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!

All gracious Heaven! since man, infatuate man,
 Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee;
 Lays for himself on earth his little plan,
 Dreads not or distant views mortality;

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
 To rouse us lingering on earth's flowery plain,
 To Virtue's path our wanderings to control,
 Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain!

SCOTT.

A

FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS; WHO
 LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

LET vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
 Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein,
 Dream out a tedious age ere, wide display'd,
 Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade:

These happy infants, early taught to shun
 All that the world admires beneath the sun,
 Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
 And fled impatient to their native sky.

Dear precious babes!—alas! when, fondly wild,
 A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,

When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
 And all the father kindled in my breast,
 A sudden paleness seized each guiltless face,
 And death, though smiling, crept o'er every grace.
 Nature! be calm—heave not the' impassion'd
 sigh,

Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
 A few unspotted moments pass'd between
 Their dawn of being and their closing scene:
 And sure no nobler blessing can be given,
 When one short anguish is the price of heaven.

CAWTHORN.

ON THE

DEATH OF VISCOUNTESS TOWNSHEND.

With downcast look and pitying eye,
 Unarm'd the King of Terrors stood;
 He laid his sting and horrors by,
 Averse to strike the fair and good:

When thus an angel urged the blow—
 'No more thy lifted hand suspend!
 To conscious guilt a dreaded foe,
 To innocence a welcome friend.

'Bright hosts of cherubs round her stand,
 To her and me confess'd alone;
 Each waving his celestial hand,
 And pointing to the' eternal throne.'

The angel spoke—nor husband dear,
 Nor children loved (a mournful train)
 Could from her eye attract one tear,
 Nor bend one thought to earth again.

The soul, impatient of delay,
No more could mortal fetters bind ;
But springing to the realms of day,
Leaves every human care behind.

Yet, oh ! an infant daughter's claim
Demands from heaven thy guardian care ;
Protect that lovely helpless frame !
And guard that breast you form'd so fair !

A parent's loss, unknown, unwept,
Thoughtless the fatal hour she pass'd ;
Or only thought her mother slept,
Nor knew how long that sleep must last.

When time the' unfolding mind displays,
May she, by thy example led,
Fly from that motley giddy maze
Which youth and guilt and folly tread.

These never knew the guiding hand
Which leads to virtue's arduous way :
Mothers now join the vagrant band,
And teach their children how to stray.

Her shall the pious task engage
(Such once was thine), with lenient aid
A father's sorrows to assuage,
His love with equal love repaid.

So shall she read with ardent eye
This lesson thy last moments give,—
' They who, like thee, would fearless die,
Spotless, like thee, must learn to live.'

EARL NUGENT.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN COOK.

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew
 Shed the soft drops of pity's holy dew ;
 Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires ;
 Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres ;
 To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
 In deep accordance to a nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for Cook's illustrious brow
 Pluck'd the green laurel and the oaken bough,
 Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
 And poured his fame along a thousand shores,
 Strike the slow death-bell!—weave the sacred
 verse,

And strew the cypress o'er his honour'd hearse ;
 In sad procession wander round the shrine,
 And weep him mortal whom ye sung divine !

Say first, what Power inspired his dauntless
 breast

With scorn of danger and inglorious rest,
 To quit imperial London's gorgeous domes,
 Where, deck'd in thousand tints, young Pleasure
 roams ;

In cups of summer ice her nectar pours,
 Or twines, mid wintry snows, her roseate bowers ;
 Where the warm Orient loads Britannia's gales
 With all the incense of Sabæan vales ;
 Where soft Italia's silken sons prolong
 The lavish cadence of the artful song ;
 Where Beauty moves with fascinating grace,
 Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,

On each fond youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims the light smile, and rolls the frolic eyes—
What Power inspired his dauntless breast to brave
The scorch'd Equator and the' Antarctic wave?
Climes where fierce suns in cloudless ardours
shine,

And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line;
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise
Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?—
It was Benevolence!—on coasts unknown,
The shivering natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
' Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,'
She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
Unite the savage hearts and hostile hands
In the firm compact of her gentle bands;
Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.
While half the warring world, in senseless strife,
Dire thirst of power, and lavish waste of life,
Sent their hoarse thunders o'er the sea to roar,
And dye the distant waves in human gore,
O fair Benevolence! thy guiding ray
With light so pure illumed the watery way,
Amazed and charm'd the sons of Ravage stood,
And by its lustre, streaming o'er the flood,
Mark'd thy mild hero's rising ships afar,
And hush'd to peace the brazen throat of War;
His sacred ensigns view'd with moisten'd eye,
And struck the blood-stain'd flag, and sail'd ad-
miring by!

When high in rage the troubled deep they plough'd,
Thus to thy charms War's haughty chieftains
bow'd,

Lovely Benevolence!—O nymph divine!
 I see thy light step print the burning Line!
 Thy lucid eye the dubious pilot guides,
 The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.
 On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
 Mild and more mild the sloping sunbeams glow;
 Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
 As round the' horizon rolls the timid day;
 Barbed with the sleeted snow, the driving hail,
 Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;
 And through the dim, unvaried, lingering hours,
 Wide o'er the waves incumbent Horror lours.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,
 Contrasting glory gilds the dreary deep!
 Lo!—deck'd with vermil youth and beamy grace,
 Hópe in her step, and gladness in her face,
 Light on the icy rock, with outstretch'd hands,
 The goddess of the new Columbus stands.
 Round her bright head the plumy peterels* soar,
 Blue as her robe that sweeps the frozen shore;
 Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,
 And warm as summer suns her golden hair;
 O'er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,
 And courage kindles in their magic beam.
 She points the ship its mazy path, to thread
 The floating fragments† of the frozen bed.
 While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful form,
 The giant Danger howls along the storm,

* The peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

† ' In the course of the last twenty-four hours we passed through several fields of broken ice; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close that the ship had much difficulty to thread them.

Furling the iron sails * with numbed hands,
Firm on the deck the great adventurer stands;
Round glittering mountains hears the billows rave,
And the vast ruin † thunder on the wave.—
Appall'd he hears!—but checks the rising sigh,
And turns on his firm band a glistening eye.—
Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
Amid the terrors of the icy wreck;
Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,
Congealing as it falls;—nor pain nor fear
Nor death's dread darts impede the great design,
Till Nature draws the circumscribing line ‡.
Huge rocks of ice the' arrested ship embay,
And bar the gallant wanderer's dangerous way.—
His eye regretful marks the goddess turn
The' assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

And now Antarctic Zealand's drear domain
Frowns, and o'erhangs the' inhospitable main.
On its chill beach this dove of humankind
For his long wandering foot short rest shall find,
Bear to the coast the olive branch in vain §,
And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—
With jealous lour the frowning natives view
The stately vessel and adventurous crew;

* 'Our sails and rigging were so frozen that they seemed plates of iron.'

† The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's Second Voyage to the South Pole.

‡ 'After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite embayed, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south to east, in one compact body; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it.'

§ 'To carry a green branch in the hand on landing is a pacific signal universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas.'

Nor fear the brave nor emulate the good,
 But scowl with savage thirst of human blood !
 And yet there were who in this iron clime
 Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime ;
 Revered the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
 To soothe his stay with hospitable love ;
 Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,
 Join'd plighted hands, and name exchanged for
 name*.

To these the hero leads his living store †,
 And pours new wonders on the' uncultured shore,
 The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain ;
 And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
 O'er the green soil the kids exulting play,
 And sounds his clarion loud the bird of day ;
 The downy goose her ruffled bosom laves,
 Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves ;
 Stern moves the bull along the' affrighted shores,
 And countless nations tremble as he roars.
 So when the daughter of eternal Jove,
 And ocean's god, to bless their Athens strove,
 The massy trident with gigantic force
 Cleaves the firm earth—and lo! the stately horse ;
 He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,
 Shakes his high front, and thunders o'er the plain.
 Then Wisdom's goddess plants the embryo seed
 And bids new foliage shade the sultry mead ;

* The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

† Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted on fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

Mid the pale green the tawny olive shine,
And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay
Darts from the north its mild meridian ray ;
Again the chief invokes the rising gale,
And spreads again in desert seas the sail ;
O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
O'er walls of coral * ambush'd in the deeps ;
Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine,
And sleepless Patience heaves the guardian line †.
Borne on fierce eddies black Tornado springs,
Dashing the gulfy main with ebon wings ;
In the vex'd foam his sweeping trail he shrouds,
And rears his serpent crest amid the clouds ;
Wrapp'd in dark mists with hideous bellowing
roars,

Drives all his tempests on, and shakes the shores.
Already has the groaning ship resign'd
Half her proud glories to the furious wind.
The fear-struck mariner beholds from far,
In gathering rage, the elemental war ;
As rolls the rising vortex, stands aghast,
Folds the rent sail, or clasps the shivering mast !
Onward, like night, the frowning demon comes,
Showers a dread deluge from his shaken plumes ;
Fierce as he moves the gulfed sand uphears,
And high in air the shatter'd canvass bears.
Hardly the heroes in that fateful hour
Save the torn navy from his whelming power ;

* The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, insomuch that the sounding line cannot reach their bottom ; and yet they were but just covered with water. These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea insects.

† ' We had now passed several months with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead.'

But soon from industry's restoring hand
New masts aspire and snowy sails expand.

On a lone beach a rock built temple * stands,
Stupendous pile! unwrought by mortal hands;
Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,
And the wide roof basaltic columns bear;
Through the long aisles the murmuring tempests
blow,

And ocean chides his dashing waves below.
From this fair fane along the silver sands
Two sister virgins wave their snowy hands;
First gentle Flora †—round her smiling brow
Leaves of new forms and flowers uncultured glow;
Thin folds of vegetable silk ‡ behind
Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind;
Strange sweets where'er she turns perfume the
glades,

And fruits unnamed adorn the bending shades.
Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,
A playful kangaroo § bounding by her side;
Around the nymph her beauteous pois || display
Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay;

* On one part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities like a majestic temple.

† Flora is the Goddess of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology: hence the pupils of Linnæus call their books *Flora Anglica—Fauna Danica*, &c. 'The Flora of these islands contained thirty new plants.'

‡ In New Zealand is a flag, of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

§ The kangaroo is an animal peculiar to those climates: it is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

|| 'The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a

A giant bat*, with leathern wings outspread,
 Umbrella light, hangs quivering o'er her head.
 As o'er the cliff her graceful steps she bends,
 On glittering wing her insect train attends.
 With diamond eye her scaly tribes survey
 Their goddess nymph, and gambol in the spray.
 With earnest gaze the still enamoured crew
 Mark the fair forms, and as they pass pursue;
 But round the steepy rocks and dangerous strand
 Rolls the white surf†, and shipwreck guards the
 So, when of old, Sicilian shores along, [land.
 Enchanting sirens trill'd the' alluring song,
 Bound to the mast the charm'd Ulysses hears,
 And drinks the sweet tones with insatiate ears;
 Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosperous
 gale,

And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

Now leads Benevolence the destined way,
 Where all the loves in Otahete stray.
 To bid the arts disclose their wondrous powers,
 To bid the virtues consecrate the bowers,
 She gives her hero to its blooming plain:—
 Nor has he wander'd, has he bled in vain!

beautiful silver gray, and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its *poies*, which, being the Otahetian word for earrings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage than for the melody of its note.'

* The bats which Captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and a half in breadth when their wings were extended.

† 'As we passed this island many of its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the vegetation much invited our naturalists to land; but their earnest wishes were in vain from the dangerous reefs and the violence of the surf.'

His lips persuasive charm the' uncultured youth,
 Teach wisdom's lore, and point the path of truth!
 See! chasten'd love* in softer glances flows;
 See! with new fires parental duty glows.
 Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,
 Could not, alas! thy grateful wishes save
 That angel goodness which had bless'd thy plain?
 Ah! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain!
 On a far distant and remorseless shore,
 Where human fiends their dire libations pour;
 Where treachery, hovering o'er the blasted heath,
 Poises with ghastly smile the darts of death;
 Pierced by their venom'd points your favourite
 bleeds,

And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds!
 Thus when of old the muse-born Orpheus bore
 Fair arts and virtues to the Thracian shore;
 Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,
 And pour'd persuasion from the immortal lyre;
 As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,
 Bow'd their weak heads and listen'd to the song;
 Near and more near, with rage and tumult loud,
 Round the bold bard the' inebriate maniacs crowd—
 Red on the' ungrateful soil his life-blood swims,
 And fiends and furies tear his quivering limbs.

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
 And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's Morai†!

* Captain Cook observes, in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest, and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

† The morai is a kind of funeral altar which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself but others.

Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
The juicy fruits and the luxuriant flowers;
Bring the bright plumes that drink the torrid ray,
And strew the lavish spoil on Cook's morai!
Come, Oberea, hapless fair one! come,
With piercing shrieks bewail thy hero's doom!—
She comes!—she gazes round with dire survey!—
Oh! fly the mourner on her frantic way.
See! see! the pointed ivory wounds that head
Where late the Loves impurpled roses spread;
Now stain'd with gore, her raven tresses flow
In ruthless negligence of maddening woe;
Loud she laments!—and long the nymph shall
stray

With wild unequal steps round Cook's morai!

But ah! aloft on Albion's rocky steep,
That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,
Solicitous and sad, a softer form
Eyes the lone flood and deprecates the storm.—
Ill fated matron!—far, alas! in vain
Thy eager glances wander o'er the main!—
'Tis the vex'd billows that insurgent rave,
Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,
'Tis not his sails!—thy husband comes no more!
His bones now whiten an accursed shore!—
Retire,—for hark! the seagull shrieking soars,
The lurid atmosphere portentous lours;
Night's sullen spirit groans in every gale,
And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,
Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast,
Go, wretched mourner!—weep thy griefs to rest;
Yet, though through life is lost each fond delight,
Though set thy earthly sun in dreary night,
Oh! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain;

Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just, [bust;
 Twines the bright wreath and rears the' immortal
 While on each wind of heaven his fame shall rise
 In endless incense to the smiling skies;
 The' attendant power, that bade his sails expand
 And waft her blessings to each barren land,
 Now raptured bears him to the' immortal plains,
 Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains;
 Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,
 And angels choir him, while he waits for thee.

ANNA SEWARD.

THE GRAVE OF HOWARD.

SPIRIT of Death! whose outstretch'd pennons
 dread

Wave o'er the world beneath their shadow spread,
 Who darkly speedest on thy destined way,
 Mid shrieks and cries and sounds of dire dismay;
 Spirit! behold thy victory—assume
 A form more terrible, an ampler plume;
 For he, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
 Listening to Misery's universal moan;
 He who, sustain'd by Virtue's arm sublime,
 Tended the sick and poor from clime to clime,
 Low in the dust is laid—thy noblest spoil!
 And Mercy ceases from her awful toil!

'Twas where the pestilence at thy command
 Arose to desolate the sickening land,
 When many a mingled cry and dying prayer
 Resounded to the listening midnight air,
 When deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
 And the wan carcass fester'd as it fell;

VOL. IV.

I I

'Twas there, with holy virtue's awful mien,
Amid the sad sights of that fearful scene,
Calm he was found : the dews of death he dried,
He spoke of comfort to the poor that cried;
He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
Ere yet the languid sense was lost in death;
And, with that look protecting angels wear,
Hung o'er the dismal couch of pale despair!

Friend of mankind! thy righteous task is o'er;
The heart that throb'd with pity beats no more.

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
Whene'er the just and good thy tale shall hear,
A tear shall fall; alone, amidst the gloom
Of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,
The captive, mourning o'er his chain, shall bend
To think the cold earth hides his only friend!—
He who with labour draws his wasting breath
On the forsaken silent bed of death,
Remembering thy last look and anxious eye,
Shall gaze around, unvisited, and die. [shed,

Friend of mankind, farewell! these tears we
So nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
Yet we forget not it was his high will,
Who saw thee virtue's arduous task fulfil,
Thy spirit from its toil at last should rest;
So wills thy God, and what He wills is best!

Thou hast encounter'd dark disease's train,
Thou hast conversed with poverty and pain,
Thou hast beheld the dreariest forms of woe
That through this mournful vale unfriended go;
And pale with sympathy hast paused to hear
The saddest plaints e'er told to human ear.
Go then, the task fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
Where sickness, want, and pain are known no more!

How awful did thy lonely track appear,
Enlightening misery's benighted sphere!

As when an angel all serene goes forth
To still the raging tempest of the north,
The' embattled clouds that hid the struggling day
Slow from his face retire in dark array;
On the black waves, like promontories hung,
A light, as of the orient morn, is flung,
Till blue and level heaves the silent brine,
And the new lighted rocks at distance shine:
E'en so didst thou go forth with cheering eye—
Before thy looks the shades of misery fly;
So didst thou hush the tempest, stilling wide
Of human woe the loud lamenting tide.

Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire,
As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
But beam abroad, and cheer with lustre mild
Humanity's remotest prospects wild,
Till this frail orb shall from its sphere be hurl'd,
Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the' archangel's trump, be but as shadows past!

Relentless Time, that steals with silent tread,
Shall tear away the trophies of the dead;
Fame, on the pyramid's aspiring top,
With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
The feeble characters of Glory's hand
Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
But not with these expire the sacred flame
Of virtue, or the good man's awful name.

Howard! it matters not that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
Thy steps were led through many a distant land,

Thy long and last abode should there be found,
Where many a savage nation prowls around;
That Virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise
And, pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,
Teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
Pale on thy grave shall drop his faltering spear;
The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
New views of life and wider charities.

Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
From the cold Don, or Wolga's wandering shore,
From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
From many a dark descending cataract,
Succeeding tribes shall come, and, o'er the place
Where sleeps the general friend of human race,
Instruct their children what a debt they owe,
Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With new born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
Bent on the frontiers of the' imperial Czar
To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
If onward to those shores they haply steer
Where, Howard, thy cold dust reposes near,
Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream,
And seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
Amid the pomp of war the swelling breast
Shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,

And the relenting Pagan turn aside
To think—on yonder shore the Christian died !

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
An exile many a year and far from home,
If ever fortune thy lone footsteps leads
To the wild Nieper's banks and whispering reeds,
O'er Howard's grave thou shalt impassion'd bend,
As if to hold sad converse with a friend.
Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
There shalt thou pause; and, shutting from thy
Some vain regrets that oft unbidden start, [heart
Think upon him, to every lot resign'd,
Who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for mankind.

For me who musing, Howard, on thy fate,
These pensive strains at evening meditate,
I thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught
To mend my heart or animate my thought.
I thank thee, Howard, for that awful view
Of life which thou hast drawn, most sad, most true.
Thou art no more ! and the frail fading bloom
Of this poor offering dies upon thy tomb :
Beyond the transient sound of earthly praise
Thy virtues live, perhaps, in seraphs' lays !
I, borne in thought to the wild Nieper's wave,
Sigh to the reeds that whisper o'er thy grave.

BOWLES.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AFTER THE
FUNERAL OF THE RT. HON. C. J. FOX.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.
There sleeps the dust of him for ever gone ;
How near the scene where once his glory shone !
And, though no more ascends the voice of prayer,
Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,
Still like an awful dream that comes again,
Alas ! at best as transient and as vain,
Still do I see (while through the vaults of night
The funeral song once more proclaims the rite)
The moving pomp along the shadowy isle,
That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile ;
The' illustrious line, that in long order led,
Of those that loved him living, mourned him dead ;
Of those, the few, that for their country stood
Round him who dared be singularly good ;
All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own ;
And nothing wanting—but himself alone !

Oh say, of him now rests there but a name ;
Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame !
Friend of the absent ! guardian of the dead * !
Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed ?
(Such as he shed on Nelson's closing grave ;
How soon to claim the sympathy he gave !)

* Alluding particularly to his speech on moving a new writ
for the borough of Tavistock, March 16, 1802.

In him, resentful of another's wrong,
 The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
 Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—
 Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?

What though with war the madding nations rung,
 'Peace,' when he spoke, dwelt ever on his tongue!
 Amidst the frowns of power, the tricks of state,
 Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!
 In vain malignant vapours gather'd round;
 He walk'd erect on consecrated ground.
 The clouds that rise to quench the orb of day
 Reflect its splendour and dissolve away!

When in retreat he laid his thunder by
 For letter'd ease and calm philosophy,
 Bless'd were his hours within the silent grove,
 Where still his godlike spirit deigns to rove;
 Bless'd by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
 For many a deed long done in secret there.
 There shone his lamp on Homer's hallow'd page,
 There, listening, sat the hero and the sage;
 And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
 Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all humankind! not here alone
 (The voice, that speaks, was not to thee unknown)
 Wilt thou be miss'd.—O'er every land and sea
 Long, long shall England be revered in thee!
 And, when the storm is hush'd—in distant years—
 Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears!

ROGERS.

THE

NEGRO'S LAMENT FOR MUNGO PARK.

WHERE the wild Joliba
Rolls his deep waters
Sate at their evening toil
Afric's dark daughters ;
Where the thick mangroves
Broad shadows were flinging,
Each o'er her lone loom
Bent mournfully singing—
' Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger !

' Through the deep forest
Fierce lions are prowling ;
'Mid thickets entangling
Hyenas are howling ;
There should he wander,
Where danger lurks ever,
To his home, where the sun sets,
Return shall he never.
Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger !

' The hands of the Moor
In his wrath do they bind him ?
Oh ! sealed is his doom
If the savage Moor find him.
More fierce than hyenas,

Through darkness advancing,
 Is the curse of the Moor,
 And his eyes' fiery glancing!
 Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
 stranger!

' A voice from the desert!
 " My wilds do not hold him;
 Pale thirst doth not rack,
 Nor the sand-storm infold him.
 The death gale passed by,
 And his breath fail'd to smother,
 Yet ne'er shall he wake
 To the voice of his mother!"
 Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
 stranger!

' O loved of the Lotus
 Thy waters adorning,
 Pour, Joliba! pour
 Thy full streams to the morning!
 The halcyon may fly
 To thy wave as her pillow;
 But woe to the white man
 Who trusts in thy billow!
 Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
 stranger!

' He launch'd his light bark,
 Our fond warnings despising,
 And sail'd to the land
 Where the day beams are rising.

His wife from her bower
May look forth in her sorrow,
But he shall ne'er come
To her hope of to-morrow !
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosom'd
stranger !'

P. M. JAMES.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.
For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!
A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue :
The present hour, the future age
For them bewail, to them belong.
For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hush'd, *their* name the only sound;
While deep remembrance pours to worth
The goblet's tributary round.
A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In woe that glory cannot quell,
 And shuddering hear of victory
 Where one so dear, so dauntless fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less ?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name ?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas ! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more ;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

BYRON.

DIRGE

FOR THE MURDERED PATRIOTS OF SPAIN.

WEEP not o'er the noble brave,
 Who for Freedom perish'd ;
 Life they gladly, proudly gave
 For the cause they cherish'd !

Though their course was short, they fell
 Crown'd with brightest glory ;
 And their sacred names shall dwell
 Shrined in deathless story !

Where each hero slumbering lies,
Mortal labours ended,
Bring the warrior's, martyr's prize,
Palm and laurel blended.

Not in vain shall they expire!
Still our path illuming,
From their ashes spreads a fire
Slavery's bands consuming.

Tremble, tyrant! nods thy power!
Thou shalt sink despairing!
Yet shall dawn the fated hour,
Sternest vengeance bearing.

But where calm each hero lies,
All his labours ended,
Bring the warrior's, martyr's prize,
Palm and laurel blended.

When at length our night of woe
Shall its reign surrender,
And the sun of freedom glow,
Orbed in all its splendor,

Then shall grateful crowds, ye brave!
Patriot anthems singing,
Visit oft your hallow'd grave,
Flowers and odours bringing.

Now, where calm each hero lies,
All his labours ended,
Bring the warrior's, martyr's prize,
Palm and laurel blended.

1817.

R. A. DAVENPORT

EPICEDIUM

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

WHILE notes of triumph swell the gale,
Why sits Britannia sad and pale

In the hour of victory?

She mourns her gallant hero dead,
She weeps that matchless Nelson bled,
And pensive bows her laurel'd head,

In the hour of victory!

'O chief,' she cries, 'to Britons dear,
For thee be shed Britannia's tear

In the hour of victory!

Chief of the lion's dauntless soul,
From Egypt's shore to Norway's pole
'Twas thine to bid my thunders roll

In the hour of victory!

For thee shall spotless honour grieve,
And cypress midst his laurels weave,

In the hour of victory!

On thee shall grateful memory dwell,
And ages yet unborn shall tell
How Nelson fought, how Nelson fell

In the hour of victory!

Heir of immortal glory now,
Protector of the brave be thou

In the hour of victory!

Teach thou the valiant, good, and great
Thy high exploits to emulate,
And fearless smile like thee on fate

In the hour of victory!

DR. BUTLER.

LAMENT

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mouldering down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time!
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes along.

' Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay
Again ye'll charm the ear and ee;
But nocht in a' revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

' I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:


Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

' I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds o' dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

' And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

' Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou broughtst from fortune's mirkest gloom.

' In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
No ray of fame was to be found:



Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air;
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

' Oh! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

' The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

BURNS.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. O'NEILL.

Like a poor ghost the night I seek;
Its hollow winds repeat my sighs;
The cold dews mingle on my cheek
With tears that wander from mine eyes.

The thorns that still my couch molest
Have robb'd these heavy eyes of sleep;
But though deprived of tranquil rest,
I here at least am free to weep.

Twelve times the moon, that rises red
O'er yon tall wood of shadowy pine,
Has fill'd her orb, since low was laid,
My Harriet! that sweet form of thine!

While each sad month, as slow it pass'd,
Brought some new sorrow to deplore;
Some grief more poignant than the last,
But thou canst calm those griefs no more.

No more thy friendship soothes to rest
This wearied spirit tempest-toss'd;
The cares that weigh upon my breast
Are doubly felt since thou art lost.

Bright visions of ideal grace
That the young poet's dreams inflame
Were not more lovely than thy face,
Were not more perfect than thy frame.

Wit, that no suffering could impair,
Was thine, and thine those mental powers
Of force to chase the fiends that tear
From Fancy's hands her budding flowers.

O'er what, my angel friend, thou wert
Dejected Memory loves to mourn;
Regretting still that tender heart,
Now withering in a distant urn!

But ere that wood of shadowy pine
Twelve times shall yon full orb behold,
This sickening heart that bleeds for thine,
My Harriet!—may like thine be cold!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ELEGIAC LINES ON MRS. LEFROY.

DEEP grief is dumb; else long ago, dear shade,
To thee the mournful Muse her rites had paid:
Whelm'd with the stroke, e'en now my palsied
Struggles with feeble effort at the strain: [brain
The fountain of my former tears is dry;
And wan despair sits fix'd in either eye.

Ah! Time, that boasts to mellow down the hues
Of wild regret, and o'er her form diffuse
A soothing sadness, teaches me to know
With keener certainty my darkening woe!
At every care and every rising joy, [employ,
Each task that would my wandering thoughts
The morning ramble and the evening toil,
Through life I look'd for thy consoling smile!
But now, when'er I learning's page unroll,
And strive by studious pains to raise my soul,
Soon as in vain I seek thy cheering look, [book!
Down from my unclasping hands descends the

Forgetful of my loss, if transient fire
Impels these hands to seize the silent lyre,
To thee I bid it pour its trembling tone!—
Thou hearest not!—it breathes a dying moan;
And instantly the rising spirit's flown!
Sometimes I wake from some enchanting dream
Bright with the Muse's rainbow-tinctured beam,
Or deck'd with golden pomp, and all the show
That bold ambition's gorgeous flames bestow;
Glowing, I haste my raptures to impart,
But thou, alas! art gone; and to my heart
Cold chilling damps of hopeless anguish dart.

Loveliest of human beings, sister, friend,
Instructor, guardian, where can ever end
The praise that to thy angel worth belongs;
Worth that has e'en transcended poet's songs!

In every walk of life, beloved, adored,
How have all ranks thy hapless fate deplored!
How did thy liberal hand and melting voice
Bid the chill'd heart of Poverty rejoice!
Amid the circles of the rich and wise,
How spake the mental radiance of thine eyes!
How charm'd the wisdom of thy flowing tongue!
How from thy breast the love of angels sprung!

But while thy mortal relics slumber here,
Moisten'd by Love's, by Friendship's, Virtue's
Thy blissful spirit, O exalted saint, [tear,
Which not the mixture of earth's mould could taint,
Wanders triumphant; and the swelling lyre,
Touch'd by thy human hands with hallow'd fire,
Around the throne, where singing seraphs blaze,
Strikes in glad notes to thy Creator's praise!

SIR E. BRYDGES.

ON LAURENCE POLWHELE,

WHO DIED AN INFANT.

THROUGH the long night my cradled child
Drew quick his feeble breath,
And vainly stretch'd his quivering arms
Amidst the shades of death.

The daystar rose; the redbreast pour'd
A note to dawning day;
His spirit, ere the note expired,
Had pass'd, serene, away.

And oh ! it left in pale repose
A smile upon his cheek ;
Thus, through the still cold gloom, I view'd
The placid morning break.

Dear babe ! that warbled strain I hear
Thy pensive requiem sweet ;
As, lifting up the coffin lid,
Those features mild I meet.

And placed in either lifeless palm,
And on thy breast, the flowers
That fade so fast, and seem to say
How short thine infant hours.

But thou art spared full many a pang,
Escaped from sin and care ;
And ever shall a Saviour's love
Such sainted children share.

' Hail, with affection hail,' he cries,
' These spotless babes of Grace :
For lo ! their angels e'er behold
In heaven my father's face.'

Thither I see the seraph wings
Earth's little stranger bear—
Thee, Laurence ! child of Innocence !
Thine angel greets thee there.

REV. R. POLWHELE.

ELEGIES.

I.

By bubbling fountain, and by mossy cell,
Where haunt the nymphs, and where the Muses
dwell,

While tangled branches scarce admit the day,
And the rill murmurs o'er its pebbly way,
Shall no bright vision rise the shades among,
And bid the echoing grove repeat the song?
Wreathed round the alder and the lofty pine,
Here woodbines mix their sweets with eglantine;
The rose puts forth her bloom, the myrtle fair
Expands her flowers, nor dreads the northern air;
The gentle fairies here their sports renew,
What time the grassy bank is gemm'd with dew.
Soft is the moonlight on the balmy plain,
Soft is the breeze, and Philomela's strain;
But she for whom the fragrant myrtle blew,
For whom the rose was fresh with nightly dew,
The woodbine and the eglantine were sweet,
And the soft herbage courted fairy feet;
She for whose sake the bower was taught to grow,
The spring to gurgle, and the rill to flow,
Lies cold in death. Thy song has lost its power,
Sweet nightingale! be mute! The Muse inspires
no more!

Alas, involved in everlasting gloom,
Sleep the pale dead within the silent tomb?
Vain are those oracles which prophets old
Would oft in high mysterious song unfold?

And that fond hope the soul shall yet remain,
Does reason prompt, and Heaven command in vain?

Oh, by our loves, whose pure and constant flame,
If death prevail not, still must burn the same!
The years on wings of pleasure taught to fly!
Affection's smile, and rapture's glowing sigh!
By those dear pledges, by that lovely train,
Which yet unconscious of their loss remain;
And while their smiles impart a short relief,
Inquire for thee, and bid me wake to grief!
Oh, if thou livest, in all thy beauty rise,
Pure once on earth, now purer in the skies!
Come, with that winning grace, a nameless spell
Which poets feel, but which no verse can tell!
Upon thy cheek let opening roses bloom,
Thy voice be music, and thy breath perfume;
While conscious smiles thy glowing lips adorn,
And from thine eyes beams soft the rising morn!
Once more—Oh, give me those soft eyes to see,
And Love their gentle radiance bend on me!

Vain fruitless wish! Inexorable fate
Has fix'd the bounds of man's imperfect state;
To empyrean climes the spirit flies
Beyond our feeble day and grosser skies:
Nor to our frail and erring sense is given
To view the bless'd inhabitants of heaven.

Swift fly the years, the hours, the minutes fly,
Which ope the blazing portals of the sky!
We see the limits of the world below;
That awful passage to the next we know.
All else is wrapp'd in darkness and in night,
Or hid beneath insufferable light.
Escaped, at length, upon that happy shore
Shall friends and lovers greet, the tempest o'er?

Or shall the soul, from mortal shackles free,
 Rise o'er the spheres, and mix with Deity?
 Oh weakness, from which reason turns aside!
 Oh false philosophy and daring pride!
 Reptiles of earth, before the' eternal throne,
 We question him who lives and reigns alone!
 Down, down, my swelling heart! be still resign'd!
 Firm be my faith, and firm my grateful mind!
 With God is peace and joy and love and rest;
 And he who made us, made us to be bless'd.

 II.

Flow, gentle stream, upon whose flowery shore
 Soft music breathes and fairies haunt no more!
 Flow, gentle stream, thy lingering waters move
 No more delighted through the bowers of Love.
 No roses now thy mournful banks adorn,
 Nor violet scents for thee the breeze of morn!
 Flow, gentle stream, with rapid current flow,
 Ere thy soft echoes learn the notes of woe:
 Ere falling tears thy lucid breast profane,
 And send thy wave polluted to the main!

Here the dark yew her baneful shade extends,
 The cypress in funereal pomp ascends,
 And willows o'er the consecrated urn
 Spread their pale arms and, drooping, seem to
 mourn.

Night fills the place with terror and with gloom,
 And lurid spectres burst the marble tomb.
 The ancient lords of yon embattled tower*,
 Hovering amidst the relics of their power,

* The tower at Ekton.

With wrathful gesture and deep groans, deplore
Their glory vanish'd, and their race no more!
Not so sad * Mary's injured form appears:
In death still lovely, shining still in tears,
She mourns the beauty Nature gave in vain,
And kingdoms lost to drag a galling chain.
Yet nothing humbled, in her grief a queen,
A generous calm upon her brow is seen;
With spirit unsubdued she meets her fate,
And rises greater from her rival's hate;
That haughty rival, whose relentless mind
Nor pity touch'd nor faith had power to bind.

Come, royal Mary, fair and gentle shade!
Ne'er shall my verse a soul so soft upbraid.
Compassion, shedding drops of kindly dew,
Shall with her veil thy failings hide from view;
Nor Darnley's wrongs nor Bothwell's love appear,
Thy softness and thy fate alone remember'd here.
Oh, come, thy woe with equal woe combine,
And mix thy sighs, and mix thy tears with mine;
Amidst my tears shalt thou lamented be;
Amidst my sighs a sigh shall burst for thee.
Thou too with me in sorrow bear a part,
Thou too deplore the mistress of my heart.
I ask no soothing balm, no soft relief
But this, the sad society of Grief.
Is there not grief, which no oblivion knows,
But still looks back with pain, nor can in Death
repose?

This cavern be my roof, this stone my bed:
Welcome, ye spirits of the mournful dead!
Here while I musing sit will Fancy call
No brighter visions from her airy hall?

* The scene is in view of Fotheringay.

Fix'd on the dear idea let me dwell
 Of her so lately lost, and loved so well.
 Recall the' impassion'd look, the tender name,
 The fond expressions of our mutual flame,
 The glow of rapture and the yielding smile,
 Till fond illusion every sense beguile,
 My soul on Hope's ecstatic pinion rise
 And pierce the' eternal barrier of the skies,
 Faith be my guide along the starry way
 Till Mercy bids unfold the gates of day.
 Lo! the bright mansions of the world unknown!
 The blaze of glory! and the sovran throne!
 The harmonies of heaven give forth their voice,
 Stars shout to stars, and worlds with worlds rejoice!
 The' immortal choir, the hymn of praise I hear!
 The cherubim and seraphim appear!
 And that fair spirit, led by constant truth,
 Bright in the bloom of heaven's eternal youth?
 My wife, my best beloved, they lead along,
 And ring their harps and peal the nuptial song!
 Visions of joy still hover o'er my head,
 No longer bitter are the tears I shed,
 No tear, no grief pollutes the realms above,
 There all who mourn have rest, and there still
 triumphs love.

THE EARL OF CARYSPORT.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

FROM learned solitudes where Science reigns
 With undivided sway o'er Granta's plains;
 From cloisters echoing with no vulgar noise,
 But vocal only to the Muse's voice;

VOL. IV.

M M

Say, should the murmur of a sigh arise?
Should tears e'er glisten in a student's eyes?
Can study ease the soul to grief a prey,
Books soothe the mind and charm our woes away?
Can they recall the peace for ever fled,
Or calm my sorrows for a sister dead?
Ah no! in vain I read, in vain peruse
What Plato taught, or woo the Mantuan Muse:
At every pause my Mary's form appears,
Awakes my memory, and renews my tears.

My books I quit, and seek the lonely shades
Where elms majestic rear their leafy heads;
Where Gothic domes and halls old Camus laves,
And shows the classic temples in his waves.
Even there that voice which wont to charm my ear,
Borne in soft murmurs through the evening air,
Seems sweetest music midst the waving trees,
Then, lost in sighs, expires upon the breeze:
In each lone walk my Mary's form appears,
Awakes my memory, and renews my tears.

Now to my couch in vain for rest I fly,
No rest awaits, though slumbers close my eye.
Maria comes, the same in form and face,
Those eyes of jet, those dimples rich with grace;
I fondly gaze o'er all the well known charms,
And snatch my lost Maria to my arms:
My eager transports burst the happy sleep,
I wake, to find 'twas but a dream, and weep.

Oh! ye who round a parent's marble mourn
'That virtuous age has reached the mortal bourn,'
Vain are your tears, those griefs unjust assuage,
Age follows youth, and death succeeds to age.
When spring's gay hours, when summer's joys are
pass'd,
The grave's chill winter then must come at last.

But when the budding rose of youth displays
The golden promise of a length of days,
Who but must weep to view the faded flower
Cropp'd ere its prime, and in its springtide hour?
Who but must weep that youth and early bloom
Should fail to save a beauty from the tomb?

Where is that kindred soul by Heaven decreed*
With her alone to live, with her to bleed;
Who, if our prayers could Mary's fate prolong,
With her had pass'd the maze of life along?
Perhaps, unconscious of those tender ties,
And her who calls him early to the skies,
Perhaps e'en now his spirit flits away
To join his Mary in the realms of day:
Or far away on angel pinions borne,
In regions fairer than the poet's morn,
Through heaven's bright worlds they wing their
happy flight,
And wandering sail on floods of purest light.

Bless'd maid! though now, where seraphs sweep
the string,
Where heavenly choirs to heavenly harpings sing,
Though hymns divine salute thy ravish'd ears,
Awake to all the music of the spheres,
Yet, ah! attend, a voice of tuneful woe
Ascends in murmurs from the world below;
Like Abel's incense, now it dares to rise,
Pass through the clouds and steal into the skies.
If sighs may there be heard, if tears may flow,
If angels e'er can taste a moment's woe,
My sorrows hear, and with a sigh approve
This last sad tribute of a brother's love.

HOBHOUSE.

* In allusion to Dr. Watts's beautiful theory of united souls.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!
Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor hears nor heeds distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

BYRON.

DIRGE.

Low beneath that turf there sleeps
Beauty's choicest treasure:
Love, in anguish, o'er her weeps
Vanish'd dreams of pleasure.
Scatter oft, ye maidens, there
Buds of dewy roses:
Sweeter than those buds the fair
Who now in death reposes.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1738.

WRAPP'D in a sable cloud the morn appears,
 And every object sorrow's livery wears;
 Slow move the leaden hours, my labouring breast
 Struggles beneath a weight of grief oppress'd;
 The swelling sighs burst forth, tears gushing flow,
 While all within is anarchy of woe.

The sprightly lay and social converse wound
 My tortured ear with an ungrateful sound;
 Nor cheers the dance my unregarding eye,
 Flown is its grace and wonted harmony;
 Music essays enchanting notes in vain,
 While sorrows mingle with the soothing strain;
 Sink deeper to the heart, and melting move
 The kindred powers of pity and of love.
 For she is now no more to whom belong
 The dance, the lay, the converse, and the song;
 Where every love with every grace was join'd,
 And sovereign reason with free mirth combined.

But lo! Death folds her in his icy arms,
 And clothes in awful horrors all her charms,
 O'er the dim eye eternal slumber sheds,
 The clay-cold cheek with ghastly pale o'erspreads,
 Steals from the livid lip its fragrant bloom,
 Too early sunk within a dreary tomb!

Ah! fruitless love! and will you then pursue
 An object lost for ever to my view?
 Lost thou shalt never be, immortal fair!
 My mind shall still the dear idea bear;
 There shalt thou present be, there ever live,
 And there the fulness of my heart receive.

In melancholy raptures will I trace
Thy every charm and each transporting grace;
My faithful memory shall pass'd days renew,
Those happy moments that I pass'd with you;
So shall each little circumstance be there,
And each reflection shall draw forth a tear.

Ah! now I may, without offence, proclaim
A faithful, generous, and most secret flame,
Which burn'd like those sepulchral lamps that
The silent mansions of eternal night. [light

EARL NUGENT.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

TALK not of bliss below—Look round the ball!
'Tis false, and vain!—'tis fading, fleeting all!
Lull'd in Security's illusive sleep,
We dream of pleasures, and then wake to weep.
Yet new delusions charm the cheated breast,
And Hope persuades us we may still be bless'd.
In fair succession to our eager eyes
She bids Elysian scenes of beauty rise,
By Fancy robed in glaring colours gay,
Serene, and beaming with unclouded day;
But foe to every joy of humankind,
Pale Disappointment stalks conceal'd behind;
O'er the bright scene she casts a sudden gloom,
Fades all its glories—withers all its bloom;
The frighted Pleasures fly—succeeds the train
Of Care and pining Grief and agonizing Pain.

Yes! they are fled—with fair Amanda fled!
 Lost in the dreary mansions of the dead!
 O, bless'd with all that could delight or move,
 Whose soul was sweetness, and whose looks were
 love!

With all that's noble, all that's tender fraught,
 The woman's softness, and the sage's thought,
 The saint's humility, the hero's fire,
 Beauty that raised, and awe that quench'd desire;
 Hate, anger, envy were to her unknown;
 She praised all worth, unconscious of her own;
 Such was the form of piety she wore,
 As saints enraptured in their heaven adore;
 Sublime to strike, and pleasing to engage,
 Strict without rigour, zealous without rage;
 Source of each generous aim, each thought refined,
 And warm with love to God and humankind:
 Were all her listed votaries like her,
 Villains would blush, and infidels revere.
 Ah! thou hadst lived—could Virtue Death disarm,
 Could sweetness soften, or could beauty charm!
 In vain thy parents saw with kindling eyes
 Fair and more fair thy growing graces rise:
 Just as thy charms reveal'd their blushing bloom,
 Just as thy virtues shed their full perfume,
 Touch'd by some blighting wind, or blasting ray,
 Shrunk the gay flower, and droop'd and died away!
 And what remains—but unavailing woe,
 Sighs that still heave, and tears that ever flow,
 And fond remembrance that augments the smart,
 And all the thousand pangs that rend a parent's
 heart!

O Resignation! Faith's soft soothing child!
Come with thy words, thy looks divinely mild!

Woe's wild emotions lull to gentle rest;
Pour holy balm into the bleeding breast;
Be every passion, every murmur still,
And bend the struggling soul to Heaven's high will.

Ye thoughtless youth! ye flaunting fluttering
fair!

One moment from the chase of pleasure spare.
Ye that with Vanity's light baubles play,
And trip secure in Folly's flowery way,
Think how precarious is your boasted bloom!
Even while you laugh you totter o'er the tomb.
Soon from the cheek may fade the rosy dye,
The lip, love-whispering, wan and silent lie,
Cold the warm breast that beat with gay desire,
And quench'd the sparkling eye's ethereal fire.

Heaven-born Religion! thine alone's the power
With cheering ray to gild the gloomy hour,
Soften the sigh, perfume the parting breath,
And triumph in disease and smile in death.

No sweeter accents poet ever sung
Than those that flowed from her dear dying tongue;
It seem'd a sudden inspiration given;
O, then, she talk'd, she look'd, she breathed of
heaven!

And, in full prospect of the realms of light,
Seem'd half an angel ere she wing'd her flight!

Now from her radiant bower she looks below
On these sad scenes of vanity and woe;
As the tired storm-vex'd sailor, safe on land,
Eyes the rough ocean from the tranquil strand,
And, while the foaming billows beat the shore,
Enjoys the danger that he fear'd before.

Bless'd saint! to memory for ever dear!
What rightful honours shall adorn thy bier?

What last sad gift shall friendship's hand bestow?
 Not the stiff pageantry of pompous woe,
 The stately marble or the mimic bust,
 Vain arts of pride to dignify the dust!
 No—ever loved, revered, lamented maid!
 Be to thy worth a nobler tribute paid,
 Of every virtuous breast the generous sigh,
 The tender tear of every melting eye!
 To thy cold grave let weeping virgins come,
 And strew with transitory flowers the tomb,
 Faint emblems of thy fair, but ah! too fading bloom.
 With pensive look peruse the letter'd stone,
 And from thy virtues learn to form their own;
 Inspired by thy example, aim to be
 Meek, pious, wise, benevolent like thee!

REV. H. MOORE.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—*Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff.*

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports pass'd;

Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar

Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but the impression deeper makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy blissful place of rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED :

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER LOVER IN
THE WARS.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art

To warm and win the coldest heart,

In secret mine possess'd:

The morning bud that fairest blows,

The vernal oak that straightest grows,

His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere?

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall,
For, ah! no sighs the past recall;
No cries awake the dead!

MALLET.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR to my soul, oh early lost!
Affection's arm was weak to save,
And Friendship's pride and Virtue's boast
Have sunk to an untimely grave.

Closed, ever closed those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone!
And silent that heart-thrilling voice
Which Music loved and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold
Where Feeling's vestal splendours glow'd;
And crumbling down to common mould
That heart where love and truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,
Which doubt dispell'd and kindness won;
Yet the soft diffidence that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all!—forbear, my heart,
These unavailing throbs restrain;
Destruction has perform'd his part,
And Death proclaims thy pangs are vain.

Vain though they be, this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface;
And still with bitter pleasure dwell
On every virtue, every grace,
For ever lost! I vainly deem'd
That Heaven my early friend would spare;
And darker as the prospect seem'd,
The more I struggled with despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
Unbidden rose,—and spoke more true—
She still shall live—the' unfolding year
Shall banish pain, and health renew.

She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening rose's breath;
To watchful Love Disease shall yield,
And Friendship ward the shafts of Death.

Alas! before the violet bloom'd,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Too certain Fate my hopes consumed,
And she was number'd with the dead.

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give—
She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While Folly, Falsehood, Baseness live!

Long in their vileness live secure
The noxious weed and wounding thorn ;
While snatch'd by violence, ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Flower worthy heaven ! and heaven alone,
Thee, good and pure, deserved to share—
On earth a stranger, only shown
To teach what angel natures are.

Yet who shall blame the heart that feels
When Heaven resumes the good it gave?
Yet, who shall scorn the tear that steals
From Friendship's eye at Virtue's grave?

Friend, parent, sister, tenderest names,
May I, as pale at Memory's shrine
Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach, unblamed, and mingle mine?

Long on the joys of vanish'd years
The glance of sadness shall be cast;
Long, long the' emphatic speech of tears
Shall mourn their bloom for ever pass'd.

And thou ! who from the orient day
Return'st, with Hope's gay dreams elate ;
Falsely secure, and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of Fate,

What waits thee ? not the' approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care ;
Not the fond glance, o'erpaying toil—
But cold and comfortless Despair.

Despair ! I see the phantom rove
By Cart's green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet maiden ! to thy tomb
My soul in sadness oft shall stray ;
More dear to me the hallow'd gloom
Than Life's broad glare or Fortune's day.

And oft, as Fancy points thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lonely bed,
The secret sigh shall rise—the tear
That shuns observance shall be shed.

Nor shall the thought of thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till memory perish—till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

GREENSHIELDS.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S——.

(*Mrs. S——'s Spirit is supposed to speak.*)

WHY throbs the heart with unavailing woe?
Why do those tears of fruitless sorrow flow ?
Ah ! check the soft emotion—cease the sigh !
Would too fond friendship call me from the sky ?
Unfetter'd from the flesh, enlarged, refined,
Here with full freedom roves the raptur'd mind,
Of kindred spirits joins the friendly choir,
Glow with their warmth, and breathes their pure
 desire ;
Here endless rills of sacred pleasure roll ;
All perfect beauty charms the' ecstatic soul,
And living splendours from the' eternal throne
Pour the full tide of bliss and glory down.

Say, would you wish me, lost to joys like these,
 In a frail body tortured by disease,
 Where Death and Nature held perpetual strife,
 To drag along the tedious load of life!
 Nor think too soon my little race was run,
 The end's accomplish'd, since the prize is won.

Now freed from earthly vanities and cares,
 Escaped a thousand ills, a thousand snares,
 Rejoiced to find life's weary voyage o'er,
 Complete my transport, can I wish for more?
 Yes—one fond thought—upon this blissful plain,
 Their duty done, to meet my friends again! ●
 To see them shine in angel glories dress'd,
 And hail their safe arrival to their rest.
 Where love again our longing souls shall join,
 Love pure, exalted, deathless, and divine?
 The shipwreck'd sailor thus, when safe on shore,
 Fears the rough rocks and raging surge no more;
 Yet mindful of his mates he left behind,
 Still toss'd and struggling with the waves and
 wind,

With looks of pity eyes them from the strand,
 And longs to hail them welcome to the land.

Though in the tomb our early passions lie,
 The flames of virtuous friendship never die,
 But in the happy realms of love and light
 With keener ardour burn and shine more bright.
 Soft Pity dwells in every heavenly breast,
 And moves the melting heart, nor violates their rest.
 With sweet dissolving tenderness, e'en here,
 I see the husband's, parent's, sister's tear!
 Those smiling infants, late my darling care,
 Thrill through my soul and wake the mother
there.

O may propitious Heaven their steps attend,
His wisdom guide them, and his grace defend!
May sphere-born Piety their breasts inspire,
Fill with her joys, and warm with all her fire,
Till pleased I see their ripen'd virtues rise
To join the' eternal rapture in the skies!

REV. H. MOORE.

LAURA.

● AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

IN this fair season*, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, 'Here Mirth and Beauty
reign.'

But me, for ever bathed in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble and the flowers that bloom
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smiled,
A joyless desert and a dreary wild:—
For those dear eyes that pierced my heart before
Are closed in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.
Ah, death! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower†
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;

* *Imitations.*—Petrarch, Sonnet 270.

† Sonnet 243.

Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
 All my soul loved and all the world held dear;
 Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
 Soft-eyed benevolence, and white-robed truth.

Hard fate of man *, on whom the heavens bestow
 A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
 Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consumed,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:
 But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
 Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!

Not far removed †, yet hid from distant eyes,
 Low in her secret grot a naiad lies.
 Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
 Form her rude diadem and native throne:
 There, in a gloomy cave, her waters sleep,
 Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
 Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
 And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;
 Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
 The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
 Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
 And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
 From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
 Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
 Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
 The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;—

* Sonnet 230.

† See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulières.

From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride,
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First, on these banks (ah, dream of short delight!)

The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I loved, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she moved, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhaled the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the
The rising flowers impurpled every dale; [gale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
A universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in death's cold arms entranced she lay,
(Ah, ever dear *, yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew:
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze! to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay—
'Say,† envied earth! that dost those charms infold,
Where are those cheeks, and where those locks
of gold?

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the 6th of April in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

† Sonnet 260, and 259.

Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung,
Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting
tongue?

Ye radiant tresses! and thou, nectar'd smile!
Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile!
You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep:
You taught me how to love, and how to weep.
No shrub* o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortured breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush† of dawn and in the gloom of night
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
Flows‡ the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow;
Or pants the zephyr on the waving bough;
Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues;
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird that hails the rising morn;
—My Laura's voice, in many a soothing note,
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:
 'Why fill thy sighs (she says) this lonely bower?
Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
Complain no more: but hope ere long to meet
Thy much loved Laura in a happier seat.
Here, fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
And revel in eternal blaze of light;

* Sonnet 248.

† Sonnet 241.

‡ Sonnet 239.

See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears :
Death waked my soul, that slept in life before,
And oped these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more.'

She ends: the Fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

'Return, sweet shade! (I wake, and fondly say)
O, cheer my gloom with one far beaming ray!

Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;

Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
And bound enraptured through her native sky.'

She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return:
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.

Ye banks *, that oft my weary limbs have borne,
Ye murmuring brooks, that learn'd of me to mourn;

Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;

Ye groves, where love once taught my steps to
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew [stray;

Your strains melodious and your blooming hue:

But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,

My heart the haunt of never ceasing pain!

Henceforth,—to sing in smoothly warbled lays

The smiles of youth and beauty's heavenly rays;

To see † the morn her early charms unfold,

Her cheeks of roses and her curls of gold;

Led by ‡ the sacred Muse, at noon to rove

O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;

To watch the stars that gild the lucid pole,

And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;

To hear the tender nightingale complain,

And warble to the woods her amorous strain:—

* Sonnet 261.

† Sonnet 251.

‡ Sonnet 272.

No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.

Nymphs * who in glimmering glades by moon-
light dance,

And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
Who oft have heard my sadly pleasing moan;
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.

Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds! fold me round; and, gather'd darkness!
rise;

Bear me, ye gales! in death's soft slumber laid;
And, ye bright realms! receive my fleeting shade.

SIR W. JONES.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

At midnight hour why gleams with sullen sweep

Thy visionary form across my mind,

To scare me from the soft embrace of sleep,

And chill me, waking, with thy frown unkind?

Comest thou severe my tardiness to chide,

With stern reproach for many a trifling song?

Methinks I hear thee say, 'If thou hadst died,

I had not left thee thus unwept so long!

Forgive, dear shade, if twelve long moons are fled

Since to the earth thy dear remains we gave,

(Though witness Heaven how much my heart has
bled!)

Nor yet my pious Muse has dress'd thy grave.

* Sonnet 263.

While lighter sorrow prompts the' impassion'd
strain,

Severer, all the powers of fancy stints; [rain,
The flower, that drown'd would die beneath the
Drinks the thin dew, and spreads its brighter
tints.

And how could I insult thee with a lyre
Whose strings had not forgotten yet the lays
Which love and youth united to inspire, [days:
When health and pleasure frolic'd through our

By many an agonizing groan betray'd,
By many a suffocating sigh confess'd
(Thy rites not unremember'd, though unpaid),
Thy memory long was buried in my breast.

But now my breast gives up its dead to rise,
And pierce, new-born, through grief's sur-
rounding gloom,
As thy own dust when summon'd to the skies,
Awaked, shall spring exulting from the tomb.

Pain's recent sting, beyond endurance keen,
Sheath'd in the balm of years, forgets to rage,
And grief's stern form, through time's soft amber
To melancholy mellow'd, may engage. [seen,

Then, Recollection, all the scene recall,
And bid each kind endearment to return
Which link'd our hearts, for I can bear them all,
In grief ecstatic while I clasp thy urn.

Recall the music of the early horn,
The tale well form'd our wanderings to deceive,
When rosy exercise awaked the morn,
Or social converse led us out at eve.

The spot revisit where our youth was spent,
Where joys were for maturer years prepared ;
Where I had wish'd to live and die content,
To share those pleasures had thy life been spared.

There, in each hill, each valley, and each tree
That rises frequent on my sad review,
Never to fade, I mark each fair degree
By which our friendship to perfection grew.

Their shadowy arms where yon twin beeches throw,
Oft hast thou caught thy favourite Homer's rage,
As oft exchanged it for the temperate glow,
The milder rapture of the Mantuan sage.

There, fired by thee, I first essay'd to sing,
My earliest strain is dated from that shade,
And there, temptation to retouch the string,
The simple verse thy candid smiles o'erpaid.

Oft have we plann'd the pine's umbrageous rows,
Where opens to the wind yon naked plain,
And many an oak to Fancy's eye arose,
The future shelter of the Dryad train.

In ooze obscure, where yonder Naiad sleeps,
Or in the covert of the hazle shade,
Where, scarce awake, ingloriously she creeps,
We plann'd the torrent fall of the cascade.

Twined liked our hearts, where yonder boughs
unite,
With care we trimm'd the arch of the alcove,
A shade devoted to the pure delight
Of noblest friendship, and the chastest love.

It falls—for, ah! what hand will now supply
The culture to mature this fair retreat?
No more, alas! beneath the mutual eye,
The meditated scenes shall rise complete.

Hills, vales, and groves! ye but retain a name!
Scenes once beloved, ye boast no charms for me!
So joyless now, say, are they still the same,
Or did they borrow all their charms from thee?

'Twas not that other vales were not so fair;
'Twas not that other streams less clear were
found;
'Twas not that richer sweets perfumed the air;
Thy presence only made it fairy ground.

Friendship like thine, to Zembla's waste of snow
Could all the beauties of the south impart—
No sickly shoot! in any clime would grow
The vigorous native of thy Roman heart.

Yet was it here, of such excelling price,
A hoard thy philosophic bosom glean'd,
And was it here, untainted with its vice,
Thy young affections from the world were wean'd!

Here still some inspiration may remain,
Thy spirit here may loiter for my sake;
And every object yet enough retain
To keep thy fair example still awake.

Each wonted scene then constant I'll frequent,
And leave each giddy vain pursuit behind;
Delightful solitude, if thou be lent
In heavenly visions whispering to my mind!

The stinted portion of this world's renown
Teach me from conscious virtue to supply ;
Teach me alike on Fortune's smile or frown
To turn, with resignation in my eye.

By trust in Heaven each anxious wish composed,
Teach me thy life, from thankless murmurs free ;
And on the bosom of my God reposed,
Teach me to smile away my life like thee.

What though thy genius led thee to admire
The silent joys which charm the good and wise,
And bade thee in the prime of youth retire,
And pomp and vain applauses to despise ;

Yet not austere, nor of the cynic band,
Thine was the feast of soul, from crowds apart ;
Far as thy fortunes stretch'd thy bounteous hand,
Wide as the' extended world thy ample heart.

The flower, Spring's daughter, fed with heaven's
best dews,
And woo'd by zephyrs which unfold her dyes,
Thus, far from man's worn path, her perfume strews,
Thus breathes her secret incense to the skies.

What though, my friend, unhonour'd be thy tomb,
No pious verse nor living marble there ;
Well mayst thou, favour'd with no vulgar doom,
The pride of epitaph and sculpture spare.

Yes, while, maturing for their second birth,
Thine atoms rest beneath the' unnoticed clod,
The Muse shall point to man the hallow'd earth,
The Virtues lift it to the care of God.

R. FENTON.

THE WIDOWER.

IN THE OLD BALLAD STRAIN.

FROM the dwelling of the widower there breathed
a hollow moan, [was alone:
To some one he seem'd talking, when I knew he
I listen'd at the lattice of the chamber where he
lay, [him say—
And, mid deep sobs of anguish, I plainly heard
'Thou livest in my bosom, love! though thou from
earth hast fled, [head.'
And on thy widow'd pillow shall no other lay her
Then sighs, that seem'd to rive his heart, his
utterance quite drown'd,
And on his knees, with vehemence, he dropp'd
upon the ground— [misery to bear;
'Oh, give me strength, great God! (he cried) this
Or, with the angel I have lost, take, take me to
your care: [presence fled,
For she within my bosom lives, though from my
And on her widow'd pillow shall no other lay her
head.

'When I retire to sleepless rest, I go with thril-
ling fears, [with tears;
When weary I arise from bed, my eyes are dim
I think of her whose faithful love my blessing was
and pride, [safety by my side;
Who day and night, for twice ten years, seem'd
And still within my bosom lives, though from my
dwelling fled, [head.
Nor on her widow'd pillow shall another lay her

‘ Ah! must not such lost treasure to memory be
 dear, [can cheer?
 When e’en the place that held it is all that now
 ’Tis sorrow’s soothing nourishment to feed on
 pleasures pass’d, [shall last:
 ’Tis true affection’s covenant to live while life
 So live thou in my bosom, love! though thou to
 heaven art fled, [head.
 For on thy widow’d pillow I alone will lay my

T. PARK.

THE WIDOW *.

AH! who is she that sits and weeps,
 And gazes on the narrow mound?—
 In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
 Her heart lies with him in the ground;
 She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
 Plucks the frail flowers that gaily bloom,
 And casts them, as they fade away,
 In garlands on its father’s tomb:
 —Unconscious where its father lies,
 ‘ Sweets to the sweet!’ the prattler cries:
 Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o’erflow
 With all a mother’s love, and all a widow’s woe.
 Again she turns away her head,
 Nor marks her infant’s sportive air,
 Its cherub cheeks all rosy red,
 Its sweet blue eyes and yellow hair:
 Silent she turns away her head,
 Nor dare behold that happy face
 Where smile the features of the dead
 In lineaments of fairy grace:

* Written at the request of a lady, who furnished several of the lines and many of the thoughts.

In which at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;
Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's woe.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the lime trees rustling near
The scatter'd leaves around her fall:
O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind
To watch the clouds of autumn roll
And listen to the evening wind;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments pass'd
She sees, she hears;—ah! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with a mother's love, but with a widow's woe.

The peasant dreads the driving storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Views the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye,
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the gravestone's dreary shade,
Where all its father's wishes sleep,
And all its mother's hopes are laid;
Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy,
'O God!' he sighs, 'when I am thus laid low,
Must my poor partner feel a widow'd mother's woe!'

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild;
The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her weeping child:

She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone!
He marks the wandering of her mind,
And musing on his happier lot
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot.
He meets his wife;—ah! then his eyes o'erflow;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's woe!

The storm retires;—and hark! the bird,
The lonely bird of autumn's reign,
From yonder waving elm is heard;—
O what a wild and simple strain!
See the delighted mourner start
While robin redbreast's evening song
Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
And soothes her as it trills along:
Then gleams her eye; her fancy hears
The warbled music of the spheres;
She clasps her babe; she feels her bosom glow,
And in the mother's love forgets the widow's woe.

Go to thine home, forsaken fair!
Go to thy solitary home:
Thou lovely pilgrim! in despair
To thy saint's shrine no longer roam;
He rests not here;—thy soul's delight
Attends where'er thy footsteps tread;
He watches in the depths of night,
A guardian angel round thy bed,
And still a father, fondly kind,
Loves the dear pledge he left behind;
Behold that pledge!—then cease thy tears to flow,
And in the mother's love forget the widow's woe.

MONTGOMERY.

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

FROM bubbling streams, or springs that rise
In mountain grot or willowy vale,
Bring water, while I close these eyes,
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove and shadowy glen,
Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields
Bring every flower that nature yields;
And scatter every breathing sweet
On loved Maria's windingsheet.

Bless'd spirit, newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
Beloved and watch'd and wept in vain!
A moment more thy flight suspend.
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the silver spring
I wash thy limbs, I spread thy bier;
And lay thee down with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white
To slumber through thy weary night.

Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence no more
Thy fond, fond mother shall rejoice:
Thy little dreams of joy are o'er.
Of all the graces of thy mind
No token wilt thou leave behind:
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast a mother's pain,
A mossy grave, an humble stone,
To tell thy years and name unknown.

W. CAY

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SWEET maid, I hear thy frequent sigh,
And mourn to see thy languid eye;
For well I know those symptoms prove
Thy heart a prey to secret love.
But though so hard a fate be thine,
Think not thy grief can equal mine.
Hope may thy vanish'd bloom restore;
I sigh for him who lives no more!

The youth for whom thy bosom sighs
Shall oft delight thy conscious eyes;
And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
Shall Friendship's soothing tone repeat:
But he for whom my cheek is pale,
For whom my health and spirits fail,
Nought to my eyes can e'er restore,
And I shall hear his voice no more.

Thou, in existence, still canst find
A charm to captivate thy mind,
To make the morning ray delight,
And gild the gloomy brow of night!
But Nature's charms to me are fled!
I nought behold but Henry dead!
What can my love of life restore?
I sigh for him who lives no more!

MRS. OPIE.

ELLEN.

FIRSTBORN of night, that o'er the western heaven
Slow movest in radiant silence to thy rest!
What sad emotion, mid the smiling even,
Thy bright-beam'd circlet pours upon my breast!
'Tis not, fair star! that shedding aught of woe,
Thy ray can touch the spring of mortal tear,
But that, in happier days, pass'd long ago,
When yon dark hill received thy bright career,
True to the promised hour, my Ellen met me here!

Ye spires, where soothing tolls the vesper bell,
To wearied hamlets welcome sound of peace,
To me your tones seem Hope's departing knell,
Vibrating slowly on the sullen breeze!
Yes—peace to quiet minds the murmurs yield—
To mine, no more! For near this shadowy grove,
When silent evening heard yon signal peal'd,
Light o'er the lonely glade she dared to move,
And Ellen's lips met mine, the first warm kiss of love!

Speed not, fair star! to thine accustom'd hill!
Your varying melody, ye spires, give o'er!
Those rays no more mine eyes with rapture fill—
Those tones can bid my heart to throb no more!
For to a distant land, condemn'd to mourn
A parent's ruin'd fortune, Ellen flies!—
She fled, alas!—but never to return!—
And other peals are heard and stars arise
O'er the unnoticed grave where gentle Ellen lies!

B. F.

LUCY'S GIFT.

' I CHECK'D my sighs,' Antonio cried,
At noon reclined the stream beside ;
' A lighter heart my bosom knew,
When last I bade my love adieu !

' For she with soften'd smile declared
A gift for me that she prepared,
And, ere the closing week should end,
She vow'd the promised gift to send.

' I mark'd the evening leave the skies,
The night retire, the sun arise,
And pleased I cried—a joyless day,
A tedious night are worn away !

' Less dull, though sadden'd, was the morn,
Cheerless the day, though less forlorn ;
At night, with heart consoled, I thought
That Lucy's gift to-morrow brought.

' Morn, noon, and evening circled round,
But I no gift from Lucy found ;
Another day my hopes deceived,
No gift from Lucy was received.

' Rise ! loitering sun, and let me see
The gift that Lucy sends to me ;
He rose, and tinged the western main,
For Lucy's gift I look'd in vain.

' Cease, tuneful lark, at morn I cried,
Thy matin song will Lucy chide ;
Another day—ah ! thoughtless maid !
Why Lucy is thy gift delay'd ?

‘ Soothe, nightingale, with plaintive strain,
At eve, I cried, a lover’s pain,
How long must thus my hopes attend?
She means not sure the gift to send !

‘ Another day, another night,
No gift received—the changeful light
Of Cynthia fair I sigh’d to view,
For love I found was changeful too.

‘ But yesterday, these willows near,
I mourn’d a fondness too sincere ;
No gift was come to tell my mind
That Lucy’s heart was not unkind.

‘ And now beneath the noontide beam,
Again I watch the passing stream ;
So passes love, I well may cry—
In vain for Lucy’s gift I sigh.’

Cease, hapless youth ! nor let thy tongue
On Lucy’s faith this charge prolong :
Nor thoughtless nor unkind the maid
That has so long her gift delay’d.

Who ever shall the truth impart,
Or tell thy fond, thy breaking heart
That cold and lifeless is the maid
That has so long her gift delay’d.

SMYTH,

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary’s death
We walk’d by Grassmere shore ;
‘ Sweet Lake !’ she said, with faltering breath,
‘ I ne’er shall see thee more !’

Then, turning round her languid head,
 She look'd me in the face;
 And whisper'd, ' When thy friend is dead
 Remember this lone place.'

Vainly I struggled at a smile,
 That did my fears betray;
 It seem'd that on our darling isle
 Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
 None now behold the maid;
 Amid the tears of age and youth
 She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween were pass'd,
 Ere ceased her funeral knell;
 But to the spot I went at last
 Where she had breathed ' farewell !'

Methought I saw the phantom stand
 Beside the peaceful wave;
 I felt the pressure of her hand—
 Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky
 The quiet churchyard lay:
 The tall pine grove most solemnly
 Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
 Their music wild and sweet,
 And, as she wish'd on her death bed,
 Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence
 Of wild flowers shed their breath,
 Smiling like infant innocence
 Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain brook
At eve we wont to bring,
When every little mossy nook
Betray'd returning spring.

Oft had I fix'd the simple wreath
Upon her virgin breast;
But now such flowers as form'd it breathe
Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,
As the hush'd air was calm;
The natural tears that slowly stole,
Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seem'd so thick and dull
For months unto my eye,
Ah me! how bright and beautiful
It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss
From purest ether came;
Mid such a heavenly scene as this
Death is an empty name!

The memory of the pass'd return'd
Like music to my heart,—
It seem'd that causelessly I mourn'd,
When we were told to part.

' God's mercy, to myself I said,
To both our souls is given—
To me, sojourning on earth's shade,
To her—a saint in heaven!'

WILSON.


HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty
and wide ; [yelling,
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascend-
ing, [derer had died.
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wan-

Dark green was that spot mid the brown moun-
tain heather, [decay,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.



How long didst thou think that his silence was
 slumber ; [didst thou start ;
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou
 number [heart?

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
 And, oh ! was it meet, that no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before
 him,—

Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart!

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim lighted
 hall ;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
 are gleaming ; [ing;

In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beam-
 Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain
 lamb, [stature;
 When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
 lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DYING BARD.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a bard, on his deathbed demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted, requesting that it might be played at his funeral.

AIR—*Daffydz Gangwen.*

DINAS Emlinn, lament; for the moment is nigh
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
 Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
 That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that
 sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair!
 What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
 When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
 With Lewarch and Meilor and Merlin the Old,
 And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold,

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness
can tell ; [well !
Farewell, my loved harp ! my last treasure, fare-
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A DIRGE.

IN IMITATION OF A PASSAGE IN THAT PORTION OF
THE BURIAL SERVICE OF THE GREEK CHURCH,
WHICH IS TERMED THE ASPASMUS, OR THE LAST
EMBRACE. THE ORIGINAL IS SAID TO BE THE
COMPOSITION OF JOANNES DAMASCENUS.

Be still ! be still ! let not a breath
Disturb the solemn hour of death.
Now let the spirit part in peace :
For lo ! the vital motions cease :
The quivering limbs are now at rest :
And now no struggle heaves the toiling breast.

O what an awful, awful hour !
And how tremendous is the power
That desolates the human frame ;
Extinguishes the living flame ;
The pulses of the panting heart
Arrests, and bids the weary spirit part !

Ye kindred spirits of the dead,
Whither, O whither are ye fled ?
Now disengaged from earthly care,
Tell me how fare ye : tell me where
Ye sojourn : for I long to know
If your awarded doom be weal or woe.

But whatsoe'er thy lot may be,
 Poor parted spirit! ne'er can we
 Forget thy love in word and deed
 That makes the heart of friendship bleed;
 And makes me long, yet fear, to know
 If thy awarded doom be weal or woe.

Here both the master and the slave
 Lie without difference in the grave:
 But, while they moulder in the tomb,
 O who can say what different doom
 May the' inmate of their dust await!
 Or what betides their disembodied state.

No former wealth or rank can now
 Distinguish between high and low:
 And none can succour your distress,
 O man, if proud and pitiless
 In life, from your abundant store
 You never succour'd or relieved the poor.

But if your pious bounty fed
 The hungry, and the naked clad;
 If e'er your sympathy beguiled
 The sorrows of an orphan child;
 Or soothed the widow's lonely grief;
 Or to the woe-worn stranger dealt relief—

They on your unembodied state
 Will in the time of trouble wait;
 Your hour of awful peril know,
 And shield you from the shafts of woe:
 They will unclasp the book of gold,
 And your recorded deeds of love unfold.

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

MONODY.

WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequester'd, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I meet the long neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary Wensbeck, or the side
Of Clysdale's cliffs, where first her voice she tried,
We wander'd in our youth. Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chill'd her breast,
And much, as much they might, her wing de-
press'd—

Wan Indolence, resign'd, her deadening hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
Dropp'd at the frown of Fortune; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,
Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
I woo;—if yet delightful as of yore
My heart she may revisit, nor deny
The soothing aid of some sweet melody!

I hail the rugged scene that bursts around—
I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings gray
That bend o'er the dark Derwent's wandering way;
I mark its stream, with peace-persuading sound,
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or, at the foot of frowning crags uprear'd,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard.
To me it seems to tell the pensive tale

Of spring time, and the summer days all flown—
 And while sad autumn's voice even now I hear
 Along the umbrage of the high wood moan,
 At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sear;
 Whilst o'er the group of pendent groves I view
 The slowly spreading tints of pining hue;
 I think of poor Humanity's brief day, [away!
 How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed

When first young Hope, a golden tressed boy,
 Most musical his early madrigal
 Sings to the whispering waters as they fall,
 Breathing fresh airs of fragrance and of joy,
 The wild woods gently wave, the morning sheds
 Her rising radiance on the mountain-heads—
 Strew'd with green isles appears old ocean's reign,
 And seen at distance rays of resting light
 Silver the farthest promontory's height:
 Then hush'd is the long murmur of the main,
 Whilst silent o'er the slowly-crisping tides,
 Bound to some beaming spot, the bark of pleasure
 glides.

Alas! the scenes that smile in light array'd,
 But catch the sense, and then in darkness fade.

We, poor adventurers, of peace bereft,
 Look back on the green hills which late we left,
 Or turn, with beating breast and anxious eye,
 To some faint hope that glimmering meets our sight,
 (Like the lone watch tower in the storm of night),
 Then on the dismal waste are driven despairing by.

Meantime, amid the landscape cold and mute
Hope, sweet enchanter, sighing drops his lute:

So sad decay and mortal change succeeds,
And o'er the silent scene Time, like a giant,
 speeds!

Yet the bleak cliffs so high
(Around whose beetling crags, with ceaseless coil
And still returning flight, the ravens toil)
Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
Nor spring nor autumn; they their hoary brow
Uplift, and ages pass'd, as in this now,
The same deep trenches unsubdued have worn,
The same majestic frown and looks of lofty
scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
Appears: he lifts his scar-intrenched crest:
The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast:
He hears far off the storm of havoc roll'd:
The feeble fall around: their sound is pass'd:
Their sun is set: their place no more is known:
Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast
They perish:—He unshaken and alone
Remains—his brow a sterner shade assumes,
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane,
That raves resistless o'er the ravaged plain,
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quivering plumes.

So yonder sovereign * of the scene I mark
Above the woods rear his majestic head,
That soon all shatter'd at his feet shall shed
Their shortlived beauties—he the winter dark
Regardless, and the wasteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

• Matlock High Tot.

Thee, wandering in the deep and craggy dell,
 Sequester'd stream, with other thoughts I view:
 Thou dost in solitude thy course pursue,
 As thou hadst bid life's busy scenes farewell,
 Yet making still such music as might cheer
 The weary passenger that journeys near.

Such are the songs of Peace in Virtue's shade,
 Unheard of Folly, or the vacant train
 That pipe and dance upon the noontide plain,
 Till in the dust together they are laid!
 But not unheard of Him who sits sublime
 Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime,
 Its stir and strife; to whom more grateful rise
 The humble incense, and the still small voice
 Of those that on their pensive way rejoice,
 Than shouts of thousands echoing to the skies,
 Than songs of conquest pealing round the car
 Of hard Ambition, or the Fiend of War
 Sated with slaughter.—Nor may I, sweet stream,
 From thy wild banks and still retreats depart
 (Where now I meditate my casual theme)
 Without some mild improvement in my heart
 Pour'd sad, yet pleasing! so may I forget
 The crosses and the cares that sometimes fret
 Life's smoothest channel, and each wish prevent
 That mars the silent current of content!

In such a spot, amidst these rugged views,
 The pensive poet in his drooping age
 Might wish to place his reed-roof'd hermitage—
 Where much on life's vain shadows he might muse!
 If fortune smiled not on his early way,
 If he were doom'd to mourn a faithless friend,
Here he might rest, and when his hairs were gray,
Behold in peace the parting day descend:

If a hard world his errors' scann'd severe
(When late the earth received his mouldering clay),
Perhaps some loved companion wandering near,
Plucking the gray moss from the stone, might say,
' Him I remember in our careless days
Vacant and glad, till many a loss severe
First hung his placid eyelids with a tear ;
Yet on such visions ardent would he gaze,
As the Muse loved, which oft would smile and die
Like the faint bow that leaves the weeping sky—
His heart unguarded, yet it proudly beat
Against hard wrong or coward cold deceit ;—
Nor pass'd he e'er, without a sigh, the cell
Where wretchedness and her pale children dwell,
He never wish'd to win the world's cold ear,
Nor, known to those he loved, its blame could fear ;
Its praise he left to those who, at their will,
The' ingenious strain of torturing art could thrill !
Content, as random fancies might inspire,
If his weak reed, at times, or plaintive lyre,
He touch'd with desultory hand, and drew
Some soften'd tones, to nature not untrue.'

The leaves, O Derwent ! on thy bosom still
Oft with the gust now fall—the season pale
Hath smote with hand unseen the silent vale,
And slowly steals the verdure from the hill—
So the fair scene departs, yet wears awhile
The lingering traces of its beauteous smile :
But we who by thy margin stray, or climb
The cliff's aerial height, or join the song
Of hope and gladness amidst yonder throng
(' Losing the brief and fleeting hours of time '),
Reck not how age, even thus, with icy hand,
Hangs o'er us—how, as with a wizard's wand,

Youth blooming like the spring, and roseate mirth,
To slow and sear consumption he shall change,
And, with invisible mutation strange,
Wither'd and wasted send them to the earth;
Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment!

Bright bursts the sun upon the shaggy scene!
The aged rocks their glittering summits gray
Hang beautiful amid the beams of day;
And all the woods, with slowly fading green,
Yet smiling wave:—severer thoughts away!
The night is distant, and the lovely day
Looks on us yet—the sound of mirthful cheer
From yonder dome comes pleasant to mine ear,
From rock to rock reverberated swells—
Hark!—the glad music of the village bells:
On the cragg's naked point the heifer lows,
And wide below the brightening landscape glows!

Though brief the time and short our course
to run,
Derwent! amid the scenes that deck thy side
(Ere yet the parting paths of life divide),
Let us rejoice, seeking what may be won
From the laborious day or fortune's frown:
Here may we, ere the sun of life goes down,
Awhile regardless of the morrow dwell;
Then to our destined roads, and speed us well!

BOWLES.

INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

O MELANCHOLY ! sad and solemn maid !
Dost thou through the glimmering glade,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
With many a slow step stray,
Far from the soothing voice of kind relief,
To feed on thoughts of woe,
And tell the gliding waters as they flow
Thy oft repeated grief :
And still, where'er thy weary wanderings lead,
Dread Horror stalks behind,
With deeper, hoarser thunder howls the wind,
And Night's grim features cast a deathlike
shade !

Or dost thou on the margin of the main
In melting notes complain,
Beneath some craggy cliff's impending brow,
Which thickets hoar or hanging woods embrown,
Whose shades tremendous frown
O'er the foaming gulf below,
Lull'd by the loud tumultuous waves that swell
And beat and break upon the bellowing shore,
While hid within her hollow-sounding cell
Hoarse Echo murmurs to the rough waves' roar !

Or in some desert fly the face of men,
Listening to the raven's croak,
From the mossy fringed oak,
In some Cimmerian den ;
Conversing there
With gloomy-fronted Care,

And sullen Silence and pale cheek'd Affright,
Twin daughters of dun Night
And wild Despair,
Stretch'd naked on the bare and rugged rocks,
Rending her tatter'd locks?

Or in the haunted aisle
Of some time-eaten temple's gothic pile,
Whose spreading arches a dread reverence draw,
And gloomy cloisters breathe mysterious awe,
Where a dim dying taper's glimmering light
Throws a new horror o'er the frown of night,
Wetting with tears the stones,
Makest thou thy doleful moans,
Fix'd o'er thy lover's tomb,
And through the vault, while pealing echoes
sound,
Starting all pale, and staring ghastly round,
Hear'st thou some spirits say, 'Come, mortal! come?'

Where'er thy wonted haunts, disorder'd fair!
Come with thy braidless hair
And sorrow wrinkled brow,
And deep heartrending sighs
And downward looks and fix'd pathetic eyes,
And tears that ever flow!
O'er the rude rocks, and through the shadowy
grove
Come, pensive pilgrim! rove
Companion of my woe!
When at her summit night's majestic queen,
While louring vapours shroud her awful face,
With twinkling stars, like radiant gems between,
With sullen lingering pace

Rides on her ebon chariot raven-drawn ;
While visions dread that sleep assail
And panic fears and spectres pale
Attend her rolling throne.
O'er the black skies and heaving seas and land
Sleep waves her opiate wand ;
Now sinks to slumber Nature's wearied head ;
'Tis silence all—silence how deep ! how dread !
Save where the tinkling rill
Its solitary murmur rolls,
And from the tower that crowns yon hanging hill
The shrill bell tolls.
Save where bleak Eurys' howling blasts resound,
Through the lone vales and roaring woods around,
Then steals a still and solemn pause between—
Then roar the hollow woods and howls the blast
again.

But now by slow degrees
The struggling moon unveils her silver beam,
Which trembling through the rocking trees
Darts a faint and quivering gleam ;
While some enamour'd swain,
Heart-wounded by the coy disdain
Of his relentless fair,
Wandering through mazy wilds in woful plight,
Chants his quaint ditty to the chilling air,
And oft invokes her pale and pensive light.
All the long night he tells his plaintive tale
Along the listening vale,
To every vagrant rill,
To every bending hill,
And bids the hollow gales in pity bear
His swelling sighs to her.

Thee beautiful—thee cold—thee scornful maid!
 Thee mourns his musical, his melting lay,
 Thee at the closing shade,
 And thee at dawning day.
 Yet though severe his fate, severe his pain,
 Still cheering hope remains;
 But I've no cheering hope to soothe my care,
 My doom is all despair:
 My love, my life, my pleasure, and my pride
 With dear Amira died!

And are those cheeks now pale and livid, where
 In native colours blush'd the cherub's glow?
 Still heighten'd when she heard with maiden air
 And half averted eyes my gentle vow.
 And must those eyes serene,
 Where all the soul was seen,
 Still with Pity's softest languish
 Melting at the sight of anguish,
 Closed—ever closed—their lovely lustre lost,
 Droop in the tomb, and moulder in the dust!

Farewell! whom not young Hebe's roseate bloom,
 Nor beauty's brightest ray, nor sense refined,
 Nor winning grace, nor dignity of mind,
 Nor goodness self could rescue from the tomb!
 Farewell! whom not a mother's frantic woe—
 Whom not a lover's pleading pangs could save!
 Ah, Death! to human bliss determined foe!
 Ah, foe to human glory, ruthless grave!

Now by the stream in yonder grove
 Indulging pensive thought I rove,
 Where, on the music of her tongue
 So oft my charm'd attention hung;

There fancy rapt I seem to hear
Her tuneful voice's soothing sound
Trembling in my delighted ear,
Then start as from a trance profound,
And sigh to think, its music o'er,
That tuneful voice must charm no more;
I trace the path she loved to walk,
I press the bank where late she lay;
There to her dear idea talk,
And teach it tender things to say.

Now on her pictured form I feed my eye;
Those charms, to memory for ever dear,
I wet with many a tear,
And ever gaze and ever sigh;
Such the soft languish—such the magic air,
Such—such the beamy smile that sweetly stole
My soft dissolving soul,
So hung with graceful ease her waving hair!
But see! what sudden gloom o'erwhelms the wood!
Thick shades the moon o'erspread,
And hide her silver head;
Through the wan cloud she seems to blush in blood.
The swelling tempest blackens round the pole,
And quench'd is every star's ethereal light;
So lost by tumults is my troubled soul,
Wild as the tempest, gloomy as the night!

But vain complaint, and unavailing grief:
Come, Resignation! lend thy mild relief!
O bend to Heaven my will!
Calm every passion, every murmur still!
And thou, bless'd saint! new tenant of the sky!
Regard my pain with pity's tenderest eye!

Nor blame, now passion-free, my fond regret—
Patient I'd be—but how can I forget?

For ever fair to Fancy's eyes
Still will thy dear idea rise;
On thee the melting thought will dwell,
And muse—what tongue can never tell!
The starting tear, the swelling sigh,
Thy love—thy loss—must still deplore,
Till every source of sorrow's dry,
And this sad heart shall heave no more.

REV. H. MOORE.

Epitaphs.

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich, marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After 'so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,

Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet ;
The virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast ;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well lighted flame ;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes ;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower,
New shot up from vernal shower ;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew, she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing majesty and light :
There with thee, new welcome saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No marchioness, but now a queen.

MILTON.

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET

W. SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd
The labour of an age in piled stones? [bones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to' the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON.

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

HERE lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet, all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,
It makes the father lesse to rue.
At sixe month's end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul Heaven's queen (whose name she
In comfort of her mother's teares, [beares)

Hath placed among her virgin train:
Where, while that severed doth remaine,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

B. JONSON.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.

I'LL not offend thee with a vain teare more,
Glad-mentioned Roe: thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how:
Which if most gracious Heaven-grant like to thine,
Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine!

B. JONSON.

ON BEN JONSON.

HERE lies Jonson, with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

HERRICK.

UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemn fast we keep:
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things; no noise here
But the toning of a tear,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

HERRICK.

UPON A MAID.

HERE she lies, in beds of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise ;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiems sing ;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

HERRICK.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN,

MRS. ELIZABETH HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet,
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Nor wrathful seem, or fright the maid
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No ; know, bless'd maid, when there's not one
Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round—Good night !

HERRICK.

ON PRU, HIS MAID.

IN this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

HERRICK.

ON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies,
Sung asleep with lullabies;
Pray be silent, and not stir
The easy earth that covers her.

HERRICK.

ON SIR WILLAM SKIPWITH.

To frame a man, who in those gifts excells
Which make the country happy where he dwells,
We first conceive what names his line adorne:
It kindles virtue to be nobly borne.
This picture of true gentry must be graced
With glittering jewels, round about him placed;
A comely body, and a beauteous mind;
A heart to love, a hand to give inclined;
A house as free and open as the ayre;
A tongue which joyes in language sweet and faire,
Yet can, when need requires, with courage bold,
To publike eares his neighbour's griefes unfold.
All these we never more shall find in one,
And yet all these are closed within this stone.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

ON MY DEAR SONNE
GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flower crusht, with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with cleare hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?
• We have this signe of joy, that many dayes,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,
The name of Jesus in his mouth containes,
His only food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.
Deare Lorde, receive my sonne, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, farre above
The course of nature or his tender age,
Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes assuage;
Let his pure soule, ordain'd seven yeares to be
In that fraile body, which was part of me,
Remaine my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I goe.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

ON MR. HERRYS.

PASSENGER, whoe'er thou art,
Stay awhile, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this stone
Before thou passest further on:
This stone will tell thee, that beneath
Is entomb'd the crime of Death;

The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his years so much behind,
That numbering of his virtues' praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his days;
And believing what they told
Imagined him exceeding old:
In him perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth;
Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the centre of his breast
(Sweet as is the phenix' nest)
Every reconciled grace
Had their general meeting place;
In him goodness joyed to see
Learning learn humility:
The splendour of his birth and blood
Was but the gloss of his own good;
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth:
In composure of his face
Lived a fair, but manly grace;
His mouth was rhetoric's best mould,
His tongue the touchstone of her gold;
What word soe'er his breath kept warm
Was no word now, but a charm:
For all persuasive graces thence
Suck'd their sweetest influence.
His virtue that within had root
Could not choose but shine without;
And the' heartbred lustre of his worth
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own rays:

That to his sweetness all men's eyes
Were vow'd love's flaming sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherish'd in his golden prime;
Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
The rush of Death's unruly wave
Swept him off into his grave.

Enough now (if thou canst) pass on,
For now (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger, whoe'er thou art)
Is he entombed, but in thy heart.

CRASHAW.

UPON A HUSBAND AND WIFE,

WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage bed.
For though the hand of fate could force
"Twixt soul and body a divorce:
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep!
They (sweet turtles) folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

CRASHAW.

ON MY DEAR AUNT,
MRS. ANNE STANHOPE.

FORBEAR, bold passenger, forbear
The verge of this sad sepulchre!
Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread
The hallow'd earth where she lies dead:
For in this vault the magazine
Of female virtue's stored, and in
This marble casket is confined
The jewel of all womankind.
For here she lies whose spring was crown'd
With every grace in beauty found;
Whose summer to that spring did suit,
Whose autumn crack'd with happy fruit:
Whose fall was, like her life, so spent,
Exemplary and excellent.
For here the fairest, chastest maid
That this age ever knew, is laid:
The best of kindred, best of friends,
Of most faith, and of fewest ends;
Whose fame the tracks of time survives;
The best of mothers, best of wives.
Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,
Here she who was the best of women lies.

C. COTTON.

ON ROBERT PORT, ESQ.

HERE lies he, whom the tyrant's rage,
Snatch'd in a venerable age;
And here, with him, entomb'd doth lie
Honour and Hospitality.

C. COTTON.

ON ROBERT PORT, ESQ.

VIRTUE in those good times that bred good men
No testimony craved of tongue or pen :
No marble columns, nor engraven brass
To tell the world that such a person was :
For then each pious act, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy owner's monument:
But in this change of manners and of states,
Good names, though writ in marble, have their
fates.

Such is the barbarous and irreverent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.

Yet may this happy stone (that bears a name
Such as no bold survivor dares to claim)
To ages yet unborn unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.

Here, reader, here a Port's sad reliques lie,
To teach the careless world mortality;
Who, while he mortal was, unrivall'd stood,
The crown and glory of his ancient blood :
Fit for his prince's and his country's trust,
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just.
A loyal husband to his latest end,
A gracious father and a faithful friend,
Beloved he lived, and died o'ercharged with
years,

Fuller of honour than of silver hairs :
And, to sum up his virtues, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

C. COTTON.

ON A LADY.

WITHIN the closure of this narrow grave
Lie all those graces a good wife could have :
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

W. DRUMMOND.

ON A YOUTH.

FAME, register of Time,
Write in thy scroll that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime ;
And ripe in youth, though green in years, did die.

W. DRUMMOND.

ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savile's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair !
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot ;
And she so well improved that stock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That Wit and Fortune, reconciled
In her, upon each other smiled.
While she, to every well taught mind,
Was so propitiously inclined,
And gave such title to her store,
That none but the' ignorant were poor.

The Muses daily found supplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame; in calmer days
Her nation's ornament and praise.
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port and refuge of the' oppress'd.
This made her fortune understood
And look'd on as some public good ;
So that (her person and her state
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age ! and show
To future times that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see ;
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

WALLER.

ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true ; a treasure each, alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, raised at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had and lost.

Come, Virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine ;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life ;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So loved when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

DRYDEN.

ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, October 24, 1680.

YE sacred relics, which your marble keep,
 Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
 Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
 Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
 And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
 Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
 Great actions great examples must attend.
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.
 From thence returning with deserved applause,
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
 The same the courage, and the same the cause.
 His youth and age, his life and death combine,
 As in some great and regular design,
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
 Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
 Like rising flames, expanding in their height;
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
 More bravely British general never fell,
 Nor general's death was e'er revenged so well;
 Which his pleased eyes beheld before their close,
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 To his lamented loss for time to come
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

DRYDEN.

ON THE
MONUMENT OF MARY FRAMPTON,
A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED AT BATH, AND
THERE INTERRED. OB. SEPT. 6, 1698.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid;
Preserve, O sacred tomb! thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind,
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd;
Or like the sun eclipsed, with shaded light,
Too piercing else to be sustain'd by sight;
Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies;
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
That when arrived, she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:

So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer :
 Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
 'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
 A female softness, with a manly mind ;
 A daughter duteous, and a sister kind ;
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

DRYDEN.

ON KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,

WHO DIED MARCH 8, 1701.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb
 Greatness in humble ruin lies :
 (How earth confines in narrow room
 What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
 Inviolat thy sacred trust ;
 To thy cold arms the British isle,
 Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
 Attend the monarch as he lies ;
 And bid the softest Slumbers wait
 With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;
 Round him his faithful arms shall stand :
 Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
 The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn guise; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round

Fair Liberty in sables dress'd,
Write his loved name upon his urn,
'William, the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn.'

Sweet Peace, his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head;
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forked tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom.
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day. W.

TO THE
MEMORY OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

WHEN black with shades this mourning vault ap-
And the relenting marble flows with tears, [pears,
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till earth resign them to their native sky;
Like china, laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
No common earth the sacred sweets profane;
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
Chaste and unsullied as she lived before.

YALDEN.

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar,
And Spain still felt him when he was no more.

YOUNG.

* A son of the Duke of St. Albans, killed, at the age of thirty, at the attack on Carthage.

ON HIS WIFE.

ENOUGH, cold stone! suffice her long-lived name,
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim:
Temples and tombs and tongues shall waste away,
And power's vain pomp in mouldering dust decay;
But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O Time! shall bury thee.

AARON HILL.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his name were less. 'Twould seem to
fear, [here;
He who increased heaven's fame could want it.
Yet when the worlds he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found are first decayed,
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die.

AARON HILL.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DIED UNMARRIED.

RIPE in virtue, green in years,
Here a matchless maid lies low;
None could read and spare their tears,
Did they but her sweetness know.
Humbly wise, and meekly good,
No earthly lover's arms she bless'd;
But, full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hides her blushes in his breast.

AARON HILL.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

CLOSED are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire ;
 Cold is that breast which gave the world desire ;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd ;
 And lively wit, which, decently confined,
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,
 Could honour, shown in friendships most refined,
 And sense that shields the attempted virtuous
 The social temper never known to strife, [mind,
 The heightening graces that embellish life ;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah ! never had Melinda died ;
 Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
 Immortalized by friendship, love, and fame.

SAVAGE.

UPON HUGH LUMBER,

A HUSBANDMAN.

In cottages and lonely cells
 True piety neglected dwells,
 Till call'd to heaven, her native seat,
 Where the good man alone is great :
 'Tis then this humble dust shall rise
 And view his Judge with joyful eyes,
 While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
 And call the mountains to their aid.

SOMERVILLE.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

In juventute cura ut benè vivas, in senectute ut benè moriaris.
Seneca.

HERE, stranger! view a stone without a name,
The name though placed obscure to thee and fame;
The real merits of the mortal clay
Must wait the judgment of the final day. [smile,
Like thee I've seen both fortune's frown and
Felt all the hopes deluded man beguile;
As thou art now, have I with life been bless'd,
As I do now, so shortly thou must rest!
Must every joy and every prospect leave
Contracted, in the limits of the grave:
See how the spoils of death around are spread,
Think as you walk what treacherous ground you
tread!

The mother-earth, that mixes now with me,
Next moment may reclaim its share in thee!
A smoke! a flower! a shadow! and a breath!
Are real things compared with life and death:
Like bubbles on the stream of time we pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common mass!
Then, oh, reflect! ere fate unheeded come,
And snatch this lesson from the vocal tomb!
Known in thy conduct, fix'd upon thy mind,
'The love of God, and welfare of mankind.'

Then when old Nature shall to ruin turn,
Heaven melt with heat, and earth dissolving burn!
Amidst the flame inscribed this truth shall shine,
Its force immortal, and its work divine!

BOYSE.

ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
 If, since your all accomplish'd Sidney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplored
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
 Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth!
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
 So mild, so gentle, so composed a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
 He, too, like Sidney, nursed in Learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
 Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
 The secret wish of every female's heart:
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, for his country died.

LYTTTELTON.

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS SON.

DEAR to the good and wise, dispraised by none,
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son;
 By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
 The painter's genius*, but without the pride:
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine; [vine:
 Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth di-
 The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date;
 But, oh! how more severe the father's fate!
 He saw him torn untimely from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish—wept, and died.

MALLET.

* The elder Mr. Aikman was an eminent painter. For Thomson's Elegy on the Death of Aikman, see page 219 of this volume.

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours sculpture can bestow;
Shortlived renown! that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust.
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask,
Nature for him herself assumes the task;
The Seasons are his monument of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

ANONYMOUS.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER,

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMOR-
LAND, OF WHICH HE WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS
VICAR.

DEAR to the wise and good, by all approved,
The joy of Virtue, and Heaven's well beloved!
His life inspired with every better art,
A learned head, clear soul, and honest heart.
Each Science chose his breast its favourite seat,
Each language, but the language of deceit.
Severe his virtues, but his manners kind,
A manly form, and a seraphic mind.
So long he walk'd in Virtue's even road,
In him, at length, 'twas natural to do good.
Like Eden* his old age, (a Sabbath rest!)
Flow'd without noise, yet all around him bless'd!
His patron, Jesus! with no titles graced,
But that best title, a good parish priest.

* The river Eden runs near Brough.

Peace with his ashes dwell. And, mortals, know,
 The saint's above, the dust alone below.
 The wise and good shall pay their tribute here,
 The modest tribute of one thought and tear;
 Then pensive sigh, and say—To me be given,
 By living thus on earth, to reign in heaven.

W. THOMPSON.

ON THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER,

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMOR-
 LAND.

HERE rests a pattern of the female life,
 The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife;
 A woman formed by Nature more than Art,
 With smiling ease to gain upon the heart;
 A friend as true as guardian angels are,
 Kindness her law, humanity her care:
 A mother sweetly tender, justly dear,
 Oh! never to be named without a tear:
 A wife of every social charm possess'd,
 Blessing her husbands *—in her husbands bless'd.
 Love in her heart, compassion in her eye,
 Her thoughts as humble as her virtues high:
 Her knowledge useful, nor too high nor low
 To serve her Maker, and herself to know:
 Born to relieve the poor, the rich to please,
 To live with honour, and to die in peace.
 So full her hope, her wishes so resign'd,
 Her life so blameless, so unstain'd her mind,
 Heaven smiled to see, and gave the gracious nod,
 Nor longer would detain her from her God.

W. THOMPSON.

* She was twice married.

ON HIS MOTHER.

HER, who to teach this trembling hand to write,
Toil'd the long day, and watch'd the tedious night,
I mourn, though number'd with the heavenly
host;—

With her the means of gratitude are lost!

J. LANGHORNE.

ON GENERAL WOLFE,

SLAIN AT QUEBEC, 1759; AGED 34.

BRITON, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the Father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mentioned or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—here bring the warlike boy,
Here let him stand, whilst thou enrapt shalt tell
How fought the glorious Wolfe, how glorious fell:
Then when thou mark'st his bursting ardours rise,
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes,
Catch his young hand, and while he lifts it here,
By Wolfe's great soul the future Wolfe shall swear
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul,
Like Wolfe to conquer, or like Wolfe to fall.

What future Hannibals shall England see
Raised and inspired, O gallant Wolfe, by thee!

NICKLE.

ON

JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, R.A.

WHO DIED IN 1779, AT THE AGE OF 40.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
Pleased was each Muse, for full his honours
spread:

To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.

Oh, Mortimer! o'er thy untimely urn,
The Arts and all the gentle Muses mourn;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.
Oh! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And, onward hovering in its magic rays,
What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old;
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fired moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!
So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness closed around.
Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the Artist's doom,
Thy friend, O Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart
Forgets the honours of thy wondrous art.

MICKLE.

ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let Flattery the proud column raise,
And guilty greatness load with venal praise,
This monument, for nobler use design'd,
Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;
Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,
Invites thee to be humble, wise, and good.
Learn here, of life, life's every sacred end;
Hence form the father, husband, judge, and friend:
Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace,
The poor look'd fearless in the' oppressor's face;
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,
And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.
If then, unconscious of so fair a fame,
Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,
Though proud of titles or of boundless store,
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,
Yet read; some vice perhaps thou mayst resign,
Be e'en that momentary virtue thine;
Heaven in thy breast here work its first essay,
Think on this man, and pass unblamed one day.

HAMILTON.

ON LORD BINNING.

BENEATH this sacred marble ever sleeps,
For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;
Whom brothers', sisters', pious griefs pursue,
And children's tears with virtuous drops bedew:
The Loves and Graces grieving round appear,
E'en Mirth herself becomes a mourner here;

The stranger who directs his steps this way
 Shall witness to thy worth, and wondering say,—
 ‘Thy life, though short, can we unhappy call?
 Sure thine was bless’d, for it was social all:
 O, may no hostile hand this place invade,
 For ever sacred to thy gentle shade!
 Who knew in all life’s offices to please,
 Join’d taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;
 With riches bless’d, did not the poor disdain,
 Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;
 By good men honour’d, by the bad approved,
 And loved the Muses, by the Muses loved;
 Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mind,
 For thou indeed hast been of humankind.’

HAMILTON.

ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence, instructed from this early urn,
 Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;
 This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose;
 How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!
 Learn, Age, when now it can no more supply,
 To quit the burden, and consent to die;
 Secure, the truly virtuous never tell
 How long the part was acted, but how well:
 Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,
 Each daring wish of lengthen’d life and fame;
 Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,
 The natural end, oblivion and death;
 Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,
 Submit adore, for this is mankind’s all.

HAMILTON.

ON SIR JAMES SUTTIE.

THIS unambitious stone preserves a name
To friendship sanctified, untouch'd by fame;
A son this raised, by holy duty fired,
These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspired.
No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear;
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere;
Both for a good man weep, without offence,
Who led his days in ease and innocence.
His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile;
His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;
A simple mind with plain just notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught;
Nature's plain light still rightly understood,
That never hesitates the fair and good—
Who view'd self-balanced, from his calm retreat,
The storms that vex the busy and the great,
Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befell,
Pitied his suffering kind, and wish'd them well;
Careless if monarchs frown'd or statesmen smiled,
His purer joy, his friend, his wife, or child;
Constant to act the hospitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;
Such unprized blessings did his life employ,
The social moment, the domestic joy,
A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind:
The heart-born rapture that from virtue springs,
The poor man's portion God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to cease,
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace:
Go, traveller, wish his shade eternal rest;
Go, be the same, for this is to be bless'd.

HAMILTON.

ON MR. BAILLIE,

OF JERVISWOOD.

THE pious parent raised this hallow'd place
A monument for them and for their race :
Descendants ! be it your successive cares,
That no degenerate dust e'er mix with theirs.

HAMILTON.

ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

THIS verse, O gentle Hamilton ! be thine,
Each softer grace, below thy darling shrine.
Nature to thee did her best gifts impart,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart ;
Honour erected in thy breast its throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

HAMILTON.

ON MRS. COLQUHOUN,

OF LUSS.

UNBLAMED, O sacred shrine ! let me draw near ;
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear :
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,
'Tis Nature's drops that swell in Friendship's eye :
O'er this sad tomb see kneeling brothers bend,
Who wail a sister that excell'd a friend ;
A child like this each parent's wish engage,
Grace of his youth and solace of his age :

Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art
Who sighs sincere to bless a virtuous heart;
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice in-
spires,

Such hope the partner of his kind desires.
Oh, early lost! yet early all fulfill'd
Each tender office of wife, sister, child;
All these in early youth thou hadst obtain'd;
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd, [spare;
Heaven sought not that—else Heaven had bid to
To thine succeeds now Providence's care—
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give
To soothe the vanity of those that live,
Receive thy destined place, a hallow'd grave,
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou canst crave.
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame!
Such, to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,
When queens and flatterers sleep forgot around,
Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest;
Then wake amongst the bless'd, for ever bless'd.
Meanwhile upon this stone thy name shall live,
Sure Heaven will let this pious verse survive.

HAMILTON.

ON MRS. KEITH.

WHATE'ER all-giving Nature could impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye or warm'd the heart;
Beauty, by candid Virtue still approved,
Virtue, by Beauty render'd most beloved;
Whate'er kind Friendship or endearing Truth
For bless'd old age had treasured up in youth;

What bless'd old age, in its last calm adieu,
Might with applause and conscious joy review;
Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire
To imitate the virtues all admire!
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,
If she has lived—let her not die in vain!

HAMILTON.

ON MRS. HEPBURN.

STAY, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:
Our sorrow now——so late our joy and praise!
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.
What Virtues might have graced her fuller day!
'But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away.'
Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heaven, when it wills, resumes its gifts again.

HAMILTON.

ON MR. CUNNINGHAM,

OF CRAIGENDS.

A son, a wife bade the plain marble rise;
Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.
In Britain's senate long unblamed he sat,
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate:
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,
His country was his family and friends.

Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;
The fair example of his life is left;
Another far more lasting, safe estate
Than e'er descended from the rich and great;
Theirs fall to time or fortune soon a prey;
Or, the peer gift of kings, kings snatch away:
Your bless'd succession never can be less,
Still as you imitate, you still possess.

HAMILTON.

ON MISS SETON,

ENTOMBED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON HOUSE.

In these once hallow'd walls' neglected shade,
Sacred to piety and to the dead,
Where the long line of Seton's race repose,
Whose tombs to wisdom or to valour rose;
Though now a thankless age, to slavery prone,
Past fame despising, careless of its own,
Records no more; each public virtue fled,
Who wisely counsel'd, or who bravely bled;
Though here the warrior-shield is hung no more
But every violated trophy tore, [lost
Heaven's praise, man's honour, share one shameful
God and his image both alike forgot—
To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,
Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew!
The Muse that listens to desert alone,
Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

HAMILTON.

EPITAPH.

COULD this fair marble to the world impart
 Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,
 Could it be taught to look with Nature's eye,
 Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh,
 With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow
 Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow ;
 Then might it tower unblamed amid the skies,
 And not to vanity, but virtue, rise :
 Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,
 And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.
 Cease then—nor at the Sovereign Will repine ;
 It gives, we bless ; it snatches, we resign :
 To earth what came from earth returns again,
 Heaven framed the' immortal part above to reign.

HAMILTON.

EPITAPH.

DOES great and splendid villany allure?
 Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.
 Bless'd with enough, wouldst thou increase it still?
 Examine Ch——'s life, and R——d's will.
 Wouldst thou be happy? then these rules receive,
 Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.
 Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,
 To drink when doubting ; and when tempted, sleep:
 This led him safe through life's tempestuous steer-
 Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage ; [age,
 An easy mind, by no entails devised ;
 An humble virtue, by no kings excised :
 Stated no law case, and no critic quoted ;
 Spoke what he thought ; and never swore nor voted.

Courts he abhorr'd, their errors, the
 St. James; Versailles; all, all but Sai
 There where no statesman buys, no
 A virtuous palace, where no monarch
 With kind Bargeny, faithful to his
 Whom Heaven made good and soe
 Lord;

The cities view'd of many-language
 Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters;
 was vain.

Enjoy'd what Hopetoun's groves coul
 The philosophic rapture of the field
 Nor ask'd, nor fear'd. His life and
 No critics envy, and no flatterers pr
 Sure those who know how hard to
 Would judge with candour, pity an
 Known but to few, as if he ne'er ha
 He stole through life unheeded and
 He often err'd, but broke no social
 Unbribed by statesmen, and unhurt

H

EPITAPH.

NYMPH! over thee, chaste, fair, and
 Each bosom breathes a sigh;
 Applauses flow from every tongue,
 And tears from every eye.

Still lives and ever shall thy name,
 Thy beauty only died:
 Envy has nothing to proclaim,
 Nor Flattery to hide.

A

• Holyrood House.

ON HIMSELF.

READER, approach my urn—thou need'st not fear
The' extorted promise of one plaintive tear,
To mourn thy unknown friend.—From me thou'lt
learn

More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
Of mortals!—Wrapp'd in pensive thought, survey
This little freehold of unthinking clay ;

And know thy end ! [explore ;

Though young, though gay, this scene of death
Alas ! the young, the gay is now no more !

COTTON.

ON ROBERT CLAVERING, M.B.

OH ! come, who know the childless parent's sigh,
The bleeding bosom, and the streaming eye ;
Who feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
When the last pang divides two social hearts. -
This weeping marble claims the generous tear,
Here lies the friend, the son, and all that's dear.

He fell full blossom'd in the pride of youth,
The nobler pride of science, worth, and truth.
Calm and serene he view'd his mouldering clay,
Nor fear'd to go, nor fondly wish'd to stay :
And when the king of terrors he descried,
Kiss'd the stern mandate, bow'd his head, and died.

COTTON.

ON COLONEL GARDINER:

WHO WAS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF PRESTON PAN
1745.

WHILE fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
Our faithful line shall Gardiner's worth rehearse
The bleeding hero and the martyr'd saint
Transcends the poet's pen, the herald's paint.
His the best path to fame that e'er was trod,
And surely his—a glorious road to God.

COTTON.

ON MR. SIBLEY,

OF STUDHAM.

HERE lies an honest man! without pretence
To more than prudence, and to common sense;
Who knew no vanity, disguise, nor art;
Who scorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffusive as the light his bounty spread,
Clothed were the naked, and the hungry fed.
'These be his honours!' honours that disclaim
The blazon'd scutcheon, and the herald's fame!
Honours! which boast defiance to the grave,
Where (spite of Anstis*) rots the garter'd knave

COTTON.

* Anstis was Garter King at Arms, and author of various heraldic works. He died in 1744.

ON A LADY,

WHO HAD LABOURED UNDER A CANCER.

STRANGER, these dear remains contain'd a mind
 As infants guileless and as angels kind.
 Ripening for heaven, by pains and sufferings tried;
 To pain superior, and unknown to pride.
 Calm and serene beneath affliction's rod,
 Because she gave her willing heart to God!
 Because she trusted in her Saviour's power,
 Hence firm and fearless in the dying hour!

No venal Muse this faithful picture draws;
 Bless'd saint! desert like yours extorts applause;
 Oh! let a weeping friend discharge his due;
 His debt to worth, to excellence, and you!

COTTON, ..

ON MR. THOMAS STRONG;

WHO DIED ON THE 26TH OF DECEMBER, 1736.

IN action prudent, and in word sincere,
 In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;
 Through life's vain scenes the same in every part,
 A steady judgment and an honest heart.
 Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast, a mind
 As infants guileless and as angels kind.

When ask'd to whom these lovely truths belong,
 Thy friends shall answer, weeping, ' Here lies
 Strong.'

COTTON, ..



ON MISS GEE;

WHO DIED OCTOBER 25, 1736; ÆTAT. 28.

BEAUTEOUS, nor known to pride, to friends sincere,
Mild to thy neighbour, to thyself severe;
Unstain'd thy honour—and thy wit was such,
Knew no extremes, nor little nor too much.
Few were thy years, and painful through the whole,
Yet calm thy passage and serene thy soul.

Reader, amidst these sacred crowds that sleep*,
View this once lovely form, nor grudge to weep.—
O death all terrible! how sure thy hour!
How wide thy conquests! and how fell thy power!
When youth, wit, virtue plead for longer reign;
When youth, when wit, when virtue plead in vain:
Stranger, then weep afresh—for know, this clay
Was once the good, the wise, the beautiful, the gay.

COTTON.

ON

JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER;

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS
AGE, 1747-8.

INTENT to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight music of the honest heart!

* The author is supposed to be inscribing the character of the deceased upon her tomb, and therefore 'crowds that sleep' mean the dead.

Those silent joys the' illustrious youth possess'd,
 Those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast!
 From pride of peerage and from folly free,
 Life's early morn, fair Virtue! gave to thee;
 Forbad the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,
 Bade anxious Poverty forget to sigh;
 Like Titus, knew the value of a day;
 And Want went smiling from his gates away.

Therest were honours borrow'd from the throne;
 These honours, Egerton, were all thy own!

COTTON.

ON THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK;

WHO DIED DECEMBER THE 26TH, AGED 42.

WHAT! though such various worth is seldom
 known,

No adulation rears this sacred stone,
 No partial love this genuine picture draws,
 No venal pencil prostitutes applause:
 Justice and truth in artless colours paint
 The man, the friend, the preacher, and the saint.

COTTON.

ON DR. SMALL.

BEYOND the rage of time, or fortune's power,
 Remain, cold stone! remain, and mark the hour
 When all the noblest gifts which Heaven e'er gave
 Were centred in a dark untimely grave.
 Oh, taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise,
 And catch each glimmering of the opening skies!

Oh, gentle bosom! oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!

DAY.

ON MR. LAURENS.

SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
CONGRESS.

HERE, the last prey of that destructive rage
Which shook the world, and cursed a guilty age,
Here youthful Laurens yielded up his breath,
And seal'd a nation's liberties in death*!
O may that country, which he fought to save,
Shed sacred tears upon his early grave!
And Fame, which urged him on to meet his doom,
Bid all her laurels flourish round his tomb!
But vain, alas! to soothe a father's woe,
The mouldering trophies glory can bestow!
O'er thy sad urn, O much loved youth, reclined,
What fond ideas rush upon his mind!
All, all the hopes thy childhood could inspire,
Thy youth's mild dawn, thy manhood's active fire!
But chief, that native gentleness of soul,
Which neither war nor passion could control!
Dear to the human race, but doubly dear
To him who pours the tributary tear;
Who mourns the public losses and his own,
And with a trembling hand inscribes this stone.

DAY.

* Mr. Laurens was killed near the close of the American war, in a skirmish with some British troops.

ON JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

HERE o'er the tomb, where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
 See Health*, in emblematic anguish weep;
 She drops her faded wreath; 'No more (she cries)
 Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
 Implore my feeble aid: it fail'd to save
 My own and Nature's guardian from the grave.'

MASON.

ON MRS. TATTON,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHERSHAW, IN CHESHIRE.

IF e'er on earth true happiness were found,
 'Twas thine, bless'd shade! that happiness to
 prove:

A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
 Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.
 Ah! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
 How smiled the morning with auspicious rays!
 How triumph'd youth and beauty in thy train,
 And flattering Health that promised length of
 days! [your joy
 Heaven join'd your hearts. Three pledges of
 Were given, in thrice the years' revolving
 round——

Here, reader! pause; and own, with pitying eye,
 That 'not on earth true happiness is found.'

MASON.

* This inscription alludes to the design of the sculpture, which is a figure of Health, with her ancient insignia, in alto relievo, dropping a chaplet on the side of a monumental urn.

ON MR. GRAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture from the lyre of Gray.

MASON.

ON THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.

ONLY SON OF THE DEAN OF YORK.

IN THE CHURCH OF MELTON, YORKSHIRE.

O, HERE, if ever, holy Patience, bend
Thy duteous knee! the hand of Heaven reverent
Here bid the father, mother, sister, friend
In mute submission drop the Christian tear!
Nor blame, that in the vernal noon of youth
The buds of manly worth, whose opening bloom
Had glow'd with honour, fortitude, and truth,
Sunk in the' eternal winter of the tomb:
That he, whose form with health, with beauty
charm'd,
For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was spread,
Whom science nurtured, bright example warm'd,
Was torn by lingering torture to the dead.
' Hark! (cries a voice that awes the silenced air)
The doom of man in my dread bosom lies;
Be yours a while to pace this vale of care,
Be his to soar with seraphs in the skies.'

ON LAUNCELOT BROWNE, ESQ.

IN THE CHURCH OF FEN-STANTON, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

YE sons of Elegance, who truly taste
 The simple charms which genuine Art supplies,
 Come from the silvan scenes his Genius graced,
 And offer here your tributary sighs :
 But know, that more than Genius slumbers here ;
 Virtues were his that Art's best powers transcend :
 Come, ye superior train ! who these revere,
 And weep the Christian, Husband, Father,
 Friend !

MASON.

 EPITAPH.

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT
 ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY
 OF HIS LADY.

FAREWELL, my best beloved ; whose heavenly
 mind
 Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd ;
 Devotion undebased by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity and joy of heart ;
 Though sprightly, gentle ; though polite, sincere ;
 And only of thyself a judge severe ;
 Unblamed, unequal'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
 In thee their patroness the' afflicted lost ;
 Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast ;

VOL. IV.

3 A

And I—but, ah! can words my loss declare,
Or paint the' extremes of transport and despair!
O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!

BEATTIE.

ON TWO YOUNG MEN OF THE NAME
OF LEITCH,

WHO WERE DROWNED CROSSING THE RIVER SOUTHESK.

1757.

O THOU! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress'd;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heaven's wise decrees how impious to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life they left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of
Death:

They lived united, and united died;
Happy the friends whom Death cannot divide!

BEATTIE.

INTENDED FOR HIMSELF.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves his mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been grieved for trifles and amused with toys.

Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man! to thee, to all.

BEATTIE.

ON ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.

FAREWELL, endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!
In prime of life for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;
In life's last stage (O blessings rarely found!)
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd;
Through every period of this changeful state
Unchanged thy self—wise, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter, and least th
O'ercharged with praises on so d
Although thy worth be more than
Love shall be satisfied, and veil t

ON MRS. M. HIGGS

LAURELS may flourish round the co
But happiest they who win the w
Believers have a silent field to fig
And their exploits are veil'd from
They, in some nook, where little kno
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the
Eternal triumphs crown their toil
And all those triumphs, Mary, no

ON COWPER.

YE, who with warmth the public
Of talents dignified by sacred ze
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly
Pay your fond tribute due to Cow
England, exulting in his spotless
Ranks with her dearest sons his f
Sense, Fancy, Wit suffice not all
So clear a title to Affection's prai
His highest honours to the heart
His virtues form'd the magic of hi

ON MISS B——.

O! CALL'D from hence, dear child, in life's full
 bloom,
 Thy childless parents sorrow o'er thy tomb!
 Yet, while they mourn thy early flight from earth,
 And cherish fond remembrance of thy worth,
 This thought still cheers—that, when their toils
 are o'er,
 Thee shall they meet, and meet to part no more.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend;
 The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
 ' For even his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

BURNS.

FOR R. A. ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much loved, much honour'd name!
 (For none that know him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

BURNS.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

BURNS.

ON MRS. MAURICE.

SERENELY bright, in bridal smiles array'd,
The purple spring its blossom'd sweets display'd,
While raptured Fancy saw full many a year,
In bliss revolving, urge its gay career.
But, ah! how deep a gloom the skies o'erspread!
How swift the dear delusive vision fled!
Disease and pain the lingering hours consume,
And secret feed on youth's corroded bloom!
Ceased are the songs that fill'd the nuptial grove,
The dance of pleasure in the bower of love;
For Hymen's lamp funereal torches glare,
And mournful dirges rend the midnight air.

O thou, whose cheek, the rival of the rose,
With all the flush of vernal beauty glows,
Whose pulses high with youthful vigour bound,
The brightest fair in Fashion's mazy round,
Approach with awe the mansions of the dead,
And, as the grave's drear bourn thy footsteps tread,
Mark, midst these ravages of fate and time,
Where worth lies buried in its loveliest prime,
Where youth's extinguish'd fires no longer burn,
And beauty slumbers in the mouldering urn.
Oh, pause! and, bending o'er fair Stella's tomb,
Mourn her hard lot, and read thy future doom!

Soft lie the sod that shields from wintry rains
And blasting winds my Stella's loved remains;
May angels guard the consecrated ground,
And flowers, as lovely, bloom for ever round.
Meek sufferer! who, by nameless woes oppress'd,
The patience of the expiring lamb possess'd,
When many a tedious moon thy fever'd veins
Throbb'd with the raging hectic's fiery pains;

Nor heaved a sigh, save that alone which bore
Triumphant Virtue to a happier shore !
Stella, whose streaming eye ne'er ceased to flow
When sorrow pour'd the plaint of genuine woe ;
Whose mind was pure as that unsullied ray
That beams from heaven and lights the orb of day ;
Sweet be thy slumbers, on this mossy bed,
Till the last trump shall rouse the sleeping dead,
Then, having nought from that dread trump to fear
Whose echo shall awake the crumbling sphere,
In fairer beauty wake,—a heavenly bride,—
And rise an angel, who a martyr died !

REV. T. MAURICE.

ON GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

PEACE to these reliques ! once the bright attire
Of spirit sparkling with no common fire !
How oft has Pleasure in the social hour
Smiled at his wit's exhilarating power !
And Truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense !
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay ;
His critic labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source ;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave his zeal endear'd.
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God.

HAYLEY.

ON A LADY.

A LINGERING struggle with misfortune pass'd,
 Here patient virtue found repose at last;
 Unpraised, unknown, with cheerful steps she stray'd
 Through life's bleak wilds, and fortune's darkest
 Nor courted fame to lend a friendly ray, [shade;
 And gild the darkening horrors of the way.
 When fired with hope, or eager for applause,
 The hero suffers in a public cause,
 Unfelt, unheeded, falls misfortune's dart,
 And fame's sweet echoes cheer the drooping heart.
 The patriot's toils immortal laurels yield,
 And death itself is envied in the field.
 Hers was the humbler yet severer fate,
 To pine unnoticed in a private state;
 Hers were the sufferings which no laurels bring,
 The generous labours which no Muses sing;
 The cares which haunt the parent and the wife,
 And the still sorrows of domestic life.
 What though no pageant o'er her humble earth
 Proclaim the empty honours of her birth;
 What though around no sculptured columns rise,
 No verse records the conquests of her eyes;
 Yet here shall flow the poor's unbidden tear,
 And feeble age shall shed his blessings here;
 Here shall the virtues which her soul possess'd
 With sweet remembrances soothe a husband's breast,
 And here in silent grief shall oft repair
 The helpless objects of her latest care;
 Recall her worth, her adverse fate bemoan,
 And in a mother's woes forget their own.

ANONYMOUS.

ON ROBERT REDMAN, ESQ.

REDMAN, farewell! long shall we deeply mourn
That thou hast pass'd the' irrevocable bourn!
Yet not thy fate demands our grief—we rest
In humble confidence that thou art bless'd:
But well their loss may wake the tender tear
In all who knew thee, all who loved thee here.
For ne'er from earth, to join its native skies,
Did nobler, purer, milder spirit rise!
Thine were unsullied honour, scorn of art,
At once a fearless and a feeling heart;
Good humour gay, that spread delight around;
And sportive wit that never sought to wound;
Pity for human errors, human woe;
And, even in age, of youth the generous glow.
Nor were thy virtues such as grace the hour
Of sunny ease, but droop when tempests lour;
Thy steadfast mind Disease assail'd in vain;—
For still were thine, through months of mortal pain,
Patience, that anguish of its sting beguiles,
And sacred Hope, that views the grave with smiles.
Redman, farewell! To us may Heaven assign
A life as just, a death as calm as thine.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ON BURKE.

OF Burke here lies the cold inactive clay,
His soul exulting in perpetual day:
With universal genius born to shine;
All themes at once to strengthen and refine;
Science, in aid of Fancy, to engage;
And pour it, soften'd, on his ardent page.

Survey the beauties of his classic mind ;
 The critic leaves Longinus far behind.
 Hear the great legislator plead the cause
 Of instituted, of eternal laws,
 Oppression and rapacity submit
 To matchless reason, eloquence, and wit.
 See, while his thunders iron hearts assail,
 The tyrants of each hemisphere turn pale!
 Hail ! shade beatified ! thou friend of man !
 Friend of God's mortal and immortal plan !
 Thy noble works, that guard us while we live,
 Of heavenly bliss a demonstration give :—
 For surely minds like thine can never die ;
 They mount by nature and assert the sky ;
 Their glory fires us to our latest breath,
 Protects through life, and animates in death.

REV. P. STOCKDALE.

ON CLUER DICEY.

O THOU, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
 These solemn mansions of the silent dead,
 Think, when this record to inquiring eyes
 No more shall tell the spot where Dicey lies ;
 When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
 Mouldering itself, resigns his moulder'd dust ;
 When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
 And earth and sun and skies dissolve away ;
 The soul this consummation shall survive,
 Defy the wreck, and but begin to live :
 Oh pause ! reflect, repent, resolve, amend !
 Life has no length—eternity no end.

MISS H. MORE.

EPITAPH.

If e'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow,
If e'er thy bosom felt another's woe;
If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove,
If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear!
For here, alas! too early snatch'd away,
All that was lovely Death has made his prey.
No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie,
No more the diamond sparkles in her eye;
Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast,
Alas! that breath with all its sweets is lost;
Pale now those lips where blushing rubies hung;
And mute the charming music of her tongue!
Ye virgins fair, your fading charms survey,
She was whate'er your tender hearts can say;
To her sweet memory, for ever dear,
Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.
To this sad place your earliest garlands bring,
And deck her grave with firstlings of the spring.
Let opening roses, drooping lilies, tell,
Like those she bloom'd, and ah! like those she fell.
In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
And distant yews a sable shade bestow;
Round her, ye Graces, constant vigils keep,
And guard (fair Innocence!) her sacred sleep:
Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous
clay,
To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.

ANONYMOUS

ON M. D.

BORN JUNE 3, DIED SEPTEMBER 16, 1803.

SHORT was thy day, sweet babe, but this will give
A longer space of heavenly life to live;
Yet with delight you drew your balmy breath,
And the first pain you seem'd to feel was death.
Nor Death itself could violate thy face,
The pleased expression and the placid grace.
I now commit thee to a mother's breast, [bless'd;
Where thou shalt sleep, and wake to be more
New beams of meaning kindle in thine eyes,
And a new world excite their glad surprise.
Soon, by thy side, shall rise a rustic tomb,
And the turf heave to give thy father room.
Enough to consecrate this humble bier,
Thy infant innocence—his gushing tear!

DR. DRENNAN.

INSCRIPTION.

ART thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart and soul sincere,
A husband, father, friend? Behold!
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes the violet's bloom
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death;
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

But mark! the wind shall pass away,
The sun shall vanish from the sky,—
Thy brother's bones, in that great day,
Shall live,—and never die.

MONTGOMERY.

ON MRS. DE MEDINA.

LET shrouded grandeur o'er her sleeping dust
Swell the proud pile, and rear the breathing bust;
But when at length the trophied splendours fade,
And marbles mingle with the dust they shade,
Virtue still towers, eternal and sublime,
Above the rage of Fate, the wrecks of Time!
Through ages shines with undiminish'd beam,
And pours through Death's dark vault a cheering
gleam.

The sainted shade, whose dust lies here inurn'd,
With all her genuine fires impassion'd burn'd!
Heaven too its choicest, noblest gift bestow'd,
And in her soul the flame of genius glow'd!
How bright the meed when Virtue, Genius join
Around the tomb the double wreath to twine;
How firm the adamantine structure stands,
Rear'd to the just by their immortal hands!
Bless'd spirit! that now roam'st yon azure fields,
What mingled pangs and joy remembrance yields,
As all thy merits, all thy sufferings rise,
In long review before our wondering eyes!
These, great as e'er thy lovely kind possess'd,
Those, dire as ever rack'd the human breast!
Through all, triumphant beam'd the' unshaken
In life unspotted, and in death resign'd! [mind,

With native goodness, taste, and science fraught,
Thine was the liberal heart, the' expanded thought,
And, while thy eloquence our bosoms warm'd,
Thy wit delighted and thy sense inform'd.
At home, by every social charm endear'd,
Abroad, by an admiring world revered.

Long shall the conjugal the filial tear
 Embalm thy ashes, and bedew thy bier ;
 Long shall thy sex thy bright example fire,
 Thy fervid zeal their kindling breast inspire,
 Like thee with active piety to soar,
 And wisdom at its dazzling fount explore ;
 Life's transient day to pass, like thee, approved,
 On earth applauded, and by Heaven beloved!

REV. T. MAURICE.

ON THE REV. W. MASON.

THESE awful mansions of the laurel'd dead
 Oft shall the Muse of Melancholy tread ;
 The wreck of valour and of genius mourn,
 And point with pallid hand to Mason's urn ;
 Oft shall she gather from his garden bowers
 Fictitious foliage and ideal flowers ;
 Weave the bright wreath, to worth departed just,
 And hang the' unfading chaplets on his hust :
 While pale Elfrida, bending o'er his bier,
 Breathes the soft sigh, and sheds the graceful tear,
 And stern Caractacus, with brow depress'd,
 Clasps the cold marble to his mailed breast ;
 In lucid troops shall choral virgins throng,
 With voice alternate chant their poet's song,
 And tune ' in golden characters record
 Each firm, immutable, eternal word.'

DR. DARWIN.

ON THE REV. W. MASON.

BRITAIN! if strains that Greece had joy'd to own,
Strains that symphonious to the Druid's lyre,
While Freedom linger'd on her tottering throne,
Breathed through the soul the glow of patriot
fire;

Britain! if strains like these can touch thy heart;
Or lays that flow'd, when Taste, by Nature led,
O'er her wild beauties flung the grace of art;
Here duteous bend before thy Mason dead!

So, till from heaven the knell of earth is rung,
Till the last flames thy silvan pomp invade,
So mayst thou guard the liberty he sung,
So bloom thine isle the garden he portray'd!

Swell then from all thy realms thy poet's praise—
Hark to the nobler praise that shakes the skies!
See angel myriads on his marble gaze:

Hear raptured seraphs—'There a Christian
lies!'

REV. T. GISBORNE.

ON A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN.

If in the morn of life each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumined face,
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections streaming from the heart,
If these, loved youth, could check the hand of
Fate,
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date.

But thou art bless'd, while here we heave the sigh ;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps ;
Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom,
And here, sad task ! inscribes it on thy tomb.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ON MRS. GROVE.

GRIEF, love, and gratitude devote this stone
To her, whose virtues bless'd a husband's life,
When late in duty's sphere she mildly shone
As friend, as sister, daughter, mother, wife.

In the bright morn of beauty, joy, and wealth,
Insidious Palsy near his victim drew,
Dash'd from her youthful hands the cup of health,
And round her limbs his numbing fetters threw.

Year after year her Christian firmness strove
To check the rising sigh, the tear repress ;
Soothe with soft smiles the fears of anxious love,
And Heaven's correcting hand in silence bless !

Thus tried her faith, and thus prepared her heart,
The awful call at length the' Almighty gave :
She heard—resign'd to linger or depart—
Bow'd her meek head, and sunk into the grave.

HER HUSBAND.

ON AN INFANT.

THOUGH thou wert dear, for lovely was thy form,
 And fair thy mind, and hopeful from thy birth;
 Though sudden was the pestilential storm
 That beat thy tender blossom to the earth;

For this we grieve not; certain that the soul
 Yet sinless, bursting from its earthly clod,
 Is borne on angel wings beyond the pole,
 Where infant innocence hath place with God.

REV. W. CROWE.

IN LYDD CHURCH.

On an amiable Lady, who died, after a lingering illness, in the thirty-first year of her age, and had earnestly prayed that her only Child might not survive her. The Child died in a short time after its Mother.

An Angel is represented on the Monument, in basso relievo, holding up a Child to its Mother in the clouds, and is supposed to speak the following lines.

'THY prayer is heard—released from mortal harms,
 Receive thy darling infant to thine arms—
 Sweetsaint!—on thee when pining sickness prey'd,
 Thy beauty canker'd, and thy youth decay'd,
 'Twas thine, with Patience meek, to Heaven re-
 sign'd, [mind,
 With Faith that arm'd, and hope that cheer'd thy
 Death's lingering stroke undaunted to sustain,
 And spare thy pitying friends' and husband's pain;

Studious thy heartfelt anguish to disguise
 From sympathizing love's inquiring eyes,
 Conceal the tear, repress the struggling sigh,
 And leave a bright example how to die.
 'Tis mine to crown thy wish, reward thy worth,
 To wean each fond, each yearning thought from
 earth,
 And bring this much loved object of thy care
 Thy joys to perfect, and thy heaven to share.'

ANSTEY.

ON C. J. DICKSON.

LOVED be thy memory, dear respected shade !
 With joy we heard thee, and with pride survey'd :
 We ask no amaranths to deck thy tomb,
 No roses glowing with poetic bloom.
 More genuine honours have adorn'd thee dead,
 The heaving sigh, the tear sincerely shed :
 Tears are more precious than Castalian dew,
 And sighs of sorrow than the sweetest Muse.

REV. J. STERLING.

ON MISS DRUMMOND.

Too pure and perfect still to linger here,
 Cheer'd with seraphic visions of the bless'd,
 Smiling she dried a tender father's tear,
 And pour'd her spirit forth upon his breast.
 He bends not o'er the mansion of the dead,
 Where loveliness and grace in ruins lie ;
 In sure and certain hope he lifts his head,
 And Faith presents her in her native sky.

REV. G. H. DRUMMOND.

IN DOWNTON CHURCH YARD.

HERE, slumbering in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies:
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.

A prey to lingering malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom:
Her virtues Misery oft relieved may tell—
The rest let silent Charity entomb.

Nor suffer busy unrelenting zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue:
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And Malice reverence what it never knew.

But should the justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults with judgment too severe;
Let mild-eyed Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

ANONYMOUS.



END OF VOL. IV.





[REDACTED]





